THE TEACHER'S MANY PARTS

JOHN ADAMS

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THE TEACHER'S MANY PARTS

BY

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INTRODUCTION

In *The Professor* Charlotte Brontë makes the disagreeable Mademoiselle Reuter say to William Crimsworth: "Come now, sir professor—let's be seated; I'm going to give you a little lesson in your state of life as teacher." It is true that William in recording the incident puts the statement in French, and adds within brackets the regret: "I wish I might write all she said to me in French—it loses sadly by being translated into English." I agree: but I give my rough-hewn English rather than make my first remark to my readers in a foreign tongue. In any case, the important point is the idea, not the words, for that it was that tempted me to apply Mr Augustine Birrell's suggestion and leap-frog into my subject over the back of a fellow-author.

It is nearly sixty years since I first encountered Mademoiselle Reuter's remark, yet even at that callow stage I recognised in the words an admirable text for a sermon on that profession towards which I was already moving. But the writing of the sermon has been postponed from year to year. I have been too busy practising my craft to preach about it, and now that things have eased off sufficiently for me to sit down and think things over in peace, I realise

that a sermon is not just what is wanted to meet the case, nor a pulpit the most attractive place from which to approach a review of my vocation or a discussion of my fellow-teachers. Preaching is the last thing that is appropriate to the genial informal treatment that I have in mind.

It is perhaps by a natural recoil that I am thrown back upon the stage for a better starting-point, and certainly Shakespeare throws out an encouraging lead in his familiar

> All the world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players ;
> They have their exits and their entrances ;
> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being seven ages.

Here one would think there is a clear call to a ready-made title: *The Teacher's Many Parts.* But I have no luck with titles. Publishers and I seldom agree about them, particularly when I suggest one that I think is peculiarly apposite. It was no surprise to me, therefore, when the editors of *The Journal of Education*, after giving me the hospitality of their pages for half of the following chapters during the year 1929, calmly passed over my proposed title, and printed the articles under the heading: THE TEACHER—TYPES, CONTACTS, AND INTERESTS. I have no quarrel with this title, as I always assume that editors know their own business: but in my own mind I do not think it courteous to Shakespeare to reject what I still believe to be his

kindly offer. So in this book-form *The Teacher's Many Parts* let it be.

It has to be admitted that in the *Journal's* title the word "Types" makes a tempting suggestion. The following chapters deal with teachers in a more or less typical way, and people in general have rather a liking for this form of presentation. My friend Professor Hugh Walker tells us that in England between the years 1605 and 1700 there appeared no fewer than fifty-seven separate books of *Types* or *Characters*; and another friend, Dean Greenough of Harvard, tells me that he has in his notes no fewer than 1200 references to books and articles of this sort. But it is desperate work competing with the wits of the world from Theophrastus through La Bruyère down to the brightest spirits of the present day. Besides, I do not want to be witty at the expense of my co-workers: I am content to be friendly, and to compare notes with my fellow-craftsmen. Further, this work by types is more attractive to the young than to the mature, and is seen at its most vigorous in College magazines and High School journals. Again these portraits by type are often extremely severe, in fact as severe as their authors can make them: they have a tang, a bite, even a snarl—all of which is out of place in a treatment that is largely retrospective, and seeks to be mellow, whatever else it may be.

Besides, in the following pages my interest lies in my profession quite as much as in personalities,

though when one comes to think of it the two cannot with advantage be separated. In what follows they certainly are not. My subject must be based on human nature in general, no doubt, but our special interest is in that nature as modified by its application to a particular profession. Though the teacher as teacher has to play many parts in life he remains a human being throughout them all, *pace* the Rev. John Gillett in *Stalky and Co.*, who made the grim comment: "Never again will I forget that a master is not a man."

At the back of the twenty masks with which we supply the subjects of this book we have in every instance a human personality. Indeed here we have a case in which this term is specially applicable, for *mask* and *personality* have a close connection. At school we were taught the special function of the mask in the old classical theatres. In those huge outside institutions with audiences so vast that we dare not mention their numbers through fear of being met with emphatic contradiction by modern critics jealous for the bigness of the football crowds of to-day, it was impossible for the unaided voice to reach the back seats. So mechanical devices had to be employed. It would never have done for Zeus or Ajax to appear with a speaking-trumpet in hand, and yet a megaphone of some sort was needed. Here the mask came in pat, its mouth being so arranged as to function as a camouflaged speaking-trumpet.

Part of the camouflage was justified by the mask being made to discharge a useful function in identifying the rôle the actor was at the time playing. In those old plays it was the custom not to have on the stage at the same time more than three important characters. This enabled the management to arrange for actors duplicating their parts much more frequently than is possible on our modern stage. But when an actor was doubling his part it was necessary for him to have some means of indicating which character he was playing on each successive appearance. Here the mask did its capital work. At this point the Latin term for *mask* steals into your memory, and you recall that the word indicates *sounding through.* Vague memories from the past come back to your mind and suggest *per*=through, and *sono*=I sound. You recollect the derivation of the word, but realise that the speaking-trumpet function has only an associative connection with personality as we understand it to-day. It is the mask as an indication of the part the actor played that concerns us here. It is not without significance for us that the Latin word for mask is *persona.*

The subject of this book then turns out to be personality in a somewhat literal sense of the term. The human being underlies all the activities of the teacher, and the particular function that underlies each of the activities connected with the various "Teacher as So-and-So" represents the part the professional teacher plays under that particular mask.

We are to regard him as a more or less well-graced actor, and to note all his exits and his entrances: but never to forget that under all the masks he may wear he is essentially a teacher. No doubt he is still more fundamentally a man, and of that fact we must never lose sight. But while we are not likely to forget his humanity we may now and again be tempted to overlook his profession, particularly when we present him in his more general aspects. Accordingly, let us agree to remind ourselves every now and again that under the masks he may assume he is in the last resort a human being, but a teaching human being at that.

The need for such an agreement arises the moment we begin to arrange the subject-matter of the book. If we provide our generalised teacher with a score of convenient masks, we must have some sort of classification by which to regulate his entrances. To be sure, we could give him a sort of roving licence, and let him appear in whatever character his fancy dictates and in whatever order. After all, no great harm would be done. For we are not here setting out on a scientific enterprise where each item in an investigation is developed logically from its predecessor, and where the conscience-stirring critic is lying in wait ready to pounce upon any deviation from well-ordered ratiocination. But though we may be only too willing to adopt for once the much condemned "ungirt" attitude, the habits developed by our profession will not permit us to

disregard altogether the ideal of decency and order in presentation. Yet, teachers though we be, let us not on this occasion stick too closely to "line and level." Let us ease our consciences and convey an impression of system by dividing the book up into sections, and in this way suggest a virtuous logical classification even "though we have it not."

By great good fortune the masks we have selected seem to fall kindly of their own accord into the statutory number of groups. The teacher's many parts may be very conveniently considered under the three main heads: Public, Professional, Personal. One way of introducing a guiding skein into the labyrinth of classification is to note the human beings with whom the teacher is brought into touch in each of the three groups.

On the Public side he is seen in contact with all sorts and conditions of men, his "fellows" in the widest sense of that term, though for our present purpose we regard him as marked off from the mass of humanity by his professional stigmata. On the Professional side the section of humanity on which he specifically reacts is made up of his pupils, though of course his colleagues and his administrative superiors, inferiors, and equals must be allowed a certain definite place, not as mere human beings but as educational co-workers. On the Personal side there are still further limitations. Here the teacher is to be treated as shut up in his own citadel. He communes with himself alone. In a way he is

beyond our reach altogether. As represented, for example, by you the reader of this page, he is buttressed up within impenetrable walls, and you as a representative teacher may be glad of it, and may say to your soul: "Thank God, there is one spot where I can be entirely alone, one chamber where I can sport my oak and exclude not only criticism but even intercourse!"

Yet the very fact that you can say this to yourself implies that somehow or other you are not, after all, alone in your citadel. When W. S. Gilbert makes the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* sing the song,

> Says I to myself, says I,

he is thrusting into the gay atmosphere of the stage what is perhaps the deepest metaphysical mystery that exists—the bipolarity of the ego. Fortunately this is no place to enter upon a discussion of profundities. My readers and I may rejoice together that there is no university class here waiting with well-assumed eagerness for a solution of the Gilbertian mystery. Still, we cannot altogether escape the trouble involved in the snag upon which we have here stumbled. I used to illustrate one aspect of this philosophical trouble by quoting a poet who tells us that we are

> Allied to all, yet none the less
> Prisoned in separate consciousness.

So this third aspect of the teacher's activities is strictly private, and is metaphorically covered over

with notice-boards bearing the cheerless English NO TRESPASSING, or the even icier American KEEP OUT. But in all good humour we venture to disregard the notices and do our best to find our way into the inner circle. We may make this attempt with a good grace in dealing with teachers, since their own life-work consists largely in doing their best to get within the sacred bounds of the personality of their pupils. It is true that no one can really penetrate: the inner circle of personality is like the mathematical limit, something that may be approached as nearly as we please but never actually reached. In the text we shall find that Mark Twain resented the fact that a passing tramp can make our minds work in any direction he pleases, but *we* can't. Yet we teachers have no cause to echo Mark's complaint: for in our professional work we are continually causing the minds of our pupils to act in this way and in that to suit *our* purposes rather than *their* desires. The temptation is here almost irresistible to add a new mask to our list, and produce a chapter under the heading: THE TEACHER AS TRAMP. But the danger of being misunderstood and misrepresented is too great. Most teachers would prefer to be saved from even the bare possibility of being in any way associated with the hobo class.

On the other hand, we may well use Mark's phrase to justify ourselves in carrying our investigations into the inner citadel of our fellow-teachers. There is really nothing intrusive in trying to get within

the experience of one's fellow-craftsman. We may frequently go wrong, and misinterpret what is passing within the mind of the colleague we are studying: but the very fact that we are trying to see things as he sees them, shows that we have a genuine interest in him and a willingness to see things from his point of view. The knowledge that we can never really get completely under his guard and lay bare his inmost thoughts is at once a consolation to our conscience, since our prying can never be quite successful, and a satisfaction to those we study, since in the last resort they find themselves the umpires of the situation, for they alone can determine how far our probings have reached the truth.

The tentative threefold classification of our masks may be buttressed up by maintaining the figure of the stage. As we may guess from the text scene-shifting may be figuratively applied in the ordinary work of the class-room, so we may fairly do a little preliminary practice in this art at the initial or classification stage. For backgrounds are of the very essence of successful presentation. As sermons, and what used to bore us in Training College under the name of *Notes of Lessons*, have a natural tendency to fall easily into three "heads," so a modern play has a strong bias towards three acts, with a scene for each. Our triple classification naturally suggests three distinct backgrounds. When playing his parts that include his reactions on the general public the teacher may

not unnaturally claim that his background is made up of the scenes of ordinary life. It is sometimes said that out of school the teacher has to take his place in real life: as if there were something unreal about school life. But unless he is in a particularly argumentative mood the reader will probably allow us to claim without protest that the three backgrounds corresponding to our three divisions are the World, the Schoolroom, the Inner World of the Ego.

Obviously these are arranged in descending order of extent, but as truly, though not quite so obviously, they are arranged in ascending order of the demands made upon the attention of the reader or metaphorical spectator. In the first act, as it were, the reader is sitting in the stalls, and has the whole world for his oyster. Whatever interests he may specially favour will find elements to gratify them on the wide stage. The second act presents a more limited scene and demands more help from the occupants of the stalls. The final act has a disturbingly hazy outline, and calls upon the spectator to supply background as well as action. The ego-world is a terrible place, and mysterious be the things that happen there. The spectators at the third act take the bit between their teeth, and set about making a play of their own. If we were to accept the full rigour of the game we would have to confine ourselves at the third act to introducing our readers into the auditorium and leaving them there

to do their own work. In point of fact that is what in the ultimate resort we must do.

But after all this final act cannot be conducted entirely without materials. Even the most idealistic teacher cannot carry on *in vacuo*. So in the third section we at least do no harm in talking over with our readers the various ways in which they may most effectively carry on their personal-cum-professional life.

While it is within the ego that final decisions must be taken, the data on which these have to be based must be found in the two first acts, and especially in the interplay of the actors before the backgrounds of the world and the school. It is there that we have most need of a friendly talk with a fellow-practitioner less acidulated than Mademoiselle Reuter.

Robert Burns is rightly urgent that we should all see ourselves as others see us, but as teachers we hardly need to pray his prayer. There is no question about the advisability of seeing ourselves as others see us, but there is no great difficulty in teachers acquiring this particular bit of knowledge. The public sees to that. We do not need to depend upon the ordinary educational magazines for help in this direction: the plain daily press is always at the service of laymen who feel a call to let the general public know what is thought of us. But there is room for an inquiry into what we think of ourselves. Like the conies in the Bible we are a feeble folk, and like them too often we are found "on the rocks."

Our besetting sin is no longer to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. Time was when there was need for our praying to be freed from this sin. That was when the teacher was a professional solitary. At the present time, however, the great majority of us are gregarious. Big schools are the order of the day, and we are brought into close contact with grown-up people of all sorts to such a degree that there is no longer the danger that used to hang over us, the danger of estimating ourselves by the standard of the immature human beings with whom we had mostly to deal.

This tendency to overestimate ourselves that we shall meet with in the text under the name of the Gulliver fallacy still claims a small number of victims, but the whole trend of modern life is against it, and teachers as a body are much more liable to the cony fallacy than to its Swiftian opposite.

The friendly spirit in which this book is written may be gathered from one fact that is significant, and for which I trust the reader will be duly thankful. It does not contain a single foot-note. For long I have cherished the ambition of producing a book untrammelled by these *impedimenta.* Up till now I have not succeeded. There is an urgent demand for foot-notes in all kinds of serious writing, particularly in connection with education. The young author in this department has always before him the greedy maw of the professional critics eager to gobble up all the small print he can contrive

to set out at the bottom of his pages. Indeed he does not have a fair chance to acquire the clean-sheet habit, for he usually starts his career as author by writing a university thesis where foot-notes are of the very essence of the bargain between student and professor. The wise university tutor supervising the work of the young thesis-writer, however much in his heart that tutor may loathe the foot-note, has always strongly urged a superabundance of small print at the bottom of these academic pages.

The aim of this book is to be as different as it can from the official form that educational writing takes. It is impossible to slough off completely the academic skin. The training of half a dozen decades is not to be thrown off at will. Oliver Wendell Holmes describes in cheerful verse the sorrows of the humorist whom excessive success forced to declare:

> And since, I've never dared to write
> As funny as I can.

So probably it will prove impossible for me to write as free from academic restraints as I should like. But having permanently thrown off my gown and trencher, and having thereafter spent the mystic number *seven* years in departments of Academe where mortar-boards play no part in the daily round of school or college, I am in hopes of having reached that Aristotelian state which makes a happy compromise between the stiffness of honoured tradition and the looseness that academics are all too apt to call licence.

Part I

THE OUTER WORLD: PUBLIC

CHAPTER I

THE TEACHER AS HUMAN BEING

UNDERLYING the many parts that the teacher has to play is the teacher himself as he really is, the teacher as known to himself and his Creator. In the teacher's personality we seem to reach the very foundation of our subject: so it is rather disconcerting to find at the basis of our structure a fundamental difference. We cannot get round that final statement in the Bible: "Male and female created He them." I had intended heading this chapter, The Teacher as Man; but obviously this would leave out of account the majority of our craft. To be sure the word *man* generically used is held to include women, but in a profession that is predominantly feminine it seems a good deal out of place to use the masculine word to represent the whole. The teaching women in the United States, where they are in overwhelming majority, have settled the matter to their own satisfaction in their practical if naïf way. Everybody knows that it is now a settled custom over there to refer to the teacher by the personal pronoun *she*. This convention the women have accepted, but when they themselves write articles or books on education they

level up matters by speaking of the pupil as *he*, thus putting us men in our proper place as learners at the feet of the emerged sex.

In spite of this byplay in which the women have unostentatiously got the better of us, we still feel the need of a word to represent the human being as such, without any reference to sex. Cases are constantly occurring in which we wish to refer to individual human beings in such a way as to include both men and women, yet we have no term in English to meet this head. The Germans are better off, and we shall do well to borrow from them the word *Mensch*, which expresses exactly what we want. In this chapter we are dealing with the teacher as *Mensch*, and throughout the book I shall use this term wherever the subject demands a clear intimation that both sexes are included.

But we do not want to over-emphasise the sex element. Rather would we keep as far as possible to such considerations as involve the essential humanity of our craft. Yet we cannot get away from facts, and we shall find ourselves continually coming across circumstances in which from the nature of the case, and from the demands of historical development, we are compelled to use the masculine form. In many of the following chapters it will be noticed that there is a tendency to use the word *Master*, where women readers would prefer *Teacher*. The explanation is that in many cases the matters referred to really concern men teachers

rather than women. Many of the quotations from old books and references to old times naturally involve the use of the masculine form, because most of the schoolmastering in those old days was done by men. In that last sentence, for example, the term *schoolmastering* was the natural one to use.

There is still another reason why I am inclined to use *master* rather than *teacher*. I do not feel that way myself, because I have taught in all grades of schools, but those who are familiar with English education are aware that secondary people do not like the term *teacher*, and will not answer to that name if they can help it. They insist upon being called *masters* and *mistresses*. American visitors to England are greatly tickled if they discover—which they do not always do—that the word *teacher* is almost limited to the elementary side, and the terms *master* and *mistress* to the secondary. But the distinction is not a manufactured one. The secondaries do not want to show superiority over their elementary fellows, but are unwilling to give up the dignity implied in the term they have made their own. I do wish we could have a common word that would have a double function by indicating master-or-mistress-as-the-case-may-be, and bearing with it all the dignity that the word *teacher* does not at present carry. During the Great War we almost reached this goal.

In the absence of so many of our teaching men in the fighting line, women came to the schools

gallantly to carry on their work: and right well they did it, thanks not a little to the boys, who played the game, and behaved in a way they never would have under mistresses, but for the national need. A certain worry arose about the form of address, and the poor boys were continually getting into trouble by addressing their new teachers as "Sir." In some cases the Headmaster got so tired of hearing boys continually answering "Yes, sir—oh!—Yes, ma'am," that he called the school together and told the boys that this was a boys' school, these ladies were good enough to hold the fort till the masters came back: they were doing the work of masters; accordingly, they *were* masters, and should be addressed as such. Therefore, henceforth they were to be addressed as "Sir." The women liked it at the time, and I see no reason why the custom should not be perpetuated and all teachers called masters, and addressed as "Sir." In a great many cases a lady in the chair is addressed as Chairman. So there is a sort of precedent. Will mistresses *please* allow me in these pages to include them under the term *master*? I can assure them that they will never be far from my thoughts as I write. How could they, when I am treating of a profession that is so largely feminine in its *personnel*? Henceforth I shall use teacher wherever sex is of no importance, or at any rate where it is not of the essence of the matter treated, and master when the context seems to demand it, in which cases I throw myself upon the mercy of the mistresses.

No one realises more clearly than I that the matter of sex has ramifications throughout the whole educational field, and that even while doing identical work the two sexes have their own way of thinking and acting. My only plea is that readers will do their own interpreting of situations. What is here put before you is inevitably the man's point of view, however diligently and earnestly I strive to look at matters from the broad human standpoint. To keep to this nobly neutral point of view is almost as hard as I used to find it at my student stage at the University to regard things from Spinoza's standpoint, *Sub specie aeternitatis.* I claim the reader's sympathy when I confess that I find it very hard work to play the part of a *Mensch.*

Since in these chapters we are all the time dealing with those who are teachers, even when we regard them as human beings, we are not to lose sight of the fact that we *are* also dealing with them as teachers. No doubt the teacher is *Mensch* as well as a professional worker. But our interest here is what sort of person the *Mensch* is in relation to the profession. What sort of temperament has he? There is an artistic temperament, is there a teaching temperament? I believe there is, and that altogether apart from the distracting worry about the "born teacher." Certainly this type of teacher, the innate teacher, the "teacher by the Grace of God," must possess the teacher-temperament, but he has not the monopoly of it. Successful teachers

have an easily recognisable though not so easily describable temperament. They are "that sort of persons," the sort that one would expect to find in a schoolroom. Of the four classical temperaments, the teacher type belongs to the sanguine. Critics will at once point to teachers that they know (and we, too, alas!) who are far from sanguine. But note that we are writing here about *successful* teachers. These gloomy persons ought not to be in the school-business at all.

But the humours classification of the temperaments is antiquated, so we had better turn to the newer form based on nervous reactions. Of the two types here, the sensory and the motor, probably the sensory is on the whole the more suitable for our profession, though the teacher need not be markedly sensory. The difference between the two types, as you will remember from your college days, is that the sensory type takes longer time at the elaborating nerve-centres than do the motors. With the motor, action follows almost immediately on stimulus, whereas the sensories are inclined to pause a little, and, as the Scottish judges say, take the matter *ad avizandum*. With the motor, knowing is but the vestibule of doing, and we teachers have a great deal of trouble with this type among our pupils.

Obviously, however, there must be a certain amount of *motility* in the teacher, to use the rather silly term some psychologists like. He must have

a fair amount of sharp resilience. But there may be some danger in applying this classification at all to the case of teachers, for the element of sex has been introduced into it by an American psychologist, J. M. Baldwin, who maintains that women are motors and men sensories. So we are in danger of getting into the awkward position of having a separate psychology for masters and mistresses. Fortunately the French psychologist, Fouillée, comes along with *his* theory of the sex distribution of the two temperaments, and makes the men motors and the women sensories. We are thus set free, for when doctors differ we are entitled to judge for ourselves. The truth from the teacher's standpoint seems to be that Baldwin is right about youngsters up to puberty, but after that there is not sufficient evidence to mark off one sex from the other in terms of sensory and motor.

There is a third way of classifying humanity into two great groups, that may be found useful in dealing with the teacher as *Mensch*. This began as a medical classification, for when doctors started to speak about *introverts* and *extroverts* they had only pathological cases in view. But the types are so characteristic and so well marked among ordinary people that the distinction is rapidly passing into general use. The introvert is inclined to be an onlooker rather than an active participant in anything, to be a critic rather than an executant, to withdraw himself within himself wherever that is

possible. The extrovert, on the other hand, is inclined to throw himself upon society in the full expectation that his advances will be cordially reciprocated. He likes to be in the middle of things, to be continually expressing himself. Very naturally this classification has a bearing upon the sort of work a person should take up. Some occupations lend themselves specially to one or other of these types. The introvert is at home in a job like that of a librarian, or a book-keeper, or other official whose business keeps him in a cubby-hole of his own, where other people are warned off as not welcome. Those who spend their time behind barred windows and grills at railway stations and pawnbrokers' offices, are all the better of having an introvert tendency. A professional psychologist loses nothing by being a bit of an introvert, while a metaphysician is all the better. A theologian should have a good deal of the introvert in him, while a popular preacher has no use for this sort of mental make-up. Most popular actors are extroverts, and all popular actresses are. Salesmen of every sort should be extroverts, and auctioneers in particular can find use for the extreme form of extroversion. One does not know what one could make of a real-estate man (or *realtor*, as the official type of him is called in America) who was not an extrovert.

By the way, I happen to know that the Latin word is extr*a*, so it will not be necessary for the conscientious reader to write telling me so. All the

same, I claim the privilege of balancing the word intr*o*vert by the word extr*o*vert.

Amid this whirl of claims where are we to place the teacher? Naturally he ought not to belong to either of the extremes, but his bias should be towards extroversion. He ought to be a good mixer, one who can fall in easily with his fellows; but at the same time he must be quick to see their point of view. Extroversion favours the first of these qualifications, but if carried even a little to excess it is apt to spoil the second. A gaseous individual who is always so busy expressing himself that he has no time to see to it that others have a chance to do the same, is poor timber out of which to carve a successful teacher. On the other hand, a timid, shrinking, self-obliterating creature has not much chance of success. Aristotle must be called in and asked to find for us the mean between these two extremes, and if he is good-natured enough to answer our appeal, it will be found that he has placed the human being who wants to be a teacher somewhere about the middle of the line separating the introvert from the extrovert, but a little nearer to the extrovert side.

The important point up to which all this is leading will be found in the fact that the teacher's professional life is one long fight to preserve his humanity. He begins as a wholesome all-round *Mensch*, with good and bad qualities no doubt, but on the whole a well-balanced *disposition*, to use a

TRAINING COLLEGE

technical term in psychology that has not yet been hardened down into rigidity and may therefore be used with impunity. His problem is to keep his balance in his professional progress. His daily grind has been compared by the more pessimistic among us to the treadmill or the work of the galley-slave, so an appropriate illustration may be found in *Ben Hur*, where the fine young fellow who is condemned to the galleys asks for the privilege of being changed from side to side of the vessel from time to time, so as to prevent the distortion of his body by the exclusive working of certain groups of muscles.

Now without accepting the dispiriting comparison to galley-slave life, we may admit that there is a dangerous tendency in our craft to stereotyped activity, monotony, routine. This affects even those of us who begin with a rather extrovert tendency; but is naturally much more likely to develop in those who begin with a bias towards introversion. Put in rather colloquial terms the danger we are threatened with is old-fogeyism. Now Professor William James has something intimidating to say on this subject. When he asks himself the question: When does old-fogeyism set in? he feels constrained to give the startling answer: Round about twenty-five years of age. By that time, he tells us, the stigmata of the profession begin to make themselves manifest. At about that age we are able to detect the official mannerism of each profession. The young doctor, lawyer, clergy-

man becomes detectable. No doubt this early demarcation does not really correspond to what is usually called old-fogeyism, and James may have used the phrase for the very purpose of startling his readers and putting them on their guard. But in the case of teachers there would appear to be special reasons why this early onset of impaired vitality is to be feared.

The conditions under which we work all tend in this direction; the immature minds with which we deal, the rigid conditions under which we work, the public attitude towards us, the demand for an inordinate amount of commonplace respectability. Fortunately conditions to-day are much more wholesome than they were even half a century ago. In the days when the single-teacher school was the standard in our profession, it was almost impossible for a normal human being to remain normal and a teacher at the same time. But to-day in our big schools teachers meet almost as many grown-up people as they meet youngsters. They mingle in general society, since the barriers to be dealt with in our next chapter have been removed. But while opportunities for social intercourse are increased, it is necessary for the teacher to bestir himself so as to take full advantage of them.

When I had read over the last paragraph my conscience pricked me, for I remembered what Miss Evelyn Dewey tells us about the number of single-teacher schools in the United States. I find I have

spoken of them as if they were practically things of the past, and yet she assures us that in the Great Republic there are two hundred thousand of them. I sought comfort from my American university colleagues by asking them whether this was not an overstatement. Their cold comfort was that it was probably an underestimate. My only consolation is that such good work is done in the vast majority of these schools that the teachers simply cannot be falling off. For myself, every time that I pass a school of this type I lift my hat in honour of the amazingly good work done within. All schools are wonderful places, but this type of isolated school seems specially worthy of the name the Red Indians have invented for a school. I do not know what the word is, but I have the authority of no less a philologist than Max Müller for the fact that it means " a stopping place where sorcery is practised." The miracles performed in these schools certainly deserve our genuine admiration, but the conditions under which they are worked are such as to remove all tendency to swelled head among the officiating sorceresses.

It is because teachers are availing themselves so fully of the increased opportunities the new era is offering to them that the old reproach is gradually passing from the profession. The phrase "School ma'am" is much less frequently used than formerly, and when it does occur we find that into its meaning has stolen an altogether kindlier feeling, indeed

almost a sentimental touch. This was made strikingly manifest during the candidature of Herbert Hoover for the United States Presidency, when the school ma'am of his boyhood, still alive and well, was haled into the limelight and set up for national approval.

Even men teachers are beginning to be treated more as human beings than they used to be, which is not unnatural seeing that they *are* more like human beings than in the days when Charles Lamb wrote so scathingly, and yet with such insight, about them. They may not even now have all the freedom from restraint that Mr H. G. Wells would have them enjoy. They do not wear red ties and traffic in unduly strong language. But they can write a good novel at a pinch, and are altogether approaching more nearly than ever before the goal he has set before them, the goal of being "authentic men."

CHAPTER II

THE TEACHER AS SOCIAL UNIT

WHEN a newspaper discussion of the teacher's social status takes place, one is reminded of Buffon's remark on Montesquieu's style: "Est-ce qu'il a un style?" or of Dr Johnson's famous chapter *Concerning Snakes in Ireland*: "There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole country." To be sure, things are looking up in these latter days; but in my youth I had a very depressing time in the British Museum Library looking up what people in general thought of us, and indeed what we thought of ourselves. Here is the estimate of one of our number:

> The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
> The first in real dignity and use,
> (If skilled to teach and diligent to rule)
> Is the learn'd master of a little school.

No doubt most of the undeserved abuse is at the address of the elementary schoolmaster, but it is not limited to him. There is a fine broadbrush effect in the decision of Littré's French Dictionary that *Pédant* is fairly represented by "a term of contempt, he who teaches a school."

Béranger does our profession the dishonour of

writing a poem under the title "Maître d'École," that none of us feels the least inclined to advertise: and in Germany "Schulmeister" has an equally opprobrious ring. It is true that here the reference is almost exclusively to the elementary branch, and that both were written before this branch rose to the position of importance that inevitably followed the nationalisation of the craft. We cannot wonder at the disrespect shown to a body of people made up, if Macaulay is to be believed, of "discarded footmen and ruined pedlars."

Sometimes the tone adopted ceases to be abusive, and becomes still more intolerable from the hint of benevolent patronage. Read this inspiriting "Address to Teachers." It is the work of one who calls himself "a well-wisher of souls," and in 1782 could have been had from David Paterson of Edinburgh at the small charge of 2d. each, or twenty-pence the dozen.

To the Teachers of Youth in Town or Country

Although your station does not lead you to sit with the great and noble of the land, yet kind providence has distinguished you from the meaner rank of your fellow-creatures.

Here we sit back in our chairs and pull up our collars. I would willingly stop here: but we must have full value for our 2d.

And though several of you are descended from families of respect, yet I know that many of you come of those which some call a mean extraction (though originally of the

same blood with princes—Acts xvii. 26), and possibly come through many difficulties in the course of your education; which is so far from being a disparagement to you that it may be the matter of a song to you when others boast of their high pedigree and paternal estates.

This is perhaps as much as you can stand. You can fill in the rest of the twopence-worth on the principle of *ex pede herculem.*

We have noted that this style of homily is usually addressed to elementary teachers, but the secondary schoolmaster does not escape. His social inferiority is indicated by his exclusion from the ranks of the regular professions. As Dr Syntax, when making his will, grimly remarks:

> The learned callings all agree
> Are physic, law, divinity.

No place is left for teaching. Indeed, the most unkindest cut of all comes in the devastating line:

> The schoolmaster's ungrateful *trade.*

Dr Syntax does not underline the word, and probably it is a work of supererogation to italicise it here. It carries its condemnation all too easily. With his usual acumen Goethe puts his finger on the inherent lack of public regard for the teacher in his line in *Faust*: "Selbst Pallas kommt als Mentor nicht zu Ehren." If the goddess of wisdom herself is not honoured as a teacher, what can we mortals hope for?

But why all this disrespect and positive abuse? It may wile away an unmortgaged half-hour, if such

a thing can occur in a modern teacher's life, to look into the possible answers to this question.

First we are regarded as a sort of feeble people, who confine ourselves to talking, while other people do things. They are out in the busy world while we remain in the sheltered seclusion of the schoolroom. There is a proverb in Germany—at any rate my English educational textbooks used to tell me so, though I have never come across it while in Germany—which runs: "The school is good, the world is bad." For this reason, perhaps, we are treated as slightly timid people who have become teachers because we dare not face up the difficulties of an evil world. We are a race of weaklings, and rank with the amiable unbusinesslike professors for whom, as everyone knows, Cecil Rhodes had such a genial contempt. When we are treated in mild poetry of the second rank this attitude becomes clear. Take, for example, the Rev. George Crabbe's "Leonard":

> But Leonard, yes for Leonard's fate I grieve,
> Who loathes the station which he dare not leave;
> He cannot dig, he will not beg his bread;
> All his dependence rests upon his head;
> And deeply skilled in sciences and arts,
> On vulgar lads he wastes superior parts.

Somehow I cannot get up for poor Leonard the sympathy for which his creator craves. Why *vulgar* on the one hand, and *superior* on the other? And why *wastes* in any case? A little of Crabbe would go a long way in securing for us the con-

temptuous dislike of ordinary capable and self-reliant people.

The second cause of popular dislike of the teacher is to be found in what may be called the Gulliver attitude. Being the big man among a race of pigmies, he is said to become pompous and tyrannical, and to carry this attitude to some degree into his dealings with outside people. There is no doubt whatever, but that in the past this attitude was rampant and produced the natural effect on ordinary outside people.

One of the ways in which it manifested itself was in a habit of contradiction in ordinary society. The master was so accustomed to speak as Sir Oracle that he found it hard to let the ordinary dogs of society bark. These dogs being notoriously fond of barking naturally resented this attitude. But even if the Gulliver teacher did not openly contradict the post-Lilliputians of society, he often had a restraining effect upon them. Nobody likes to be with people who know more than is comfortable for their neighbours. In the old days schoolmasters were credited with a very wide range of knowledge, and there is a secret displeasure in dealing with a man who knows things we are supposed to know, but do not. Charles Lamb records that he was not comfortable in the presence of schoolmasters, and one does not wonder. We are told that one of them generously offered to give him lessons in writing English.

Another of the after-effects of the Gulliver attitude is to be found in the reaction that comes when we have left school behind us. Quite important people have told us, by word of mouth and in memoirs, that on the occasion of their visiting their old school there came a disconcerting recrudescence of the long-departed awe of their old schoolmaster. But apart from such awkward revivals of old associations, we have all—important people and unimportant alike—a genuine satisfaction that we are for ever out of the old dominie's power, and we are apt to carry over to schoolmasters in general the slightly displeasing associations that have gathered about the specimen that overshadowed our own youth. Many of us are tempted, in good schoolboy slang, to try to "get a little of our own back" by showing our more than equality with the schoolmaster of to-day. I cannot help reading this feeling into the remark recorded as made by Lord Hugh Cecil in the House of Commons in 1928:

"I am always sorry to give up any opportunity of giving discipline to schoolmasters. They are so much inclined by the habit of inflicting discipline on other people, to be extremely self-willed and undisciplined themselves, and I am always glad when they are compelled to submit to a regulation which they find inconvenient."

Passing from high places to low, I find that the same vindictive feeling is sometimes cherished towards old schoolmasters by quite ordinary people.

Into my memory comes a comic song of my early boyhood in which the singer is comparing the days of his childhood with those of his manhood. Some of the memories are pleasant enough, it appears, for the end of one verse persists in remaining in my memory:

> And the girls they used to kiss me, *but*
> They never do it now.

The verse-ending that is apposite here is grim enough:

> And the master used to flog me, *but*
> I'd like to see him now.

Probably the recollection of the cane from our Lilliputian days is as potent a cause as any, of the popular distaste for schoolmasters. This part of our professional functioning is almost universally used as a reproach against us. For example, take Drummond of Hawthornden's description of one of our tribe, for whom apparently he had no particular use:

> Owen is a pure pedantique schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of littel children: and hath no good thing in him.

The general sympathy with the down dog has a great deal to do with the popular dislike. The feeling is well represented in the eighteenth-century poem on "Education," written by Gilbert West. The following two stanzas will give a fair sample:

Black was the wave and sordid, covered o'er
With angry foam, and stained with infants' gore.
Thereto, along the unlovely margin stood
A birchen grove that waving from the shore
Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoisoned all the flood.

Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
Of beardless striplings, to the birch-crown'd shore
By nurses, guardians, fathers dragged along :
Who helpless, meek and innocent of wrong
Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours strong,
By power made insolent, and hard by pride,
Were driven with furious rage, and lashed into the tide.

A third, and very effective cause of the low esteem in which teachers are held is the popular belief that "there is nothing in" the profession. The popular opinion is that anybody can teach. It is not a profession like any of the three that Dr Syntax enumerates. These have their realms of special knowledge into which the general public may not penetrate. Even the skilled manual craftsman has his pieces of special knowledge that he would fain keep within the borders of his craft. The old-fashioned use of the word *mysteries* to stand for trades is significant. Each trade had its own reservoir of matters not known to the general public. These stores of private information may be represented by the Latin plural *arcana*. But the teachers of the olden time had no *arcana*. They played with their cards face up on the table. It was assumed that everybody knows all about education, and if

Dr Johnson is to be believed, all that is known about it was known long before his time.

Schoolmasters have themselves to blame for the public underestimation of their craft. How can people be expected to believe there is any science in education when the teachers themselves proclaim that there is no need for training? If a plumber has to go through a sort of apprenticeship, what can we think of a profession in which the men at the top proclaimed that there was no need to prepare for it, that they were, as Prof. S. S. Laurie once ironically put it, "teachers by the Grace of God."

Laurie himself did a good deal to raise the status of the profession by his lectures and publications. I should not go the length of saying that he deliberately set about providing us with suitable *arcana*: but I have certainly had my suspicions. He is the second biggest user of technical terms in education. The very title of his chief work on our subject, *The Institutes of Education*, is a bid for a front place among the *arcana*. His technical vocabulary was so learned that he had occasion to publish a booklet for the use of his students explaining the more obscure among his terms. But even Laurie must give place to his American rival, G. Stanley Hall, whose works can be read intelligently only by those who have a rich Latin and Greek vocabulary, or are willing to read his books with a Latin and a Greek dictionary on a table beside them. Probably

he too did not deliberately set out to create *arcana*: but the *arcana* came all right.

After these two paladins had passed away, their followers no longer needed to worry about *arcana*: these came tumbling in of their own accord. So far from having to invent fierce terms for purposes of intimidation, our schoolmen of to-day can hardly keep up with the technicalities that crowd upon them, whether they will or no. Gone is the old easy approach to the educational platform. Day by day it is requiring more courage to get up in an educational meeting and talk at large.

It is not difficult to understand the low esteem in which teachers were held in bygone days, when they had poor qualifications and corresponding emoluments. Many of them could echo the old woman who kept a Dame's School, and frankly reported to a government official who was making a formal inquiry into the state of such schools: "It's little they pays us, and it's little we teaches them." But though money is to some extent a measure of the esteem in which a profession is held, it is not always a reliable guide, as is shown by the experience of Germany, where the social attractions of the profession secured a far better class of teacher than the money payments warranted. It is too late now in this country to apply the method, since salaries have reached a fairly reasonable level, but, if our rulers had thought of it in time, a considerable saving in the national expenditure on teachers'

salaries could have been effected by eking out money payments by liberal doses of public esteem.

Before the World War they had in Germany a system of conferring honours which may be called the Rat System because the title of *Rat* or Counsellor was one of the coveted titles. We are not concerned with the system except in so far as it affected our craft. In point of fact it was skilfully used to keep the members of our profession in order. By a judicious distribution of titles and distinctions our German fellows were kept in a state of content, even though the scholastic pocket-books were rather light. If when the natural time for one of these honours came round nothing happened, the teacher-man was apt to ask himself *why* the honour was delayed, and his wife was at least as keen as he, for she shared in the glory when it came. If, for example, her husband became Schul-Rat, she became automatically Schul-Rätin. The system had two excellent effects from the standpoint of the government. It kept the teachers in good humour, and it prevented them from becoming in any way troublesome to the authorities. It furnished a system of punishing recalcitrant masters without anything being said or done. The absence of the expected honour or promotion was an unostentatious but effective penalty.

In a more wholesome way the good social standing of the old dominie in Scotland went far to compensate for the none too generous payments of

these remote times. In a country district the dominie, after the laird (who of course stood in a class by himself), was second only to the minister, and in the many cases in which the schoolmaster was of high character and excellent scholarship he ranked on practically equal terms with the occupant of the pulpit. The truth is that he was of the same timber. Dog does not eat dog, so minister and dominie stood by one another, the position being strengthened by the traditional relationship between the two in the old days when many of the dominies were themselves qualified to fill the pulpit, though circumstances or lack of "public gifts" had relegated them to the discard of "stickit ministers."

The teachers' connection with the Church is not everywhere of this happy kind. In Germany, ever since 1848, the elementary teachers have striven to get free from clerical control. The government office that managed church affairs was also responsible for educational administration, and the teachers felt themselves in a galling position of social inferiority. The scandal was particularly shameful in Bavaria, where the schoolmaster was little better than the servant of the local clergyman, and the woman of the schoolhouse—wife, mother, or sister of the schoolmaster—had to do the cleaning of the school, and sometimes even of the church in addition. It took seventy years of steady fighting, and a final revolution, to bring about a realisation of the ambitions of the schoolmasters of 1848, but the fall

of the Empire in 1918 certainly resulted in the immediate establishment of an educational administration that gave to the elementary teachers what they craved.

In England things were not quite so bad, but when I was a youngster I used to hear gruesome stories of extra school duties, and of teachers having to use "the tradesmen's entrance" when they called on the vicar on school or church business.

While all this sounds not unnatural in the case of the old-fashioned elementary teachers, it is a little startling to find secondary teachers of good standing confessing that when they are on vacation they like to establish themselves well in the good graces of a company before letting it be known that they are schoolmasters. I have heard such confessions so frequently on my travels, even within the past half a dozen years, that I feel there must be something in it. And yet I cannot but think that underlying this state of mind there is something not quite right. It seems to me that the men must be supersensitive, and must read into the situation elements that are not there. When we catch a schoolmaster writing about the social standing of his profession, we can hardly expect him to be quite free from self-consciousness. So it is well to take an anonymous case. This book is called *The Trials and Travels of a Dominie*, appeared about half a century ago, and is written with a certain studied restraint. I select a passage that has a very direct bearing on the social side.

While young and full of hope, I met at a seaside town, where I was passing my holidays, a woman whom I loved, and fain would have made my wife. I saw her to be fair, and thought that she was true, and she said that she loved me, and would ever love me: but she lied. For when it was told her that I was only a dominie—that the work of my life was to whip and scold boys—she killed the young love in her heart. Ah! that she could have bid mine die as easily. And then she married a subaltern officer, about whose gentility Mrs Grundy made no question. It is too commonplace a story to interest the reader, and I will not dwell upon it.

Poor dominie! It is all over now, and your successors have less to fear from the subalterns. But they have still their own troubles, though they are more belligerent in stating them. Dr Alington's *Schoolmaster's Apology*, dashed off in a couple of weeks or so, breathes a note of defiant cheerfulness, even though it was written before he attained the archi-episcopal chair of education at Eton.

Less cheerful is the really startling indictment of Mr Hugh Walpole, who knows what he describes—in his powerful school-life presentation called *Mr Perrin and Mr Trail.* The keynote of the whole is struck in the quotation from the *Pilgrim's Progress* that precedes the tale:

The way here also was very wearisome through dirt and shabbiness: nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn or victualling house wherein to refresh the feebler sort.

This is a fitting prelude to an account of life at one of the smaller and less well staffed and equipped public schools:

Places where the men are underpaid, with no prospects, herded together, all of them hating each other, wanting, perhaps, towards the end of the session, to cut each other's throats.

The grim beginning is justified by what follows in a story that ends tragically. The message of this book, a book that well repays the teacher reader, may be gathered from the following extract from a talk the experienced master, Birkland, has with his newly appointed young colleague, Trail:

I'm going to speak the truth to you to-night for the good and safety of your soul, and I have not cared for the good and safety of anyone's soul for—well!—I should be afraid to say how long. I'm afraid—I don't care very much about the safety of yours—but I care enough to speak to you; and the one thing I say to you is—get out—get away. Fly for your life. . . . If you don't, you will die very soon —in a year, perhaps. We are all dead here, and we died a great many years ago. . . . I shouldn't have said this at all if I hadn't meant it, and if I hadn't got twenty years of experience behind me to prove what I say. I don't know why I am bothering you, I'm sure: but now I've begun I'm going on; and you've got to listen. You can't say you haven't been given your chance. Have you ever looked round the common room, and seen what kind of men we are?

The rest of the talk quite lives up to this exordium: but Mr Walpole plays fair. He makes it clear that all schools are not like Moffat's, the one he is describing, and makes generous references to the big and well-staffed institutions. But his picture gives a warning that teachers and school governors may well take to heart. That Moffat's is not an

isolated case may be gathered from the fact that Mr S. P. B. Mais, in his *Interlude*, gives an equally dispiriting picture in the description he supplies of the Masters' Meeting after the vacation:

> These men had eliminated every spark of ambition: they were all underpaid, and looked it: there was lacking any tenacity of purpose, any of that eager-eyed vigour which characterised those who were born to lead: the profession of Orbilius had been throughout the ages despised and looked upon as not at all the thing for men of talent or intellectual attainments, and those who practised it had been content to have it so. And yet these men in their day had been scholars of their colleges, "firsts" in "Greats," full of promise: the school had sucked them dry, and they had run their course with no hope of anything in the future save a quite inadequate pension when they were too old for work.

When we seek to put Mr H. G. Wells on the witness-stand there arises the problem of *under which flag*? Is he for or against the schoolmaster? Should he appear in this chapter or should he be reserved till we treat of "The Teacher as Writer"? Georges Connes, in his *Étude sur la Pensée de Wells*, warns us that his hero has never forgotten that he had been a teacher, and that when he speaks of education it is as an old professional. This may be true, but former connection with our craft certainly does not restrain him from speaking his mind very freely when he does deal with us—and that is on every occasion that he can find. He confesses that he reads whatever he catches a schoolmaster writing, and maintains that he almost never finds anything

fresh or exhilarating over a schoolmaster's signature in print. On one dread occasion he let himself go, and in the *Westminster Gazette* for October 21st, 1905, he lets us know definitely what he thinks of his old fellow-craftsmen. He has had time to repent since then, but has not availed himself of the opportunity, for the diatribe appears in book form as the sixteenth essay in his *An Englishman Looks at the World.* His charge is that we as a profession are deplorably and unnecessarily dull. So sure is he of the justice of his charge that he calls upon us to admit its truth, and even suggests optimistically that we would be willing to plead guilty. So severe are his strictures that most of us are inclined to regard him as an outside critic in spite of his possession of the freedom of our guild. Accordingly, it would seem that this is the fitting chapter in which to include his criticism.

His general charge includes timidity, conventionality, and something that is very hard to distinguish from hypocrisy. He makes fun of our enthusiasms, and specifies certain matters that attract our artificial ecstacies—including such incongruous things as games and perpendicular architecture. He proclaims that nobody ever wants to know what a schoolmaster thinks of anything worth while. We are always playing for safety, and therefore do not count in the world of real things. He wants us to be red-blooded men, to wear a red tie if our desires tend that way. We can readily picture him as

saying to himself that the fellow ought to feel free to say "damn" when the occasion calls for it. The trouble is that the general public, and particularly the section of it that includes parents, are unmistakably on the side of the schoolmaster as he is. They have no particular use for a master who is given to *damns*. And any master who lives up to the ideal roughly sketched out by Mr Wells stands a strong chance of being relieved of his official work.

All the same, no honest teacher can read this savage essay without a stirring of his professional conscience. The sting occurs more on the negative side than on the positive. The trouble is not what we do but what we leave undone. Perhaps the most severe stab in the essay lies in the reference to the schoolmaster's "deadly silences." It is a depressing position to occupy the dock at a trial for what we do *not* say: yet we cannot but admit that Mr Wells has a certain justification for putting us there. No doubt he goes too far, and the average teacher may ease his conscience by reflecting that if he lived up to the Wellsian ideal he would do no good in education, for the plain reason that the world is not yet ripe for this type of teacher. It would not be difficult to give examples of teachers who approached the Wellsian type only to find themselves gently shunted to make room for safer men. Playing for safety is the game that parents recommend to schoolmasters.

It is not that parents and the general public are

modest in their demands from the schoolmaster. Very much to the contrary. As an exasperated master of our craft wrote to the newspapers during one of those periodical press discussions of our defects: "The public expects for its schools Admirable Crichtons at £120 a year." Dr J. H. E. Crees, in his stimulating *Didascalus Patiens*—which perhaps you had better tell your pupils does *not* mean *The Patient Schoolmaster* in the ordinary sense of that term—makes a capital statement of the sort of thing the public wants, though it may not take the trouble to put the matter so clearly as Dr Crees does:

Our schoolmaster, then, is one who perforce practises plain living and high thinking. He is required to be, if possible, as learned as a Don, as athletic as a Fry, as genteel as a physician, as upright as a bank manager, as moral as a parson. He cherishes a fugitive and cloistered virtue. His pursuits, his inclinations, and his means confine him within a small circle of acquaintances, and his intercourse with the great world is slight. His hand has been subdued to the material he works in; he has taken his School for better or for worse, and would regard separation from it with as much horror as a divorce. He lives and has his being in a little world where, to a large extent, his word is law; he is restricted by nothing save the co-ordinate jurisdiction of his colleagues. He is not for the fashion of these times where none will sweat but for promotion, and he is a noble pattern of the constant service of the antique world where service sweat for duty, not for need. His duties are never ended. He is expected, and readily accepts the obligation, to regard all that is connected with the school as his concern. School holds dominion in his

mind, and school "shop" is the staple of his conversation. The limits of the school domain are his horizon, and he has no desire to mingle with the members of the mercantile class who socially take rank beside him. . . . So he stands austerely aloof, hiding both his poverty and his parts beneath a bushel. He struggles manfully on, a fitting impersonation of Juvenal's shivering integrity, though you never catch his teeth chattering. He is, as some would say, a Helot who may not get drunk.

The above quotation shows that gloomy views are not confined to outsiders, for Dr Crees is in full, vigorous, and successful prosecution of our craft, and I have found many examples of the same attitude among the innumerable fellow-craftsmen with whom I have talked on the subject. Sometimes, however, it strikes me as a pose. Take, for example, the following case: A headmaster under the London County Council received from the office a printed form to be filled up regarding one of his pupils who was a candidate for admission to a Training College. After he had answered in a strongly favourable way all the inquiries, for the boy was very promising, he came to a final space set apart for "Any other observations which you desire to make," and could apparently restrain himself no longer, for he made the entry: "I can only express my astonishment that an otherwise sane lad should elect to become a teacher."

This attitude, however, is not confined to our craft. It is the common experience of mankind to find that each of us knows so well the difficulties

and disadvantages of his own craft that he is apt to warn off others, and bring up his youngsters to any calling but his own—except, of course, in those favourable circumstances where he has established a position of advantage that he is able to pass on to his children. In our own case we belong to a rising craft: its status has been steadily improving with the nationalising of education throughout the world, and the increase of the attention given to its scientific side. Statesmen, psychologists, and philosophers combine in encouraging the general public to raise our craft to a social standing corresponding to its inherent importance.

CHAPTER III

THE TEACHER AS "COPY"

As material for the poet, the dramatist, and the novelist the teacher does not rank high. There is nothing romantic in his work as such, and his general surroundings are in the highest degree prosaic. It is true that in the loftier walks of crime, say in the murder zone, there is a sufficient contrast between the innocent background of the school and the lurid foreground of gore to secure the thrill the artist loves. The classical example is found in Tom Hood's *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, where it is worked for all it is worth. Here the sole value of the teacher is the element of contrast that he supplies. His professional side is not in any way worked up.

Naturally women teachers remain, in this matter, in a still dimmer obscurity. The popular mind used always to picture them as long past the age when romance might reasonably come their way. Here we may look for better things, since under the new conditions women teachers come into the limelight long before their charms have faded. But in those old days it took a Shenstone or a Kirke White to penetrate into the inner excellences of the

school ma'am, and the result, though in every way admirable, has none of that quality vaguely talked about as sex-appeal. It is true that in Oliver Wendell Holmes we have a rather interesting example of the schoolmistress by sheer force of merit charming her way out of the staid pages of the essayist into the sunny realms of romance. Just a little more and the genial O. W. H. would have become openly lyrical about her. One feels that, even as things were, he was lyrical within.

When we come to the novelist, we reach a creative person who in the past had no use for the teacher as raw material to work up into artistic form. Novelists as a rule have little in common with the pedagogic spirit, and find small attraction in the atmosphere of school. In the older adventure style of novels there was obviously no place for the schoolmaster, who was indeed the antipodes of the sort of character that the novelist of this type delighted to delineate. In one subordinate part, it is true, the schoolmaster did sometimes make a brief and ignominious appearance in these old fierce stories. Not infrequently the author made his hero dash into his adventurous career at the end of a dramatic interview with a bullying dominie, whom, with a crude sort of poetic justice, he soundly thrashed before making an exit from school into the wide world where his creator was going to make him do such wonderful things. The whipped schoolmaster was left behind in unchronicled obscurity.

It took a Brontë to realise the possibilities of the schoolmaster in fiction, and in *Villette* and *The Professor* we have pictures that place us definitively within the range of high-class fiction. But she had been guided into these paths through the rugged ways of personal experience, and other novelists were slow to follow her example. When we come to the three major deities of nineteenth-century noveldom, we find that the teacher occupies a very humble place among the *dramatis personæ* of the Play of Life. No one would expect Sir Walter Scott to pay much attention to dominies, and in point of fact his gallery has but few specimens, and these all of a decidedly minor rank. Reuben Butler is a kindly character sympathetically treated: of Jedidiah Cleishbotham the less said the better for our craft: and Dominie Sampson was not a professional teacher at all. From Thackeray we might have expected a picture or two, for he knew the tribe. But the gentle and ridiculous Timothy Titmarsh is apparently the best he can do for us.

It is only when we come to Dickens that we find ourselves really getting into the limelight. At this we may feel a little surprised, for of the three higher fictional deities he is probably the least in sympathy with the scholastic spirit. But though he dislikes schoolmasters with a fervency that he cannot conceal, he is irresistibly drawn to consider them. In any case his gallery is the most extensive of all the great novelists', and the individual portraits are

worked out in greater detail. To be sure, the schoolmaster in his pages figures rather after the pattern of the "whipping boy," and, like his prototype, he does not rouse much sympathy. With regard to our craft Dickens is in a curious position. Hating us as he obviously does, and losing no opportunity of scarifying us, he has really a strong element of the schoolmaster in his own disposition, and often plays the schoolmaster himself in criticising us.

We have nothing to say in extenuation of Squeers —though in lecturing to good-natured teacher audiences in America I sometimes put in the plea that he was the real originator of their Project Plan, with his: Yes, w–i–n–d–e–r–s, *Winders*. Now go and clean them. Squeers is rotten through and through, and deserves all he gets at Dickens' hands. But of some of the others in his rogues' gallery of teachers, I am not at all sure that they have had fair play. McChoakumchild in particular gets rather harsh treatment. You remember the classical misrepresentation in Chapter Two of the First Book of *Hard Times*:

> He and some one hundred and forty other schoolmasters had been lately turned at the same time in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of heart-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land-surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his

stony way into Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the watersheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the history of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah! rather overdone, McChoakumchild. If he had only learned a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more.

Now as rhetoric this is a particularly fine bit of special pleading, but as a statement of the facts of the case it is, to put it mildly, misleading. To begin with, the list of subjects studied is unhealthily distended. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody collapse, at the first prick of the lancet, into plain grammar. The skilful use of the word *all* in the *watersheds* sentence, produces a pathological swelling that it needs but a touch of the scalpel to wither up. But when it comes to the higher mathematics, McC. could present a sound *alibi.* His Normal School mathematics assumed very modest proportions indeed. Then as to French, German, Latin, and Greek he could plead an honest *Not Guilty*, though he might have to admit a somewhat elementary acquaintance with *at most* two of them. Shade of Cockerton! Even to suggest that public money could be squandered in this way in respect of elementary education in those dim days of educational obscurantism.

Then the final sentence! What does it mean? Does it have any meaning? Is it more than the windy ending to a piece of writing conspicuous by its recklessness of facts, and the absence of anything approaching what might be fairly called thinking? It is a typical example of the ecstatic utterance that not infrequently concludes a tub-thumper's period.

Yet when he is not on his rhetorical perch Dickens shows his usual marvellous insight into human nature, even when the specimen under his microscope happens to be a schoolmaster; and Dickens gets inside his character in a way that would be surprising if we judged the novelist's powers merely by a study of his caricature of Normal School training as pictured in McChoakumchild. Not only does he know his fully-fledged schoolmaster, as represented by Bradley Headstone in *Our Mutual Friend*, but he is at home with the callow form in the person of Charlie Hexham, the pupil-teacher. One cannot challenge the truth of his picture of these two types: the deplorable thing is that he should have chosen types of such a bad sort. There were no doubt Headstones and Hexhams among the teachers of Dickens' day. It is a pity that he has made these stand for the whole profession. The explanation naturally is that as material for the novelist a very little of a *good* schoolmaster goes a long way. They have no artistic value for him. Among schoolmasters, as among other classes of human beings, it is the bad ones that are interesting, though the

good ones may be greatly preferable to live with. Besides, it may as well be repeated that Dickens hated schoolmasters: I am convinced that he smacked his lips as he wrote the McChoakumchild paragraph.

George Eliot could not get through her long list of masterpieces without bringing in some schoolmasters. Not that she tried to keep them out. The fact is that she was interested in our craft, and sometimes liked to talk about it. In the *Mill on the Floss* she has a little disquisition on Mr Stelling and his methods that is well worth the attention of both inexperienced and experienced teachers. Many a writer on education would have modified his metaphorical treatment if he had taken to heart what she has to say on the subject. Romola's treatment of her boy is certainly not without its educational applications. But what warms the heart of the genuine teacher is the kindly way in which she treats old Bartle Massey.

Leaving the greater gods of fiction, we find that the minor deities have as little use as their greater kin for the schoolmaster as an important character in their books. He often appears in a form that suggests that quaint expression "a figure of fun." Could anything more accurately fit into that phrase than Washington Irving's Ichabod Crane? *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, also from the other side of the Atlantic, keeps up this tradition.

Yet a place is found in literature for the school-

master as a major character in a novel: though he does not appear there in his own right, as it were, but merely as a person whose profession is respectable but not conspicuous. The interest of the story does not lie in the schoolroom, and has usually no connection with the school at all. But verisimilitude demands that certain characters shall have an occupation of some kind, and teaching often fits in comfortably. It is an ominous fact that in turning matters over in my mind so as to get an illustrative example, the first novel that came up was Fred Anstey's *The Giant's Robe*, in which the chief character in the story is also the villain—and a schoolmaster. He appropriates the manuscript of a supposedly dead friend and gains a reputation thereby, but cannot live up to it. He is not a villain as a schoolmaster, but merely a schoolmaster who happens to be a villain. In such cases the schoolmaster has a value for the novelist, though a small one. He supplies material to the novelist, though that material ranks no higher than cement. Perhaps a better figure would be to classify him as connective tissue in the structure of the novel.

To all this Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* appears to supply at least one contradictory instance. It is difficult to estimate correctly the place of Mr Phillotson, the schoolmaster, in this distressing novel. He occupies a place only second, if not indeed equal, to that of the stonecutter who plays the title rôle. Further, his profession really has a

certain definite effect on the development of his life-story. Hardy evidently knew enough of the inner workings of school life to make an accurate, if very disagreeable, presentation. The whole is far too pathological to appeal to the normal wholesome fellow-craftsfolk of the unfortunate Mr Phillotson.

In his *Sorrell and Son* Mr Warwick Deeping finds a rather unpleasant place for the schoolmaster as a social snob. This author is interested in education as such, and in real life expresses himself quite clearly on the superiority of the education of life as compared with what is done in schools. A private tutor he holds to be a much more effective educational executant than a regular member of a school staff. Mr Deeping is only one of many examples of authors who write about education without a sufficient analysis of all the elements involved in the particular problem they deal with in their story. Thoughtful teachers while reading his pages cannot help bringing forward point after point from his own story that should modify the general attitude he takes up with regard to education.

Naturally the drama makes small demands on the teacher as raw material to be worked up for stage purposes. A schoolmaster may come in handily now and again as comic relief, but the stage has no particular use for him in his proper person and vocation. What, then, of the claim sometimes epigrammatically made that teaching is essentially a

dramatic process? There is a sense in which this is radically true, as we shall see by and by in these pages, but it has no reference to the stage. For all practical purposes the world is agreed that the teacher has no standing as material out of which stage drama is made. It is true that in his long gallery of dramatisations Mr Pinero has included *The Schoolmistress.* But though I did read the play it was long ago, and I cannot recall a single detail about it: but I remember very clearly that it disappointed me in my search after professional delineation. It struck me as a play about a human being who happened to be a teacher.

One must go to Germany to get an approach to the dramatic treatment of the schoolmaster as such. Otto Ernst's *Flachsmann as Educator* supplies the remarkable phenomenon of a play the main interest of which is pedagogic and that yet holds its place on the stage, and induces people to pay their good marks for admission. When I gave an account of this in the *Bookman* in the easy-going days before the War, a teacher from the Midlands wrote me an anonymous letter explaining that I was mistaken, and that the play was a skit and was treated by the Germans as a farce. My correspondent may have seen it that way—he mentioned that the Inspector in the piece appeared with a highly inflamed nose. I can only say that on the half-dozen occasions on which I saw the play, in different parts of Germany, the Inspector's inflammation had subsided, and the

audience took the performance very seriously indeed. Can we imagine an English audience paying its white shillings to watch a play which is full of pedagogy, and in which the hero apostrophises the portrait of a great educator to the tune of a minute and a half —followed by genuine applause?

Occasionally writers from within the profession contrive to combine the dramatic and the propagandist attitude. Some of Macnamara's *Schoolmaster Sketches* illustrate the combination. But this type of novel with a purpose has its usual fate of falling between two stools, as is exemplified in a lurid story called *Driven to Suicide* published some forty years ago as a protest against the harsh methods of the London School Board of that time in its treatment of teachers.

In view of all this, it is interesting to note the development within the past decade and a half of quite a school of fiction centring round about the teacher and his pupils. This makes its most popular appeal on the secondary side, but the elementary is not unrepresented, as Mr Paul Naumann's *Chignett Street* and Mr Paterson's *Across the Bridges* testify. Even the drama can take a passing interest in the elementary side, as is shown in the proud way in which the chauffeur in Mr Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman* pronounces the name of *Sherbrooke Road*, which, as every Londoner knows, is an actual elementary school.

But naturally there is more material for the

novelist in dealing with the higher schools, for pupils as well as teachers may be enlisted in his service. Truth to tell, the pupils rather than the teachers occupy the limelight, but from the nature of the case teachers and taught cannot be quite separated. Although the pupils get rather more than their fair share of the calcium, the teachers necessarily share in the publicity. *Stalky and Co.* is a typical example of the sort of thing that is now rapidly developing. Here the interest may be said to be mainly in the boys, but obviously the masters are essential to the development of the story, if for nothing else than to supply a force against which the boys react, and by reacting form their character. The result is that we have not only types of boys but types of masters, and interesting types they are, even when not very attractive.

The modern school stories may accordingly be classified into two groups, for which by the grace of God two appropriate names are to be found in educational literature, though these were invented and applied only in the sphere of more or less serious pedagogic theory. They are the contribution of that arch-neologist G. Stanley Hall, who ranks as first on the list of educational sesquipedalian word-mongers, though our own S. S. Laurie, of honoured memory, deserves an easy *proxime accessit.* The words are *paidocentric* and *magistrocentric.* Novels belonging to the first class are the more numerous. For when all is said the

public is more interested in pupils than in their teachers.

Probably Alec Waugh's *The Loom of Youth* is the most striking example of the paidocentric type, being written both of and by a pupil. Naturally, in the book the masters must have their show, but that show is inevitably from the pupils' standpoint. Probably the apostrophe in the word *pupils'* in the last sentence should come before the *s*, instead of after it: for in all likelihood in *The Loom* we get the reaction of one pupil, rather than the reaction of the pupils as a group.

As an example of the characteristically magistrocentric novels, Mr Hugh Walpole's *Mr Perrin and Mr Trail* is probably the best that can be found. Here we have the situation treated entirely from the teacher's point of view, as we saw in Chapter II. The staff form the raw material of the whole story. In considering Mr Walpole's claim to pre-eminence in this matter, the reader may be inclined to wonder why a woman has not made the "Moffat's" situation her own and produced at least a rival picture, if not a better one. For the conventual conditions under which women have done so much of their educational work in the past should supply an even more grim background against which to project professional life. Women appear to suffer more acutely than men from the scourge of over-intimacy with each other in boarding-school life: or at any rate they used to. Recent changes in public

opinion and professional practice make it possible for women to enjoy almost, if not quite, as much freedom and variety as their men colleagues.

All the same, I should be greatly surprised if it could be proved that there are not at least a dozen variants of the Perrin-Trail situation from the woman's point of view, filling pigeon-holes in desks from which the authoresses are unwilling, or afraid, to produce them. Some of my publisher friends to whom I have made a remark of this kind have shaken their heads wisely and hinted that not all of such manuscripts remain in their pigeon-holes: the obvious implication being that a fair number of them are seeking an escape into open print. We must wait and see.

Meantime we have Miss Clemence Dane's *Regiment of Women*, which, however, in spite of its title, seems to fall more naturally into the paidocentric class. No doubt the authoress in drafting this powerful novel began with the magistrocentric attitude: but the circumstances of the case, the striking personality of the little girl—a ghastly example of the evils of what we shall come across as G.P.—and the natural bias of human interest, swung the reader round to the standpoint of the pupil. The truth is that in a well-balanced novel the tendency is for the interest to waver between the two poles in a school yarn, the pupil-pole and the teacher-pole.

Take, for example, the classical English school story, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Here the title

definitely proclaims the book to be paidocentric—though no doubt Mr Hughes will turn in his grave at the bare sound of the term. Yet the towering shade of Thomas Arnold demands our full attention, and for us teachers the book becomes magistro-centric, though parents and the general public are inclined to remain true to the bias towards the pupil. To be quite safe on a paidocentric basis we must fall back on *Eric*, which is said by some to have touched the lowest level of school-storydom, though of course there are those who think a deeper depth is reached by the school sections of the Penny Dreadful. Some of us are old enough to recall the delight with which we followed the escapades of Tom Wildrake and Jack Harkaway, and gloated over the more or less poetic justice meted out to our craft by these enterprising young gentlemen. No one will question the paidocentric bias of *The Boys of England* and *The Young Men of Great Britain.*

Certainly there is the other—in view of my own contributions I hesitate to call them the higher—stratum represented by *The Boy's Own Paper* and *Chums.* Here we are in as unmistakably paido-centric an atmosphere as in the more lurid pages of the Dreadfuls, and the tale is told as definitely from the pupil's standpoint as it could be in the most truculent pages that came from the offices of Edwin J. Brett.

CHAPTER IV

THE TEACHER AS PSYCHOLOGIST

When one of the wisest old schoolmasters I have ever known found his fellow-teachers discussing whether psychology was necessary as part of their equipment, he used to say: "But we are all psychologists, more or less." If this doctrine be accepted, the problem remains whether in the case of teachers it should be more *or* less. Like so many other problems this can be met by the statement: "It all depends." In this case the *caveat* is more justifiable than it sometimes is, because there are so many kinds of psychology, and so many different opinions about what psychology really is. There were always quarrels about the exact nature of psychology, but of late years the quarrels have become an uproar, and some of the newer psychologists even clamour for the abolition of the term altogether, and for a fresh beginning under a new name.

Before coming to this desperate pass, let us look at the matter in the good old-fashioned way that most of us understand. It used to be called the study of the mind, or the soul, or some such plain thing as that, but even then people did not study it much. Teachers perhaps paid more attention to

it than others, because it was included in their training courses. Indeed, the study would not have made the gigantic strides it has in the last fifty years had it not been for the fact that the demands of educational authorities for the instruction of teachers in this subject made it necessary to found university chairs to supply the needful training. But when my old schoolmaster friend made his claim, the subject was not nearly so widely spread as it is to-day. Yet, even in his time people had begun to talk a great deal about psychology, though it must be admitted there was not quite the psychological babble that is now heard.

The truth is that while there are very few psychologists in the technical sense of that term, there are a vast number of people interested in the subject-matter of psychology. Since that subject-matter in the last resort is ourselves, we need not wonder at the popular interest. There is not much that we are more inclined to be enthusiastic about than ourselves. To be sure a university student of psychology soon gets his ardour damped by the kind of stuff that is presented to him in the class-room and the laboratory. It is all very fine and learned, and well worth the student's time and attention, but it is not the sort of thing that the man in the street wants to know about. For him the subject stands for the study of people, and he does not quite see how tachistoscopes, algometers, ergographs, and the correlation formulæ are going to

help him. He has a certain justification for his claims in the fact that one of the finest psychologists who ever lived called his great work a *Treatise on Human Nature.* But it is a long cry back to David Hume, and old David would be sorely bewildered if he could visit some of our modern psychological lecture-halls and laboratories.

If psychology were still carried on along Humian lines, there can be no doubt that all teachers should include it among their compulsory studies. But with the subject in its present state we must look carefully into the matter before urging teachers to take it up. While the embryo teacher is still in training he may be safely left in the hands of his trainers who are in the middle of affairs, know their way about, and have the right to direct his footsteps into the paths of psychology that shall prove of most value to him.

But with those in actual practice there arise questionings about how they stand professionally with regard to the newer developments. They are familiar with certain lines of psychological research that have a definite bearing on education. They have a fairly clear idea of the meaning of *correlation* and *mental tests*, and have made up their minds and taken sides on the practical problems that arise from them. They have looked into psycho-analysis with favourable or unfavourable eyes. Most of them do not like it, but at any rate they know what it is, and are able to take intelligent action with regard

to it. But there are new and disquieting claims coming forward from those who are hesitatingly called the new psychologists. It was only the other day that the psycho-analysts claimed this title, yet now they are falling into the background to make room for a group of psychologists who want to turn everything upside down.

It is pleasant to realise that these iconoclasts are at present mainly in America, so we have still a little time to make up our minds how to deal with the New Psychology. But not much. For the protecting Atlantic is narrowing and new movements are crossing more rapidly every year. An additional and more solid comfort is that even in America the new movement has not yet made any appreciable change in the attitude of the teachers.

The matter is complicated by the appearance of two claimants for the position of the New Psychology. Here again there is a certain safety. We may pit the one against the other, and thus divide and conquer—if we want to conquer, for some of the teachers may actually welcome the change. Coming to the emerging new schools of psychology, let us begin with the more virulent, the one that attacks what I was brought up to regard as the very foundation of all psychology. At college a favourite question used to be "Distinguish between a physiological fact and a psychological one." We regarded this as an extremely easy question, for all we had to say to get full marks was that the psychological

fact was marked by consciousness, whereas the physiological was not. Consciousness indeed was the most prominent feature in psychology: so much so that when Professor Stout wanted to get a fundamental name for the qualities that we were forbidden to call "faculties" any more, he hit upon the general name of "modes of being conscious." We got a shock in those old days at being deprived of our faculties, but now a more severe shock seems impending, for the substitute that Professor Stout reassuringly provided for us is in its turn in danger.

For the extreme form of the new psychologists have no use for consciousness. They dislike it intensely, and would willingly dismiss it altogether from the world if they dared. Huxley, it will be remembered, fifty years ago cultivated the same dislike, and called the consciousness names—*epiphenomenon* being his favourite term of abuse. But now these iconoclasts propose drastic measures, and would eliminate consciousness altogether from our consideration. They maintain that we cannot do anything with consciousness. It is a drug in the market; a mere encumbrance. We cannot swap consciousnesses: you can never enter into mine, or I into yours. In other words, we know nothing at all about any consciousness but our own, and we do not know too much about that; so why keep it in our psychological vocabulary, cumbering the ground and leading to confusion?

On the other hand, we do know how people

behave. There can be no doubt about that. By actual observation we can be quite sure of how other people conduct themselves. Why they behave as they do is a totally different matter. It is true we can ask them, but often they do not really know themselves, and when they do, the chances are that they will not tell us the truth, and we have usually no means at hand to test the validity of what they say. Science cannot carry on its work on hearsay evidence like that. So let's cut out consciousness altogether, say these new people, and depend on our own inferences from what we can actually observe. Let us treat human beings as we treat apes and other dumb animals. As it is, we have to treat human beings at certain stages exactly as we treat apes in our investigations. What is to hinder us carrying on with speaking human beings in the way we have dealt with them at the non-speaking stage? In this way we will have to work only with facts that we can examine and criticise, and submit to the criticism of others. We shall thus have some control over the data on which we work, and we shall no longer be buffeted about by the winds of wavering doctrine, depending upon subjective evidence that cannot be submitted to an objective test. So these revolutionaries say: Let us drop the old-fashioned methods of investigation, and in evidence of our sincere repentance for our old sillinesses let us drop the name psychology altogether and speak in future of *The Science of the Behaviour*

of Organisms, or the shorter form *The Science of Behaviour*. Naturally the still shorter form *Behaviourism* has come into being, and practically fills the circle of the limelight for those enterprising new psychologists.

This revolt against consciousness is apparently very sincere among the behaviourists. They cut it out on all possible occasions. They have to admit its existence just as Huxley had, but they love it none the better for that. It would almost seem that they have what our friends the psycho-analysts might call a consciousness-complex, a fear of consciousness in all its forms, which might be fittingly called *synoidaphobia* and ranked with the other phobias with which the psycho-analysts make such play. It is not that the behaviourists fear consciousness, but that they find it very inconvenient. It prevents them, they say, from taking their proper rank among other scientific people. So long as consciousness takes its proper place in psychology, that science makes demands that no other science will admit. Subjectivity is a thing for which the natural sciences have no use. They are content with objectivity, and have no room for the peculiar reactions between subjectivity and objectivity that consciousness introduces.

The second claimants for the position of the new psychology do not share the behaviourists' *synoidaphobia*, and accordingly are not so formidable, and indeed are not formidable at all, but rather friendly

and likely to be useful to us teachers. They find a place for consciousness in their system, and distinguish between the two kinds of evidence, external and internal. They admit all that the behaviourists claim in the way of learning what underlies behaviour. If they catch a man doing a piece of work they watch him at it, note the gradually diminishing output that goes along with certain symptoms that give indications of fatigue, and then conclude that he is fatigued. But they let the workman have a say in the matter, and ask him how he feels. His answer they accept as evidence confirming or contradicting the inferences drawn from his behaviour. Suppose the question put was "How do you feel?" the behaviourists would expect the answer "Fatigued," but if the workman replied instead, "Thirsty," the behaviourists might be a little put out, but on re-examination they might find, probably would find, evidence that the man ought to be thirsty, and all would go well. But suppose the answer was "Disappointed," the behaviourists, having no means of checking up this statement, would reject it. The others would accept it. They distinguish between things that can be inferred from observation and things that can be known only by experience. The behaviourists, while admitting that they have experiences of their own, decline to accept the experiences of others as evidence.

This second group of new psychologists we have hitherto referred to merely in so far as they differ

from the behaviourists; but they have more than a merely negative excuse for existence. They have a definite theory of mental action, and a corresponding name. *Gestalt* is the German word for *form*, and these new psychologists are said to follow the Gestalt theory, because they maintain that all the elements of thought must be brought under certain forms before they can be properly understood. The American psychologists, not caring for foreign names, have invented the not very happy word *configurationist* to stand for the followers of the Gestalt school. Fortunately for us in England, Dr Henry Sturt, of Oxford, has already dealt with the underlying ideas of the theory in his book called *Principles of Understanding* (1915), in which he uses the term *noesis*, which he defines as "cognition of form." The principle of noesis implies that nothing has a meaning in mere isolation. It is only when individual items are united together under some common head that they have a reasonable meaning. Noesis has the great advantage over Gestalt or Configurationism that it has two adjectives that exactly describe the two different kinds of experience that form the subject of study of this branch of the New Psychology. Twenty different notes of the scale struck at random on the piano convey no meaning to a listener. This experience is *anoetic*. The same twenty notes struck in a certain order and at certain fixed intervals recall the air *God Save the King*. This experience is *noetic*. In drunkenness and in delirium we have anoetic

experience, in watching a play or following an ordinary lecture our experience is noetic. Dr Sturt's treatment of Noesis cannot in any way disturb us, and the only uneasiness that need arise in connection with the Gestalt theory is because of its connection with behaviourism, and we have just seen that the German version of the Noesis theory is on the side of the angels, or, at any rate, against the behaviourists.

With all these data before us, we are in a position to consider what the teacher's attitude ought to be with regard to psychology. Those of us who have gone through the psychological mill at the university, know very well that a great deal that we studied in the classroom and laboratory had no special value for us as professional teachers. But most of us feel that we are all the better of what we learnt there. It enables us to realise how we stand to-day in the more-or-less group. We see that while we and our colleagues have a certain knowledge of the subject-matter of psychology, we do not know it scientifically, and we are not sure that so to know it would be any advantage.

Münsterberg used to warn off teachers from the study of psychology, and though towards the end he recanted and gave them some encouragement to prosecute the study, I am not sure but that his first attitude was right—in view of the sort of thing he and others taught in the universities. Much of the work of James and Lloyd Morgan was, and is, of distinct practical value to teachers, but a great deal

of elaborate and very valuable psychological work from the cultural and pure science standpoint is quite inapplicable to the teacher's needs.

On the other hand, such a psychological movement as threatens the existence of consciousness, and neglects the possibilities of manipulating it, must command the teacher's careful and belligerent consideration. Many teachers are attracted by the delightful simplicity of the behaviourists' position. There is something particularly attractive too in the suggestion that they are working on scientific principles, having got rid of all the semi-philosophical difficulties. But the practical people who are so enamoured of the simplicity purchased at the expense of the elimination of consciousness from their problem should consider whether it is quite scientific to attain simplicity by the omission of an essential element because that element is troublesome. It is generally supposed that the method of science is to explain difficulties, not to eliminate them. The phenomena of consciousness are as real as the phenomena of conduct, and the science that picks and chooses among the matters to be explained hardly comes up to the standard the plain man expects from those who claim to represent the modern spirit.

Noesis, on the other hand, represents a phase of psychology that is of the utmost value to the teacher. It is specially connected with the cognitive side, and throws light on all manner of dark places in the pro-

cess of communicating knowledge. It is really the "principle of the whole," and gives a great deal of guidance in our everyday work of exposition, though it may also be applied to the whole field of Education. It is really at the bottom of a new movement among the French educators called Integralism.

Analysis is an excellent thing in itself, but under it lurks a serious danger. Parts have a meaning as parts only in relation to one another, and to the whole to which they belong. In our teaching there has been in the past too much analysis without systematic reconstruction: too much preparation of individual items of various kinds, without sufficiently frequent and complete assemblages. Life and education as a part of life must be treated as a whole. When Matthew Arnold spoke about seeing life clearly and seeing it whole, he spoke as an unwitting configurationist. Noesis has not yet got down to hard tacks in education, but it is on its way. Gestalt in Germany, Noesis in England, and Integralism in France are all working in the same direction, and rather portend a notable advance in the treatment of the whole educational situation.

The problem of unifying the present discordant elements of educational theory and practice does seem at the moment rather hopeless, but the very stating of the problem in terms of three different but converging principles is an advance, and though the final solution may involve a great many apparently opposing forces it may still be found on a

basis of Gestalt. The idea of the domination of form may be still there, though it may be found necessary to manipulate the various form-units. It is the idea of wholeness, not the magnitude of the whole, that gives power to the method.

We are naturally here reminded of Montaigne's famous caution to us educators, that we are not concerned with training a mind *or* a body, but a man. The psychologists themselves, even of the standard old-fashioned kind, are being impressed by the notion of wholeness, and are getting into the way of compromising the old struggle between mind and body by speaking of them both in a compound whole, as body-mind.

Were it not for behaviourism the teacher might have snapped his fingers at all the psychological quarrels, but these new-fangled theorists thrust themselves into our affairs whether we will or no, and invite us to accept what they promise will be a much simpler way of treating junior human nature. They put before us the alluring prospect of being able to deal with our pupils as machines amenable to all the laws by which machinery must abide.

As things are, we can hardly keep our own minds in order, to say nothing of our pupil's. Thirty years ago Mark Twain wrote me a letter in which he complains about the way his mind flouts his authority. His words are:

It does seem a little pathetic to reflect that man's proudest possession, his mind, is a mere machine, an

automatic machine—a machine of which we are not a part, and over whose performances we have nothing that even resembles control or authority. It is very offensive. Any tramp that comes along may succeed in setting it in motion, but *you* can't. If you say to it: 'Examine this solar system, or this Darwinian Theory, or this potato,' you can only say it or think it when the inspiration comes to you from the outside.

Now all this may be very offensive to us as to Mark, in so far as we are like him mere human beings. But as teachers we have no cause of complaint. In fact, it is all to the good. For in the Twainian psychology *we play the part of the tramp.* If Mark puts it into our power to dominate the direction along which the minds of our pupils work, we can have nothing but gratitude towards him.

A queer world, my masters, in which after our March-past of psychologists to determine which one to choose, we find ourselves drawn towards a man whose brilliant reputation has in the popular mind no connection with psychology at all. It is true that he has published a small work on psychology, but the general public is not aware that the little book on *What is Man?* is really an embryo treatise on one of the fundamental aspects of psychology. The truth is that Mark, like all of us, cannot get away from a subject that is of vital interest. He cannot help psychologising. We teachers are in the same case, with the complication that we are driven to the subject not only by our human nature, but by certain professional needs and cravings that we cannot escape.

We may not want to study psychology in a technical way, but we must all become practising psychologists, however carefully we may eschew a study of its theory. We want a new Molière to deal with this aspect of our professional life, and no better successor can be suggested than Mr Bernard Shaw. It is about time in any case that he should include Teaching among the professions that he dramatises, and we have a title handy for him. When may we look for the appearance of *Le Psychologue Malgré Lui*?

CHAPTER V

THE TEACHER AS MAN-MAKER

We have seen that from the general public teachers get little inducement to give themselves airs. The baser sort of social gossips rather approve of the remark the old lady in Dickens makes about "chaps as is too lazy even to be schoolmasters": and many are inclined to say *Amen* to the estimate of a worthy ticket-of-leave man in Sir Walter Besant's *Children of Gibeon*:

> Sam, again, he's only a poor miserable schoolmaster. He's got the parson over his head to bully him, and make him go to church and look humble. He's got nothing but his miserable salary.

Truth to tell, few of us are in need of the parson's services in the way of keeping us humble. In the big, broad whirl of modern life the question of our humility is no longer urgent. To the superficial observer teachers now are just like ordinary people: and our craft has merely its fair share of humble people, and of people who can hardly be called humble. We are estimated as a group of *Menschen* rather than as a body of professionals in this matter of modesty. If the members of our craft claim to be modest they are apt to be met with the query:

What have you to be modest about? Still, when we look below the surface we find that our ranks include three sections under the category of self-esteem:

(i) Those who think of themselves professionally more highly than they ought to think;
(ii) Those who think of themselves and their function very highly, but not too highly;
(iii) Those who do not think of themselves from this professional evaluation point of view at all.

Section *three* is by far the most crowded; section *one* is rapidly diminishing; while section *two* is gradually extending, and is the one that interests us in this chapter.

The great body of our craft is a good deal ashamed of a certain small group that take up an aloof attitude, call for "a plague o' both your houses," and will not range themselves with either those who rate their craft too highly or those who take too low an estimate. These Laodicean critics of their own craft decline to be called into the arena to fight on either side. They are not interested: like Gallio they care for none of these things. When the question is raised whether we should regard ourselves as teachers or educators, however, they are usually goaded into a direct answer, and range themselves definitely as teachers—usually they prefer to define themselves as *mere* teachers. The adjective is important, for

it marks a deliberate rejection of certain claims made by society on the one hand and accepted by the vast majority of our craft on the other.

In my active professional life I have done all I could to get my students and my fellow-teachers to recognise the need for a term that shall have the same relation to *educator* that *pupil* has to *teacher*. Putting the matter in a mathematical form we have the proportion:

Teacher : Pupil :: Educator : x

For long, members of our craft were content to accept the term *pupil* as equivalent to x, thus implying that the relation between teacher and pupil is the same as that between educator and the person to be educated. Recognising in my student days that the relation in the two cases is different, I set about finding a better correlate to *educator* than the accepted term *pupil*. Naturally the term *educatee* offered itself, but I could not accept it, since it carried with it a quizzical suggestion, and implied a comic background. So I fell back on my Latin Grammar and with the aid of the termination *-ndus*, implying fitness or suitability for the process indicated by a verb, I invented the term *educand*, making it stand for a person suitable for education, or worthy to be educated. I was a little disturbed at the idea of introducing at my student age a neologism; but I need not have worried. As I prosecuted my studies in education I came across one of

those anticipators that have worried me all my life. In this case it was Sir William Petty, whom I caught using the word *educand* in his well-known *Advice*, published in the year 1648. Without grudging him his priority, I have used his term steadily in my teaching, since it emphasises a radical distinction between two aspects of the general work of education. *Teaching* ought to be limited to the mere communication of knowledge or the imparting of skill, whereas *education* takes account of the modification of the nature of the pupil, and is often referred to as the building up of character.

This distinction brings us back again to that tiny minority of our craft whose rejection of responsibility the rest of us deplore, the Laodiceans or the Gallios of our guild. They may be called the "nine-to-four men"—for they are mostly men: few there be among women who adopt this attitude. The Gallios admit that they have a definite duty and responsibility in the matter of knowledge-mongering: but this responsibility they say begins with morning school and ends when the bell rings in the afternoon. What is done out of school, these Laodiceans maintain, is not included in the teacher's contract. What sort of grown-ups the youngsters turn into is the youngsters' own affair, or their parents'. The nine-to-four men call for Pontius Pilate's basin and wash their hands of the whole out-of-school affair.

Fortunately the Laodiceans form such a small

section of our craft that we need not seriously worry about them, though we cannot help resenting the shame they bring on the vast majority of their fellows that repudiate their attitude. Still it is well to recognise that there is just the possibility of a little excess on the other and nobler side. The less base among the nine-to-four men sometimes get a little not altogether unjustifiable satisfaction out of satirising those of us that take our profession with a seriousness that may be fairly called exaggerated. The tendency to overestimate the importance of our work is, however, a wholesome one; if it be an error it is in the right direction, and as we go on with our discussion we shall find that the conditions under which we work form an excellent corrective to any excessive development of professional self-esteem.

We shall see when we come to deal with "The Teacher as Writer" that our tendency is to speak of ourselves in rather a deprecating way. As a craft we are decently humble. But every now and again we waken up to a sense of our own importance, though we may not unfairly claim that *responsibility* is a better word to describe our state of mind when we look at things in a way that seems to enhance the value of our personal contribution to education. A fellow-craftsman, Mr C. S. Holder, takes the bull by the horns, and boldly claims for us the rank of Man-makers. He says nothing about the famous figure of speech in which John Amos Comenius

plainly calls the school *Officina Hominum*, thus challenging us to regard it as a forging place of humanity, a place where men are welded into shape. But Mr Holder applies the figure in all severity, and indeed lifts it from the region of the metaphorical, and under the title of *The Schoolmaster* gives us the following four stanzas that literally claim that we are makers of men. The verses originally appeared in *The Teachers' World*, the editor of which kindly permits me to reproduce them.

Sail your argosies far and near,
  Build a highway and harvest a fen,
Raise your derricks and rig your gear—
  But I make men.

Toil at the loom, the bench, the mart,
  Wield a hammer, or write with a pen,
Mine is to fashion the human heart—
  For I make men.

Of babies born and of cradled joys,
  Of lads that look with a wakening ken,
Of God's own infinite files of boys—
  Do I make men.

When as a scroll the land and sea
  Pass, and the books be opened then
God in mercy be kind to me—
  For I made men.

One does not know precisely what is the meaning of the last two lines: are they a claim for honour, or a plea for forgiveness? The tone of the poem as a whole suggests the claim, but the schoolmaster-

conscience of the poet may have subconsciously introduced the ambiguity in view of the many failures that we all have to report from our *officinæ hominum.*

The truth is that there is a very general tendency among the more imaginative among us to take our responsibility rather seriously, and to regard ourselves as somewhat important elements in guiding the development of the good and the bad qualities of our educands—with a perhaps natural bias towards emphasising the good. George Eliot has not belied her reputation as an analyst of character when she wrote the following paragraph about the kindly yet severe old schoolmaster Bartle Massey in *Adam Bede*:

"Ay, ay," muttered the schoolmaster, as Adam disappeared; "there you go, stalking along,—stalking along; but you wouldn't have been what you are if you hadn't had a bit of old lame Bartle inside you. The strongest calf must have something to suck at."

Even the gentle Whittier puts similar thoughts into the mind of the amiable school ma'am of his *At School-Close.* The man-making idea is set forth in the quatrain:

One knew the joy the sculptor knows
  When, plastic to his lightest touch,
His clay-wrought model slowly grows
  To that fine grace desired so much.

The poem ends on a modestly self-assertive note, for, referring to the schoolmistress' old pupils who reach distinction, Whittier concludes:

And when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine,
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, " These were mine "

The above reference to the sculptor's art inevitably recalls the voice-production man in *Pygmalion* where Mr Bernard Shaw, forgetting in an unguarded moment his congenital scorn of our craft, presents us with a fine illustration of the man-maker teacher in action. G. B. S. all unwittingly here glorifies the creative side of the schoolmaster's work.

But perhaps the best presentation of the teacher as man-maker is supplied by the Scots clergyman-poet Walter C. Smith. In his *Dr Linkletter's Scholar* he makes an old schoolmaster boast internally of his share in making the brilliant man, who had been his pupil. The old dominie works out the case in good set terms, beginning at the very beginning with the miraculous mastering of the rudiments of learning:

I was his master ; and from me
He learnt at a sitting his A B C.

He passes on to a mild complaint about the neglect shown by his brilliant pupil:

If he would only, now and then,
Drop me a hasty scrape of his pen.

But the schoolmaster is not content to retain the purely humble attitude. Projecting himself through imagination to the not too distant day when his old

pupil will reach still higher levels and become world famous, he launches out into:

> And I've thought now and then, in that coming day,
> When they talk of us, they will maybe say
> I was the Moses that saw the Lord,
> He but the Aaron that gave the word.

Here we have a suggestion of the old story of the organ-blower who was reproved by the organist for speaking of the fine music that "we" produced. You remember that the blower made no immediate comment, but bided his time till an important recital came due. When the organist laid his fingers on the keys nothing broke the silence. Rushing round to the blower's loft to discover the cause of the lack of sound, he was met by the ultimatum: "Shall it be *we* then?" The old schoolmaster makes really a higher demand than the aggressive blower, for he claims a certain initiative in the development of his old pupil's eloquence:

> I could not have said it so well as he,
> But I know there is something in it of me:
> I could not have worked out so perfect a thought,
> But I gave him at first the true key-note.

While not defending this schoolmastery arrogance, we cannot help pointing out that we have here, if not a justification, at least an illustration of the argument that we can teach others to do what we cannot do ourselves, and that we deserve to be credited accordingly.

An old schoolmaster, Vincent Bourne, who taught at Westminster School during the second quarter of the eighteenth century, carried this man-making doctrine to the extreme of crediting a dame-school teacher with the scientific successes of Sir Isaac Newton. So striking is the claim that no less a person than Charles Lamb, little as he loved teachers of any kind, went out of his way to translate it from the Latin in which the worthy schoolmaster had enshrined it:

> Great Newton's self, to whom the world's in debt,
> Owed to schoolmistress sage his Alphabet ;
> But quickly wiser than his teacher grown,
> Discovered properties to her unknown ;
> Of A *plus* B, or *minus*, learned the use,
> Known quantities from unknown to educe ;
> And made—no doubt to that old dame's surprise—
> The Christ-cross-row his ladder to the skies,
> Yet, whatsoe'er geometricians say,
> Her lessons were his true PRINCIPIA.

A more practical turn may be given to this matter of man-making by considering what happens in our Public Schools where brilliant young students fresh from Oxford or Cambridge go straightaway to start man-making. It is often said that they do not know how, and there is an element of truth in the charge, but not quite so much as outside critics sometimes think. "Not in entire forgetfulness" do these athletic young dons come from Academe that is their home. They very naturally begin teaching in the way in which they themselves were taught; unfortunately they are very apt to begin at the point

where they themselves left off, and to teach a Form II as if it were a Form VI. We are told that they have had no training in teaching, and the charge is technically true. Sometimes those who oppose the training of teachers make capital out of the fact that almost none of the Public School teachers of England have been trained for their profession, and yet the standard of teaching in those schools is high. The explanation is not hard to find. These teachers were not technically trained, but they were trained all the same. It would play havoc with the theories of those who oppose the technical training of teachers if these brilliant young scholar-teachers were tested as to their professional skill during the first year of their career on the staff of a school. They do not know how to teach: they are merely feeling their way: they are being trained. No doubt they are continually making mistakes, and during the first year or two their classes must necessarily suffer. It has to be admitted that so-called trained teachers also make their mistakes, but not so many of them as the untrained group. But for the fact that the old Public School boys bring back from the university a vivid memory of their own school days, a memory of their own experience as fags and prefects, and a thorough appreciation of the Public School atmosphere, the mess made by untrained students fresh from *alma mater* would be such that an immediate demand for training would come from the Public School Head Masters

themselves—inconceivable as this would seem under present conditions.

This unacknowledged but very real training is well exemplified in some verses that appeared in *Punch* a few years ago, from the pen of a remarkably able young master whose whole life has been spent in an educational atmosphere. In his lines Mr Guy Boas gives an account of the tribulations of a young untrained master during his first years of dealing with the familiar "young barbarians." Writing out of the habitat of *Mr Punch*, I have to depend on my memory, but I think the following is a close enough version of the last verse that records the young man's recovery after stormy seas:

> But now the scene has somewhat changed,
>   His past is growing dim :
> He's making men of boys, because
>   They've made a man of him.

Leaving the muses, even in their humorous guise, and coming to the hard pan of life, we find a certain difficulty in maintaining our claim to be man-makers. We have heard Mr Holder babbling "of babies born and of cradled joys," but somehow these do not seem to come much in our way, as schoolmasters at anyrate. No doubt the Kindergartners and the Montessorian Directresses have a chance of dabbling in this material, but we who deal with the ordinary school pupil feel that we have something quite different to manipulate. Wordsworth has definitely queered our pitch by the introduction of that

baby "trailing clouds of glory" behind him as he makes his way to us "from God who is his home." On his way to school, however, he has discarded quite a number of these clouds, and though he has not yet reached the light of common day he is well on his way to that disillusionment that marks the being that Wordsworth strips of adjectives and calls plain "man."

If we are going to be genuine man-makers we must get our material in good condition. This half-sophisticated youngster that Wordsworth allows to come along to us is not by any means the sort of thing that we need if we are to justify the claims of Holder and Comenius. No doubt the scientists are at it as usual hammer and tongs about the transmission of acquired characteristics. I do not know what the orthodox view will be by the time this book gets into print. But I am sure that whichever side has the majority for the time there will be a sufficient minority to make the practical teacher unsure about which side to believe. So we shall never be able to get perfectly neutral material. We teachers are certainly responsible for our share in the manufacture of men, but we are in no way accountable for the raw material supplied. Besides, apart from the quality of this material, we do not get it in its natural state. What we have to deal with has been to a considerable extent worked up before it is brought to us. Indeed we are not in the strict sense of the term *makers* of men but

merely modifiers of men already to a considerable extent made. We had better, however reluctantly, give up the proud sign-boards of our schools, and turn to the wall the boastful words *Officina Hominum.*

What about a fresh sign-board with a more accurate inscription? If we prided ourselves on having it in Latin, there is no need to flaunt our new description in bald English. *Sarcinatorium Hominum* sounds even better than the title we have turned to the wall, and it is certainly more accurate: for in English it reads *Cobbling-Place of Men*, a place where men if not made are at least mended. The term would plainly indicate that our work has two sides, a destructive and a constructive. If we could begin at the very beginning, all our work might be constructive, we might have nothing to do but build up. Experience, however, shows us that at all stages in our work we have a good deal of clearing to do before we can begin the positive work of building.

Observation shows us that something of this kind takes place when a new pupil comes to a specialist teacher, particularly in some branch of practical art, which the pupil has learned up till then from a general practitioner. The new teacher invites the prospective pupil to show his skill in the subject, and after the test performance the specialist says something like this: "Now all this is an excellent thing to forget. You must unlearn all that, and

begin at the beginning again, so as to get rid of your bad habits, and start definitely on right lines."

While this destructive aspect of education is specially prominent in artistic subjects, it is noticeable all through the educational process and is particularly marked wherever there is a passage from the general to the particular. Whether we will or no we have to get our pupils to unlearn things they have already learnt. It does not by any means follow that elements demanding eviction from our organised experience were put there by previous teachers. Very often they have been picked up in the ordinary process of living, and not infrequently towards the end of a course we are conducting we find that they are the result of our own defective teaching. The best of us every now and again find that pupils have learnt something contradictory to what we thought we had taught.

Taking our own mental content as it stands, each of us, even at the responsible teacher-stage to which we have attained, has a reservoir of ideas that have no right to a place in our paid-up mental capital. In the quaint saying of one of the itinerant American humorists: "What we complain about is not that people do not know things, but that they know things that are not so." As the first part of the work of the cobbler is to get rid of the rotten and torn parts of the shoe, so the first thing the teacher of a subject has to do is to get rid of the things in the pupil's mind that are not so.

Now in this sarcinatorial work we are all strongly tempted to lay blame on our predecessors who have already passed our pupils through their hands. It is a recognised custom in our craft to find fault with those who have preceded us in moulding our present pupils. In ordinary life people tell each other that the bad workman blames his tools. But in our craft we find that we need two scapegoats instead of one. For the bad teacher has his choice of blaming either (I) the former teachers of his pupils or (II) those pupils themselves. To be sure he may also blame the school premises and apparatus—but only the lowest IQ's among us fall to this level.

Of the first heading we have an illustration in the very common complaints of secondary teachers that those responsible for the preparation at the elementary stages, whether in elementary schools proper or in preparatory schools, have not done their work properly. It is said that the preparation is inefficient. Sometimes the complaint is pushed a stage farther back, and the elementary school teachers find fault with the Kindergartners and Montessorians. In the same way the university teachers are notorious for the faults they find in the work done at the secondary schools. The existence of defects probably cannot be denied, but the remedy is not to be found in grumbling, but in so correlating the work at the different stages that all the parts fit into each other. When we come to Integralism we may find suggestions of the lines

along which to work in this effort after wise co-ordination.

Shoemakers are notoriously intolerant of bad leather, and we can hardly blame them. In fact we the consumers who wear the shoes they make are inclined to regard theirs as a wholesome attitude: for it is obviously uneconomical to expend good workmanship on bad material. But we raise an important question when we ask how far this intolerance may be carried over to the cobbling thrust upon teachers. The scholastic equivalent of bad leather is the dull pupil: in plain English, the dunce. Now schoolmasters have a life feud with the dunce. Bartle Massey is quite exceptional in his differential gentleness towards those of inferior intelligence in scholastic matters. The average teacher has no use for the blockhead.

In all probability the man-making idea has underlain a good deal of this professional dislike of the dull. If a man is to be judged by the sort of people his pupils turn out to be, he naturally wants as good raw material as he can find. The sort of remark that is gall and wormwood to the teacher with man-making aspirations is that made by Brutus about Casca in *Julius Cæsar*:

> What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
> He was quick mettle when he went to school.

But recent changes in the educational situation are entirely in the dunce's favour. His scholastic rating has had a curious twist in modern educational

history in Britain. Its early stage lasted long and was uniformly gloomy. Permanent neglect, based on contempt, enlivened by occasional bursts into the public ignominy of the fool's cap, was his lot till the coming of Payment by Results brought him out of his obscurity into a most unwelcome publicity. Since his master's reputation, and to some extent salary, depended on the fewness of the failures at the annual examination, the blockhead came into great prominence, while the clever boy sank into insignificance. *He* was a safe pass in any case, and therefore needed no attention. The ordinary average pupil needed just enough attention to make him a safe pass, but the dunce was the pivot of the situation. If he could be made to get through the eye of the examinational needle, victory was assured and the teacher's reputation was secure for another year. So the dunce was invited to come early to get special coaching, and was constrained to remain late for the same purpose. He became the luminary round which the scholastic system revolved. With the passing of the Payment by Results system the dunce fell back into his old obscurity, and was succeeded this time not by his old rival the clever boy but by his average fellow. From that day till quite recently the dunce has been allowed to remain in his corner without serious disturbance. The new developments have not yet disturbed his slumbers: there is no active movement to drag him into the limelight. The effect of the IQ develop-

ment eases the position of the dunce by removing from the teacher the burden of responsibility under which he formerly groaned on the dunce's account. One of the qualities that has made the IQ popular among teachers is this lifting of the load of responsibility. In the old days the teacher was judged in the elementary schools by the number of pupils he could get "passed" in the annual examination. In the secondary schools of the same period the test of success was the same in kind though there was a somewhat longer range in its application. To some extent the pupils at the secondary schools were submitted to the same pass-or-fail test in scholarship examinations. But this test was applied only to the elect among the pupils. The dunces did not come into the calculation. The ordinary pupils were subjected to no test at all, yet the reputation of the school depended on the way in which the old pupils —called *alumni* in America, though we restrict that term to old students of institutions of university rank—turned out. In all cases in fact the teacher's reputation depended on the results he produced, so he was keen on getting the best raw material on which to work up a reputation as an efficient man-maker. Accordingly, he hated dunces because they were bad material, and it was beneath the dignity of a capable teacher to defend himself by damning his material.

Now the IQ has come to his aid, and proclaims the true status of the dunce. The teacher can

devote his attention to whichever grade of pupil promises to give him the best results. The conscientious teacher will still give a fair amount of attention to the duller boys—sometimes indeed an unfair amount, for, after all, the profession has still its fair sprinkling of Bartle Masseys—but he can do this in a generous mood and without unnecessary anxiety, since the recorded IQ will hold him guiltless if the dunce does not come to much. The milk of human kindness and the lessons of experience, teaching us that occasionally a low IQ blossoms into a strikingly successful man, will prevent the honest teacher from resting entirely upon a low IQ, and will keep him on the alert to catch any signs of one of his pupils turning out to be what the London County Council educational officials used to call, and perhaps still call, a "a late bloomer."

We are, then, whether we will or no, man-makers, though we realise that we do our man-making under many restrictions. So far from making a moan about the element of cobbling that is inevitably introduced, let us take comfort from the fact that our medical colleagues, whose favour with the public we sometimes envy, are in the same case: in fact, in a worse case than ours: for *all* their work is cobbling. We have many occasions of passing from the purely cobbling stage to the higher level of genuine man-making. Only when a man needs cobbling does he turn to the doctor's consulting-room: whereas the skilful teacher is able so to

arrange matters that only a limited portion of his pupils' time has to be spent in the *sarcinatorium hominum.* The rest of the time of teacher and pupil alike may be spent in the wholesomer atmosphere of the *officina hominum.*

CHAPTER VI

THE TEACHER AS TESTIMONIALIST

THE teacher comes into touch with testimonials in two ways—active and passive. The active form is much the pleasanter contact: for in the matter of testimonials it is emphatically more blessed to give than to receive. Accordingly it will probably be more satisfactory to begin with the receiving side, and get it over before we approach the still trying, but at any rate not humiliating, giving aspect.

The testimonial nuisance, for it deserves no milder name, was forced on teachers by the nature of things. It has always been more virulent on the elementary side. There the competition for posts was keener, and the connection between the source of teacher-supply and the area of teacher-demand was looser. The Heads of the secondary schools were in close touch with the universities, so they could, and did, consult the Heads of colleges about the sort of young men who were finishing their course, and since character, scholarship, and games were the only matters that interested the Head Masters, there was little difficulty in getting all the evidence they needed regarding the qualifications of prospective candidates for posts.

With the elementary schools things were different. To begin with, the appointment did not lie in the hands of the Head Master, but in some sort of local committee. Next, the candidates came from training colleges where special attention was paid to the qualities that made for success in schools of the elementary type, and where the lecturers and trainers made a point of evaluating their students. This evaluation became more and more systematised. College competed against college in the fulness of detail supplied, and, if the truth must be told, sometimes in the fervour of favourable comment. Appointing committees got into the way of paying great attention to the testimonials that candidates presented, and in their turn candidates competed with one another in getting the biggest number and the best quality of testimonials. The usual advertisement for teachers ended with something like this: "Applications, accompanied by *n* copies of testimonials, to be lodged with So-and-So, Clerk to the School Board." In this case, as the mathematicians might say, *n* stood for a number that corresponded to the number of members of the Board plus one: this one being for the use of the clerk.

The system developed with pathological activity, and the printing of testimonials almost assumed the dimensions of a minor national industry. Little wonder that the teachers grew weary of the humiliating business; but they were helplessly in the toils.

It was otherwise with the members of appointing committees. Not unnaturally the smaller committees rather enjoyed the importance and the sense of power communicated by sitting in solemn conclave on the claims of the candidates. The members of the bigger educational boards, on the other hand, resented the expenditure of time on the interminable stream of praise that gurgled round the application of each candidate, and such members sought to mitigate the nuisance by limiting the demand to a small number, say five or even three, testimonials from each candidate, and these were required to be *recent*.

This limitation led to a great amelioration of the situation among the elementaries, and was generally adopted when the testimonial system won its way to some degree into the secondary sphere. It never penetrated very far into this realm, but it produced such an unpleasant impression on the minds of all teachers as to assure me that we have reached a favourable opportunity, on this occasion, of changing the subject.

Truth to tell, the matter that we have now to bring up is not itself an extraordinarily cheerful one, for though less degrading than hunting for and using testimonials, the writing of them is not what might be called inspiring. Still, it belongs to our job, and we must accept it as all in the day's work. It is not unnatural that teachers should be regarded as specialists in estimating capacities and attainments.

All the same, it is only fair to make clear that the position of appraisers of junior human nature is none of our seeking, but was forced upon us by circumstances. Our youngsters were steadily faring forth into the world, and it was only to be expected that reference back to the school record should be made for guidance in making first appointments. The teacher was the only available authority. In the case of ordinary appointments the potential employer could demand references to the previous employer: but in the case of first appointments the teacher was the sole non-parental witness. Besides, as we have seen, it was natural to regard him as an expert in this matter. To be sure, the expert does not figure very favourably among the witnesses produced in court. Certain eminent lawyers have gone out of their way to invent a graduated scale of mendacity, as thus: positive, *liar*; comparative, *damned liar*; superlative, *expert witness*. And on the distaff side was it not Thackeray who regarded a schoolmistress' letter as the high-water mark of inexactitude.

All the same, the teacher has this function imposed upon him, and must do his best to meet the demands of the public. In truth, we are less concerned about the popular view of our honesty and reliability as appraisers of men, than about the practical difficulties that surround this branch of our professional work. All we school people spend a great deal of time and energy in the laborious task of estimating our pupils

and their work. We are continually marking papers and evaluating answers as part of our daily routine, and are called upon at stated intervals to have a sort of full-dress evaluation parade; for our regular monthly and quarterly reports deserve no less formal a title. These take more out of us than any one other element of our professional work. We have to admit that our comments on the report sheets are usually dry, conventional, and not always very enlightening, though our pupils often find them illuminating enough in the glare of parental exegesis. Most of our comments are of the kind that he that runneth may read. But now and again the more worried and ingenious among us contrive to put matters in such a way as to satisfy at the same time our love of truth and our desire to express our genuine feelings. We cannot all rise to the level of the actual comment over which every live teacher that reads it will gloat: "John neither gives, nor takes, any trouble."

I have always rejoiced that it was a teacher who in a testimonial stated that the person concerned was "generally good." Called on by personal friends to explain what was exactly meant by this somewhat unusual mode of expression, its author declined for a long time to be drawn. Ultimately, however, and when the candidate did *not* get the appointment, the testimonial-writer confessed that what he meant by *generally* was the perfectly logical, if not quite fair, equivalent—*not particularly*. This

supplies a specially bright example of the sort of thing that occurs in school testimonials and reports more frequently than parents and employers suspect. Fortunately for the testimonial-using public, there is not a sufficient supply of nimble wits among us to maintain a steady stream of brilliantly misleading comment. Even those of us who have the gift can exercise it but rarely. The heavy pressure of the unceasing demand for evaluation takes away even the *desire* to scintillate.

But while the steady drain on our discriminating power is at present exhausting, irritating, and depressing, there are indications of the approach of a still more devastating demand. It would appear that though parents do not seem to feel very keenly the unsatisfactory nature of our reports, potential employers do, and are taking measures to have matters improved in their own interests. At present there is hardly a ripple on the surface of our educational waters in Britain, but on the other side of the Atlantic the coming storm is sending out flying scuds and threatening gloom. That brilliant mental-test man, Professor Lewis M. Terman of Leland Stanford University, has performed the gruesome operation of mental post-mortem testing on our John Stuart Mill, and has credited him with an IQ of 200. All this is right and proper so far. We are glad that our countryman has come out so well. But underneath the incident lies something sinister.

It is bad enough for us to be called upon for a report on the capacity and attainments of pupils who are at present under our direct control and observation. But when a demand comes in for a detailed report on a pupil of whom we had thought we had seen the last a year ago, or maybe more, it makes our blood run cold and really warrants the use of the adjective that ought to be sparingly used —the adjective *appalling*. Another adjective, *detailed*, against which no one can raise an objection, has power to strike horror into our hearts, for in it is suggested the terrors that we see in the new report cards. Not only are we likely to be called upon to do post-mortem testimonialising, but we are to do it in much more detail than when we confined ourselves to the educationally living subject.

Up till now the severity of the demand for testimonials on behalf of our pupils has been mitigated by the freedom left to us in the mode in which it had to be met. It was a comfortable alleviation of the horrors of the situation that we were left to ourselves in determining not only what we should say, but how we should say it. Since we could put the matter as we pleased, if we had a little ingenuity we could keep our consciences in leash, and yet write something that would please the pupil and his friends, and still not really lie to the potential employer who would have to consider the case. Many of us needed all the consolation we could gather, for our consciences sometimes declined to "down" at

our command. It was on such occasions that we reflected that the stars in their courses worked for us. Psychology itself was on our side: for it assures us that it is of the essence of human nature to believe the side that is favourable to ourselves. Accordingly pupils, parents, and friends would naturally take the surface meaning. On the other hand, when we considered the potential employer we agreed within ourselves that in this matter, as in all social transactions, *caveat emptor* was a recognised principle, and that accordingly it was the potential employer's business to exercise reasonable caution, and that one of the first precautions he should take was to read between the lines. As we turned over the matter in our minds we grew buoyant at the thought that most of those business people were keen fellows, sensible men, people that you can't easily mislead. We were comforted.

But it is just this business-like capacity on which we congratulated ourselves in the past that is at the bottom of the volcano that is about to open upon us. The employer is tired of this social triangle made up by the pupil, the teacher, and himself. He knows exactly what he wants to learn about the pupil, and does not see why he should spend so much time in reading between the teacher's lines. Why not have the lines in plain and unambiguous English. Of course he could make a direct demand from the teachers for a more truthful statement, especially for a categorical distinction

between geese and swans. But he is too polite for that, and too wise to make a demand that is ostensibly already granted: so he is falling back on a much more effective way of attaining his ends, and one that threatens us with a greatly increased burden.

It has to be noted before we go any further that there is no hint in all this of any deliberate unfairness in drawing up reports and testimonials. It is because the teacher's conscience is so sensitive that all the trouble arises. There has always existed, and I daresay on this side the millennium always will exist, certain educational malefactors who deliberately take advantage of their office and do things which, if not exactly criminal, are contemptibly sinful. These we do not here consider. They are outside our pale. Among decent teachers the thing simply is not done. Cases like the following lie beyond our sphere: they are out of bounds. When the Teachers' Council consolidates the power it is acquiring, teachers of this type will have an opportunity of gnashing their teeth in the appropriate outer darkness.

The selfish Head Master has been known to write a glowing testimonial for an assistant of whom he was anxious to be rid, and ingenious variants of this meanness did occur. A notorious case once came under my notice. The Head Master in question was a rather commonplace person with one remarkable and very valuable gift, the power of knowing superlatively good teachers almost at sight. The

result was that he had a remarkably fine staff. This was easily understood when one realised the special gift of the man. But people wondered how he managed to retain these fine fellows for so long. It was towards the end of this man's career that the truth began to leak out. When one of his men was a candidate for a good post the Head was naturally written to about him, and in reply sent a glowing testimonial admirable in every respect, and obviously —perhaps too obviously, had the reader been more percipient — brimming over with goodwill for the candidate; but including a suggestion—oh, the merest suggestion—of the possibility of one rather important line of weakness: not yet developed of course, but just—you understand. At anyrate the man usually did not get the post.

This introduction of one unfavourable comment into a testimonial raises the problem of the possibility of telling the truth in documents of this kind. Musicians have a phrase, "concert pitch." I do not know what it means sufficiently clearly to be able to expound it here, but I know extremely well the thing I mean when I say that a recommendation must be written up to "testimonial pitch." This implies that nothing, nothing whatever, that is not in the candidate's favour must be entered on the testimonial. Something may be left out, that is quite in the spirit of the game, and testimonial readers can be trusted to note omissions with some care. Has not even the genial Oliver Wendell Holmes

taken the trouble to tell us that testimonials are mainly valuable for what they do *not* say.

But the insertion of any adverse criticism, however mild, counterbalances all the praise. The reader of the testimonial takes it for granted that the defect must be very serious, or it would not appear there at all, and that in all probability it is much worse than even this admission in the document would indicate.

Now all these considerations have not escaped the notice of those who have occasion to read testimonials in order to discover the sort of people they want to employ. Not unnaturally they dislike all this ambiguity and evasion, and want to get at the truth in a more direct and less exhausting way. Accordingly, they are beginning to lay down the law about what they want. No longer are they willing to leave the form to us worried people. They are drawing up forms of their own. Things have not yet come to this serious pass in Great Britain, but in the United States the testimonial "consumers," if this word may be used in this sense, have certainly taken the thing into their own hands, and the American teachers and professors are appalled by the forms that come in demanding information under a ghastly list of different headings. They have to tell how long they have known the person concerned, in what capacity, and with what results; whether he is still with them, and if not why not. These are only the sort of Chairman's

remarks that introduce the body of the discussion under its many heads.

Naturally we are tempted to say something strong when we receive such documents and throw them into the waste-paper basket. Generally we get the length of saying the something strong, but we almost invariably stop there, and reflect that if we carry out our purpose, as in all justice to ourselves we should, there is somebody that is going to suffer, and that is the innocent old pupil. The form-thruster has us on the hip, because of the interests of this old pupil. Few among us care to do anything that will damage those whom we have trained, so we say something stronger still but buckle to with the *questionnaire*, and carry on to the bitter end. In America the thing is getting really serious, and heads of some of the huge schools there are preparing reply letters in print to be filled up with a few data and an apology in cold type for being unable to spend any more time in respect of any one pupil out of the thousands about whom similar inquiries may and probably will be made.

But on this side of the Atlantic before the crisis comes, there appear to be indications of a possibility of approaching the problem in a hopeful way. All this fuss about mental tests and the resulting IQ is irritating in its way, but it has the suggestion of a peaceful solution of this testimonial trouble. If we can get an objective standard, which the IQ is trying hard to become, we can hand over to it the

responsibility of answering such queries as I have indicated above. For myself I am not at all convinced that the mystic pair of letters can be regarded as a real objective standard, but if they establish themselves with sufficient firmness in the popular imagination they will serve their purpose of shock-absorbers between us and the general public. Even if they do not by themselves earn the full confidence of the public, they will probably pave the way for a more or less quantitative method of estimating human qualities, in which case they will be followed by a series of other standardised evaluations, that will make an excellent substitute for our present leaving-school card.

Just now the card of each pupil that leaves school is rather colourless. It has certainly developed enormously of late, and now contains quite a good account of the sort of person the pupil is at the time he leaves school. But we want something much more definite than we at present enter on our final school reports, and the sooner we look into the matter so as to meet the coming demand for greater detail, the better it will be for all concerned.

There will probably be a little fight at the beginning about the distribution of the work between the doctors and ourselves. But the division could surely be easily made. The doctors and we may have to fight all along the line during the school course: for as professionals we have each our own point of view which we are each inclined to hold

rather more rigidly than we really need or intend; but somehow we each are disinclined to yield in the least, in case the other should misunderstand our generosity and take advantage of our inch to take an ell. But the making up of the final school card is an occasion for give and take "without prejudice," as our friends the lawyers would say. It is really a sort of death-bed ceremony: the pupil as pupil is dead: and a death-bed is no place for squabbling. Doctors should know that. In any case, it is clear that since the pupil is now out of the hands of both teacher and doctor, there can be no question of taking advantage of any concessions.

One side of the sheet should be handed over to the doctors, the other reserved for us. On the doctors' side there would appear a record of all the physical characteristics of the pupil, not merely at the moment of leaving school, but, wherever development can be measured, an historical account of all the regular changes that mark growth, with whatever interruptions may have occurred through illness or accident. All the vital statistics will be there, and potential employers may insist by and by on being taken far enough into the confidence of parents as to share the facts—we need not call them secrets—of the medical page of the leaving card.

On our page would appear a corresponding educational record, indicating the full course the pupil has followed and the degree of success he has

attained in each subject. These estimates of results will no longer be merely the opinion of the Head Master, as they used to be, nor of the "Office," as they tend to be in the huge American schools, where everything is standardised and worked out in great detail and with much system. The results will be reached by the teachers in collaboration, every teacher who has had the pupil in his class and who is available at the making of the leaving-card having a say in the matter.

But in addition to the medical side, and the purely educational side, there is a range of facts that would be of much value to the potential employer, to the parents, and to the pupil himself. These are largely of a psychological kind, and would include such things as temperament, preferred sense, kind of memory, kind of attention, special and general interests.

The moment these things are mentioned the psychologists will sit up and take notice. In fact, they are almost certain to demand a page to themselves, and it may not be a bad plan to grant them the page, but on the distinct understanding that they share it with us. On this page we must be partners. In the fixing of the temperament and the preferred sense we may be quite willing to leave the whole matter in the charge of the psychologists: but in the case of the other qualities we may justly claim that from their general nature and from the fact that we see so much more of the pupils than

an "attached" psychologist possibly can, we may fairly claim the main share in determining the report on them. It must not be forgotten that we teachers are now, partly from training, partly from relevant experience, somewhat of psychologists ourselves.

We have now three pages in this leaving card, and it is not perhaps a disturbing circumstance that the administrative people may put in a claim for a page of their own, to set forth the big generalities of their office. Let them have the solemn first page, with its wide spaces and dignified ornamentation. Thus we shall have a large four-page document of the diploma type, with a mass of condensed information of the greatest value to parents, potential employers, and the pupils themselves, to say nothing of the teachers, whose salvation will be found in its pages, to which they may with a good grace refer all questionnaire inquirers, requesting them to satisfy themselves with the material there supplied and for ever after hold their peace.

CHAPTER VII

THE TEACHER AS PARENT

PERHAPS the most congenial of the many parts the teacher has to play is that of parent. Naturally there are different degrees of consanguinity with the real parent. Most remote from the parental attitude is the specialist who communicates a certain amount of knowledge to a pupil for a consideration, particularly if this knowledge or skill is of what we are getting fond of calling a "gainful" kind. The man who teaches shorthand or book-keeping in a commercial school is at the lowest rung of the parental ladder, whereas a House Master is at the top. But each of us has, to some extent at least, the parental attitude.

So clearly is this understood in life that the law itself recognises the relation, and has embodied it in a phrase of universal acceptance. When we speak of the teacher being *in loco parentis* we are acknowledging that even cold-blooded law admits the closest relation between teacher and pupil: a relation so close that it can be represented by comparison with the closest relation of all, the blood relation of parent and offspring.

To be sure, this rather intimate figure has to stand

rude shocks in the rough and tumble of real life. The meaning of the phrase gives rise to disputes. Some real parents, jealous of their standing in relation to school, will have it that it is only a matter of delegation: that the parent for good and sufficient reasons hands over to the teacher certain powers, but that these powers are to be exercised by the teacher merely as a deputy for the parent, who is the sole source of authority. Accordingly, the activities of the teacher are to be subject to parental control: the teacher, in fact, has to take his orders from the parent.

The teacher, on the other hand, takes the view that the child is handed over to him with full parental powers: that the parent for reasons of his own abdicates for certain periods, and entrusts his full authority for the time being to an official technically known as a teacher. The law, fortunately for us, takes rather the teacher's view, and in all cases where conflict arises between parent and teacher is inclined to take the teacher's side. Naturally the occasion where there is most chance of conflict between parent and teacher in the matter of authority is in connection with corporal punishment. The cane takes the place in the teacher's case of the *fasces* of the Roman magistrate, and so long as it is used in moderation, as a parent should, the law maintains the teacher's right to exercise his delegated power. The legal view appears to be that so long as the teacher is using his power in the way that a

reasonable parent would, he must be allowed free play.

In truth, parents as a rule are only too glad to have all this authority taken from them, and along with it the irksome responsibility it has to carry. Elementary teachers in certain of the more socially troublesome districts are not greatly surprised now and again to have a harassed mother bring her boy to the master with the request that he give the brat "a good walloping," and though he does not accept the commission he is not displeased at the fellowship implied in the proposed co-operation.

This whole matter of delegation is naturally at the bottom of Mr G. Bernard Shaw's theory of the exact nature and function of the modern school as viewed from the standpoint of the parent. He makes no secret of his opinion that schools are a sort of prison invented if not by, then in the interests of, parents, whose main desire in connection with their troublesome brats is to be rid of them as much as is possible. All the fine things that Plato, and Quintilian, and Milton, and Rousseau, and we modern enthusiasts have put into such eloquent words make no appeal to Mr Shaw. We may be as learned and dull as we please, he holds calmly on his way and reduces the whole educational problem to its lowest terms, telling us in effect that it is all a matter of parking the youngsters.

Naturally his theory is by no means new. It was definitely accepted when the French established

their *crèches*, though these helpful institutions had the justification of economic necessity. There is a great deal to be said in favour of an institution that makes sure of wholesome attention to tiny children while their mothers work to support themselves and their offspring. It is a far cry from this to the Shavian doctrine that regards schools as merely convenient dumping places where bored parents can get rid of their youngsters, who would otherwise interfere with the paternal and maternal pleasure. G. B. S., in his usual ruthless way, lowers the motive underlying the parking theory, and increases its range.

Without accepting the theory in its Shavian form, we need not be so indignant at it as some are, who go the length of sympathising with the teachers upon whom the burden falls of taking up the drudgery that the parents decline to undertake. Any of us who has spent a summer vacation in a country house where our fellow-guests included an assortment of healthy boys and girls at home for the long holidays, will be inclined to sympathise just a little with the parents, and a good deal with the schoolmaster on whose shoulders the parental burden rolls at the end of the vacation.

But this second sympathy is misplaced. For "at school" and "at home" connote two very different things in the matter of boys and even girls. The school is definitely organised to deal with boys or girls as the case may be: the home usually is not.

What is a scourge to a mother and still more to a father is all in the day's work to the House Master. I choose him first, because he is in a particularly favourable position to deal with the young barbarians. He has a house specially organised to meet their needs: he has his big family so placed that superfluous energy is worked off in a legitimate way, and that different boyish forces are pitted against one another in such a fashion that the parallelogram popular in textbooks on Mechanics guides the resulting force in a desirable direction. The master knows far more about boys than any ordinary father is likely to do. Further, the House Master has usually chosen this way of making a living. It is true that not in all cases has he set out on a career that was to end in "a house" with thirty boarder-boys. He had probably far other ambitions at the beginning: but, after all, it was by a process of selection that he came to his present position. He would not be there had he not proved himself to be a capable manager of boys, and a fitting person to be put in charge of a houseful of them. He is accordingly much better fitted to make a good job of the education of his boys than their fathers could possibly hope to do.

All this is recognised in the name given to his book by Mr J. C. Tarver: *Foster Parents.* To be sure the House Master is the only type of our craft that is fully entitled to the name: the rest of us (except those who have dormitory duties included

under our contract) are only a sort of half-time parents and amateur at that. The legitimate foster-parent-teacher rises far above the amateur parenthood of the rest of us. He may or may not be a real parent after the flesh, but in any case he is a professional parent, and is carrying on the responsible work of parenthood in a way that far surpasses the ordinary blundering attempts of the mere parent in the literal sense of the term. He is free from most of the natural weaknesses of parenthood, can make an unbiased estimate of the powers of each of his foster brood, and can apply the proper stimulus without the inhibiting influence of what is called natural affection. He can watch impartially the developing bad (but, thank God, also the good) qualities that rather paralyse the real parent by the sense of his responsibility for these qualities being there at all.

Next to the House Master in the scale of parenthood is the Form Master, whether in a secondary or an elementary school. He has, in a great measure, the parental attitude. He is not a mere communicator of knowledge or an imparter of skill. He is responsible for his boys as human beings, as *Menschen.* He feels that he has a great deal to do with the sort of men these boys will become. The very limited number of teachers we have called the nine-to-four men, who do their day's darg, and when the school is over wash their hands of the whole affair, have certainly no right to be called foster-parents. The

huckster spirit in them cannot rise above the pay envelope and the mechanical responsibility of being regularly at school between the appointed hours: the spirit of parenthood is not in them!

There is slight chance of friction between the actual parents and the first-grade foster parents, as we may call the House Masters, for the transference of authority is so complete that no room is left for overlapping and consequent friction. But in the case of the semi-foster parents who are Form Masters in day schools, there is ample opportunity for squabbling. Here we find more trouble with the parents connected with girls' schools than with those connected with boys'. The main source of friction is with regard to social engagements out of school. Teachers find that parents are rather inconsiderate in the ease with which they write notes excusing neglected home-work or partial absence. The parental idea seems to be that interruptions of this kind do not matter, that things will straighten out by the end of the year, and no one will be able to distinguish those who had many excuses from those who have had few.

Things, however, are much better in this respect in these latter days than they used to be. Formerly there existed what almost amounted to a state of war between teachers and parents. From homes came the complaint that the teachers did almost nothing, contenting themselves with prescribing certain pieces of work to be done at home, and then testing

the pupils next day to see whether this work had been done. The teachers were said to regard themselves as examiners, whose business it was to see whether the parents had taught the children properly on the night before.

Naturally this is merely a silly exaggeration. Parental help of this kind is what teachers are most anxious to avoid. There is indeed no more fruitful source of trouble between teachers and parents than this "helping" at home. Every time that I have to deliver the address on speech day I make a point of urging the parents to avoid giving technical help to their children. I do not explain that they cannot do it if they tried, for school methods are so constantly changing that what the parents learnt at school is almost certainly old-fashioned by the time they in their turn have children at school. My plea always is to treat school work seriously, to give the youngsters suitable conditions under which to do their home work, and to see that they spend a reasonable time over it. If the parents take school work seriously, and show their children that they do, there will be little danger of friction between school and home.

We have put off as long as possible the most troublesome problems of the teacher as a genuine parent. How does his status as an actual parent affect him professionally? This time the gender of the word we use has a real importance. Here it makes all the difference in the world whether we are

considering men or women. With regard to men the careless reader will be apt to ask how it can make any difference at all. But with regard to women even the careless reader knows that we have a critical situation, involving the previous question of her appearing in the ranks of teachers at all.

It is a tangled problem this of the parenthood of women teachers. To begin with, it turns us back a step, for the trouble arises not on the actual onset of parenthood, but on the assumption of the responsibilities of wifehood. Certainly parenthood is very often involved in the opposition to the marriage of women teachers, one of the common objections to a woman's holding on her teacher's post after marriage being the possible dislocation involved in the coming of children. We would willingly avoid the discussion of this aspect of the teacher's relation to her post on the one hand and to society on the other. We might shuffle out of the trouble by saying that the marriage of women teachers is an economic question, and since it involves the ejection from the profession it does not really concern us here, for she can no longer fulfil the terms of our title by being a teacher *as* anything else. But unfortunately for this plea, it would appear that she is being turned out of the profession for a reason that on first principles may be regarded as one of the best qualifications for her work.

Indeed as a fair-minded person called upon to treat of "The Teacher as Parent" would at once discover

when he sat down seriously to tackle his subject, the *absence* of parenthood status may be treated as a distinct disqualification for the teacher's office. No doubt there are certain groups of celibate persons who have devoted their lives to education, and the work done by these bodies has been of very high quality. If any objection is raised against it, the cause of reproach is the kind of things they teach, certainly not the way in which they teach them. Indeed, there are found those who see in their celibacy that element of self-sacrifice, and of freedom from competing social responsibilities, that provides specially well for the disinterestedness that many regard as one of the essentials of the teacher's office.

But the plain man is apt to ask in surprise whether it does not stand to reason that a man who is a father himself is just the man who should be trusted with the care of other people's children, and that obviously the same would be applied with that comforting bit of everyday Latin, *mutatis mutandis*, to women. From this standpoint it would seem to the man in the street—unless he happens to have unmarried sisters or daughters in the profession—as if it would be a much more reasonable thing to put in an advertisement for a master the words "None but fathers need apply," than to put in one for a woman teacher the words "Married women ineligible."

As this is being written, the probable issue of the dispute would seem to be that the embargo on married women as teachers is likely to be lifted, but

that certain economic limitations may be introduced to secure the minimum disadvantage to all those concerned. The way is therefore clear for us to go on to what more nearly concerns us here, though it will be found that some of the things we have got to consider may have a definite bearing upon the practical side of the problem that we are dismissing with such a sense of relief.

What effect, then, has the fact of parenthood on the teacher's attitude towards his professional work? Not so much, probably, as we would expect before we start to look into the matter. To begin with, the way in which he looks on his own children is not quite the same as the way in which he regards other people's: and the more you think of it the more you will see that it is well that this should be so. The attitude of the foster-parent is much safer for the pupils than the attitude of many an average parent. To the majority of parents there is a strong tendency to regard their offspring on the all-geese-for-swans principle. The personal equation tends to distort badly the professional vision.

The trouble is that this equation works in a rather disturbingly erratic way. It may take an anti-swan turn. The teacher may be so anxious to be fair-minded that he acts with a bias against his own brood. The schoolmaster that Mr F. C. C. Egerton describes as caning his own boy to show that he is impartial is true to life in this respect, though by making him drunk Mr Egerton throws him out of

court as a reliable witness in other matters. The position is admitted by no less a person than Dr Samuel Johnson, who in speaking of an exceptionally gloomy young man is said to have exclaimed that he must be the son of a schoolmaster.

But the best proof of all is supplied by the policy of the ordinary sensible schoolmaster. He seldom allows his son to attend the school in which he teaches, and almost never permits him to enter his own class. The policy is exactly the same as that of the family doctor who almost universally gets a fellow-practitioner to attend not only himself if he needs attention, but his family as well. A man is not without honour save in his own family group, as is broadly hinted in *Punch* by the cook of the famous consultant who in her time of medical need insisted on going to "a real doctor."

Teachers of a psychological turn of mind sometimes study their own children with considerable interest, but not very much practical result. That is not the way to get information that will be of practical value in the classroom. In studying his own children the teacher loses the unbiased attitude that is his privilege in dealing with the children of others. The help he can get from his own brood must be sought in a more indirect way. Direct questioning and "scientifically controlled" methods of investigation are likely to be fruitless, because so many important but uncontrollable elements enter into the case. Unobtrusive observation of how the

young people act and react at home, with particular attention to their attitude towards and their comments upon school affairs when they believe that dad is not paying any attention to what they are saying, will produce much more useful results, and will in any case enrich the parent-teacher's vocabulary in directions in which it would otherwise be rather limited.

At vacation periods, and in helping his youngsters during term time in some of their more technical work in which he happens to be expert, the teacher-father can get into very close touch with his boys, and acquire what may be not unfairly called an esoteric knowledge of their disposition and temperament, and a corresponding knowledge of his girls, though in their case only on the exoteric plane.

What the teacher-parent must be continually on his guard against is setting up his own children as a sort of objective standard in his estimating the powers of his pupils. I have come across several cases in which a clever boy or girl in a schoolmaster's family has caused quite unnecessary worry to respectable mediocre pupils who never knew that they had the master's Alice or George to thank for their inability to please that master. The teacher who wishes to use his home standards in this way will do wisely in assuming that his family is above the average. This will gratify him, and can do no harm, while possibly doing some good by releasing mediocrity from straining after an unattainable goal.

One peculiarity I have observed among parent-teachers that I have never been able to explain satisfactorily to myself. This is a strong tendency to avoid hurry in beginning the education of their own children. About the first child this is not so noticeable, for the novelty of the thing encourages precipitancy. But with all the other children the teacher-parent takes the attitude that "there is no hurry." Does this originate from a natural reaction against the feverish haste that he sees among other parents: or is it a reasoned approval of Rousseau's *festina lente*: or unwillingness to have his youngster so soon swamped in the crowd, an incident with which he is painfully familiar? Has it any correlation with the proverb that assures us that the shoemaker's children are generally badly shod? Or is it that the teacher-parent has observed that two boys at the age of ten are just about the same stage of advancement, though one began his schooling at five and the other at eight? Perhaps such problems should not be publicly debated. But I have often wondered what the explanation really is: and this book is after all written at the address of professional teachers.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TEACHER AS CITIZEN

British teachers find it difficult to make up their minds on the important question of whether to be or not to be what is technically known as "civil servants." But while the profession is divided on the point, up till the present the balance of opinion has been against the proposal to make the teachers the direct agents of the State. It is true that the matter has been discussed largely from the point of view of professional interests, but the teachers are not so devoid of public spirit as to allow such interests to dominate their decisions. Many of them honestly believe that while the status of civil service would be an economic disadvantage to the profession, it would be also against the public good.

Teachers as a body dislike the idea of complete central control. No doubt such matters as salary, tenure, hours of work may well be regulated from headquarters. But when it comes to the State taking complete control of the profession, there is a not unnatural opposition. In Britain at any rate the ideal of the teachers is an autonomous profession, after the pattern set by the doctors. As the Medical Council practically controls the whole profession,

so most of the teachers would like their present Registration Council to develop into a governing body that would decide on all matters of purely professional policy. The Royal Society of Teachers, just (1929) established, is a step in this direction. It is admitted, at the same time, that there are certain administrative spheres in which outside control is both desirable and necessary.

Here, as usual, that great anticipator, Aristotle, has something to say. He maintains that statesmanship is architectonic to education, by which is meant practically that the educator has to take his orders from the statesman. The reason for this subordination he finds in the fact that the statesman has to make use of the material produced by the educator, and is therefore entitled to determine what sort of person the educand is to become. This doctrine is not popular among us teachers, though when we give the matter careful thought we have to admit that Aristotle has a good deal to say for his position. Still, we do not like the idea of our becoming mere agents in carrying out the will of others. Most of us, having escaped from our academic studies, are not over-enthusiastic readers of Kant. But there is one section of his work that we can recall with rather pleasant memories. It is that where he treats of his Kingdom of Ends, and maintains that none of us humans should be treated as mere means, but that all of us should be treated as ends. We want to pit Kant against Aristotle

and decline to become civil servants, because as members of a great State organisation we would lose much of our individuality. No one likes to think that he is a tool in the hands of another.

The profession does not perhaps realise clearly enough that it may be able to preserve the individuality of its members, even while they are carrying out the plans of others. All of us human beings, *pace* Kant, are means as well as ends. Danger arises only when we are so treated that we have no chance at all of developing our personality, and thus become *mere* means to others' ends.

Whether technically called a civil servant or not, the teacher is patently the servant of the community. There is a vulgar little saying about paying the piper and calling the tune; and however unpleasant the reference may be, piper-paying has a direct bearing on the present problem. The parents in a more or less roundabout way pay the teacher for doing a certain kind of work. As an expert he is the person to determine how that work is to be done: but the community is entitled, as his employer, to say *what* is to be done. It may be crudely stated that the determination of the curriculum lies within the province of the community, while the teaching of the subjects of the curriculum is entirely the teacher's business. But the matter is not so easily disposed of as all that. The teaching of a given subject makes all the difference in its value. History, for example, may be prescribed by the community,

but the teacher may so deal with it as to produce quite a different effect from that desired by the community.

So difficult does the problem appear that we may well be astonished at the smoothness with which education has been carried on in the past. Why has there been so little friction between the teacher and his many masters?

One very obvious answer is that teachers as a class are an eminently peace-loving body of people. Probably the generalisation may be made world-wide, without danger of serious error, that teaching folk as such have a bias towards conservatism. Observe that nothing more is claimed than a bias. If a nation that we happen to examine is found to be strongly radical as a whole, its teachers will be seen to be tinged with radicalism, but not nearly to the same extent as the mass of the people. The teachers are always found to be on the whole more conservative than the bulk of their fellow-citizens. It seems to be a characteristic of the profession that its members are lovers of law and order, and less inclined than the average towards change. With us in Britain this is true of all kinds of teachers, but markedly so among the secondary group. They are pre-eminently respectable, and unwilling to strike out into new lines for themselves. Mr H. G. Wells, one of whose pleasant pastimes is girding at schoolmasters, is very severe upon them for this quality. We have seen that he has no patience with their

timidity, or their "deadly silences." But, on the other hand, the British parent has no use for unsafe men. Thus it has come about that the teacher type in general, and perhaps particularly in Britain, has developed into a patient, law-abiding, practical person, who does not want to have to explain in great detail what are his ultimate aims. He teaches his young people to love God, to honour the King, and to do justly by all men: and there an end.

At the conclusion of a calm and modest lecture to an audience of English teachers a few years ago, a speaker claimed that at any rate the teacher had the credit of inculcating certain wearable virtues, such as obedience, punctuality, sense of responsibility. When he sat down a fiery young labourist sprang up in his wrath and is reported to have said: "What a miserable set of virtues! Why, these are the very things I have been trying to eradicate. I want the rebel virtues!" He did not specify what these were, but the disturbance his impatient complaint roused among his audience gave an excellent demonstration of the inherent social stability of the teaching group in England. The incident caused quite a lively discussion in the Press, which made it abundantly evident that whatever the rebel virtues are they need look for no support from English newspapers. In dealing with the gentle group of humans that represent the professional side of education, a domineering statesman may have his way, if only he has the sense to mask his evil designs.

He must make some concessions to the rather tender conscience of the profession as a whole. He must in some measure stoop to conquer. He must make out a case that will satisfy the collective conscience of the educators, or, gentle as they are, they will rebel in their own mild way, and show all the disagreeable sides of passive resistance.

In their architectonic work statesmen may use teachers as they use other social groups as tools in working out their ends, but with teachers more than with most the statesman must walk warily, for with all their conservatism and social mildness they are a fairly intelligent group, and are apt to see the ends for which they are being used, and to resent being employed for purposes of which they do not approve. So long as the statesman's aims are good he can rely upon the teachers loyally lending themselves to the accomplishment of these aims: but when they are questionable the statesman is wise in doing all he can to camouflage them, and let the teachers believe that he is aiming at something of which he knows that they approve.

Germany supplies the classical example of the manipulation of teachers as instruments of the State. In the early nineteenth century there was no need to convince the teachers there that the course they were called on to follow was a just one. Between 1806 and 1870 every German schoolmaster was conscientiously enthusiastic in that work of national training which afterwards enabled Bismarck

to say that it was the schoolmaster who won at Sadowa and Gravelotte. When the broken reed of Jena had been turned into the sturdy oak of Sedan, it was natural that the German teachers should believe that the process that had brought about this desirable result might well be continued indefinitely. Probably the elementary teachers of the Fatherland did not think very much about the matter. Their own training had been such as to kill off all tendency to question the actions and motives of their superiors in the big matters of national and international diplomacy, though the teachers of this group were keenly alive to the social restraints imposed upon them as compared with those in the higher grades of the profession. With the members of these higher grades it is almost certain that the attitude towards the powers-that-be was somewhat different. It cannot be but that some of them at least had their doubts about the kind of teaching that was demanded of them, and the better sort among them must have had misgivings that did not occur to their elementary colleagues, who did their work in a highly virtuous frame of mind, and went on training their young people in the way the Junkers wanted them to go. As a body the secondary teachers were as convinced as the others that they were doing the right thing, but some at least among them had an uneasy feeling that all was not well with a system of Kaiserworship and the deification of force. Perhaps they could not strike their "finger

on the place, and say thou ailest here and here." But they had their doubts. Such men had to be kept to their loyalty. It was to them that the militarists and the Nietzschean philosophers made their appeal, in most cases not in vain.

But there remained a residuum who were either in direct opposition to the prevailing educational propaganda, or were at any rate in a state of active doubt. These were dealt with by a process that may be called, according to taste, corruption or compulsion. It is perhaps not unfair to say that the secondary teachers in Germany before the war were paid partly in money, and partly in kind—the "kind" taking the form of public honour. In Chapter II this arrangement was referred to under the name of the "Rat" System, under which it was possible to distribute certain small honours and promotions in such a way as to favour obedience, and discourage revolt in any form. It is easy to see how this unobtrusive pressure would exercise an almost irresistible influence, and as a matter of fact it was an all but perfectly effective instrument in the hands of the statesmen. The Aristotelian principle was applied in the Fatherland with maximum power.

The influence of public opinion is probably at its highest among the English-speaking peoples, but it cannot be manipulated from above in the Teutonic way. So our teachers are free from the kind of compulsion used by the Junkers. To be sure the

Press has a great deal to do with the manipulation of public opinion, and thoughtful people are somewhat concerned about the possibilities of "interests" monopolising the newspaper influence and working it in their own favour. The Press indeed is only a different form of public education, and may be used both directly and as a means of manipulating the recognised forms of public instruction. But the influence of the Press has to be exercised by way of persuasion, not by compulsion or covert threats. The newspapers must walk warily, lest haply the teachers may themselves take a hand and educate the young people in a direct way to a better understanding of the real power and purpose of the Press. The newspaper is most powerful when it works along with the school. So long as these two work together, the public is fairly safe. The danger arises when the newspapers hypnotise the teachers into agreeing with them in a wrong course; but this can occur only at moments of rare exaltation. In the calm atmosphere of ordinary school life the teacher can always use the state slogan of Missouri, and say "Show me." If the newspaper men can give a satisfactory reply, all is well: the schools are being influenced in a legitimate way.

Hitherto we have been treating teachers as a body of people kept under more or less effective control, and used as an instrument by some person or persons in authority. But there is a possibility that this instrument, from its very nature, may take a part in

determining how it is itself to be used. The profession may be regarded, figuratively at least, as an organism, and therefore bound to develop according to the laws of its own nature, and thus apt to interfere with its manipulation by external authority.

There is the possibility that the teachers, wittingly or unwittingly, may adopt an attitude of their own, and influence their pupils accordingly. If, for example, the great majority of the teachers of a country belong to the lower middle class, will there not be a tendency for them to reproduce in their pupils the middle class point of view? This case may be unimportant in Britain, but the same cannot be said of the French elementary school teachers, who are reported to be mainly socialists. Will they not inevitably reproduce their views among the growing members of the working-classes? Or, to take a different and very significant example, what is likely to be the effect of the increasing numbers of women teachers as compared with men teachers in the United States and in Britain? Is it not inevitable that their teaching will impose on the boyish minds the woman's attitude towards many matters? We are not here concerned with the argument that this attitude is likely to be better than that of the men. Perhaps it is. The point is that a certain class feeling may be communicated by a body of teachers of a particular kind. What we have to keep before us is the fact that influences are at work all the time in our schools, without our being

able to locate them exactly, much less keep them under control.

So long as we assume a difference in aim between the statesman and the educator, we must be prepared for friction in the schools, and for the development of unexpected reactions. But fortunately on a vast number of matters there is perfect agreement between the man in authority and the teacher in school. The sort of aims put before educational conferences are usually so blameless that the only problem is how to carry them into effect.

Where there is difference of opinion in the whole body politic it is very difficult nowadays to use the educational instrument over the country as a whole. The day is past when a majority can capture the schools and use them for the inculcation of definite religious or political views. The Clarenden Code in England, by which the whole machinery of education was by force arranged to further certain views and beliefs, is inconceivable at the present day. No Government can now convert into a bludgeon the educational instrument. Yet for political, social, and religious side-purposes it can be used very effectively, though conditions now make it necessary that this should be done more or less furtively.

There is certainly nothing furtive about some of the demands being made at present with regard to subjects to be taught in or excluded from the schools in the United States. But such blatant claims have really little chance to lead to anything effective. At

the best their effects are necessarily negative. Certain subjects may be excluded, but any subject that is included at all will depend for its effectiveness on the attitude of the teacher, and this cannot be controlled from without. We may exclude Evolution altogether from the school, but so long as it remains in the curriculum the doctrine taught will be the teacher's reaction to the problems involved.

It will no doubt have been noted that in dealing with the Aristotelian principle that we are discussing, the term *statesman* has been consistently used instead of the more compromising *politician*: but when we come to those who make an unfair application of Aristotelian authority it is probably quite fair to use the less dignified word: as in the case of William J. Bryan of the United States. Dealing with the fundamentalist controversy, he says:

> If it is contended that an instructor has a right to teach anything he likes, I reply that the parents who pay the salary have a right to decide what shall be taught.

There is here the usual confusion between the parent and the statesman. In a state-aided school it is only indirectly that the parent pays the teacher's salary, and it would have been better logic, as well as better manners, for Mr Bryan to have found another ground for his claim of control. If the State determines that Evolution shall not be taught in school, the teacher must respect the decision. But so long as a subject is a matter of general culture it

is within the province of the teacher to deal with it in his class.

It may be that certain matters are of such a highly controversial character that they cannot safely be treated in school without danger to the public peace. In such cases it may be quite reasonable to bar their treatment, as in the case of denominational religion. On the other hand, there is the alternative of adopting a conscience clause under which such matters may be dealt with at certain prescribed periods of the school day, during which it is the right of the parent to withdraw his child from the class.

Bryan's argument is a direct challenge to what the Germans call the *Lehrfreiheit.* Naturally this claim for *freedom of teaching* is usually confined to the university. At that grade it is probably reasonable enough for the professor to claim, and for society to grant, the right of absolute freedom. But in schools where we are dealing with immature minds, it is probably well to grant to the piper-payer the right to determine the tune. Fortunately the range within which the payer cares to exercise his veto is very limited. The great bulk of our work in schools is quite indifferent to the ratepayer. We can do pretty much as we please in school so far as he is concerned. We are free citizens and nobody wants to interfere with us. It is only when it comes to matters of opinion on subjects of general interest that trouble arises. We cannot deny that we are in a peculiar position in regard to such matters.

Society is entitled to take the same precautions against us as it does towards those who are in a state to convey disease by contagion or infection. In matters of opinion we are dangerous, and society is entitled to keep us in a state of quarantine.

Religion, history, and economics are the actual danger zones. Of course, the really quarrelsome folk would like to carry the fight into matters of art, literature, and even certain aspects of science : wherever, in fact, cliques and parties can be formed. The religious problem is well known and thoroughly exploited. We know where we are in this department. We appear to have reached stalemate, and in any case we teachers are not called upon to take further initiative. With regard to economics the struggle has hardly begun on this side of the Atlantic, though at the university stage it is in full swing on the other. It is in the teaching of history that we have a question of practical importance in the matter of the teacher's status as a citizen.

But we must not get restive under the limitations imposed on our teaching of history. We must make up our minds to accept whichever of the offered choices best fits in with our temperament and the conditions of the case. These are:

(1) To deal with controversial matters in a strictly impartial way: stating both sides as fully and carefully as possible, and leaving the pupils to make up their own minds on the matter.

(2) To present both sides fully and fairly, but

indicate quite clearly what the teacher himself thinks, letting the pupils all the same clearly understand that he expects them to come to their own conclusions. Many teachers object to this method altogether. They say that they do not think or feel judicially at all about the matters involved in the teaching of history. They know the right, they say, and they would be untrue to themselves if they played a part and pretended that the other side might possibly be right.

(3) To secure that in presenting controversial matters there shall be two presentations, one on each side, these presentations being made by people who are in dead earnest and believe sincerely in the view they uphold.

Life is too short for plan (3), while (1) is too cold and formal for the majority of teachers with red blood in their veins. Probably the majority of teachers will find themselves best pleased with some form of applying (2). After all, in the last resort, the public must trust its teachers. If a man cannot be depended on to make a fair statement of a controversial matter he is not fit to be a teacher at all. The fact that his personality makes it plain which side he himself is inclined to favour, will be for or against that side according to the nature of the personality of the teacher in its reaction upon the pupil concerned. The teacher can do harm in this connection only when he takes an unfair advantage of his position as an authoritative instructor.

With regard to the out-of-school activities of the teacher as a citizen, I feel that it is not my business nor anybody else's to deal, beyond making the simple demand that his outside activities shall not be such as shall in any way interfere with his usefulness in his profession. Outside of school the only obligation laid upon the teacher as citizen is to be a good one.

Part II
THE SCHOOL: PROFESSIONAL

CHAPTER IX

THE TEACHER AS ARTIST

One of the best misunderstood things that Mr Bernard Shaw ever wrote is his famous quip that has wrung the withers of our profession quite unnecessarily: "He who can does, he who cannot teaches." Admirable in itself, and thoroughly sound so long as kept in its proper place, the epigram has been stupidly applied to ordinary professional teachers, with whom it has really nothing to do. To put matters right we must enter upon the gruesome business of butchering an epigram, for that is the true description of analysing it.

The phrase refers to the executant in the fine arts, and points out the bitter truth that those who fail in the practice of an art are forced to fall back upon teaching others to do what they themselves have failed in doing. We are all familiar with the crowd of unsuccessful artists who in the face of lack of commercial appreciation of their products have to "take pupils," in order to make ends meet. We do not forget that even in the case of those who are ultimately successful there may be a depressing teaching interlude. But leaving these out of account, and taking the Shavian maxim at its face value, there

is less of a sting than at first sight appears. The impression conveyed by the gibe is one of contempt for persons who are so far lost to common sense through dire want, that they set about teaching others to do what they cannot do themselves. But is this so very absurd? Is it not quite possible that a man may be able to teach others to do what is quite beyond his power to do himself?

If it were not so we would have to take for granted that all we teachers are made from material superior to what is used in the building up of our pupils. Most of us prefer the attitude of the old German pastor who always lifted his hat when he came before a class of children, because he felt that many of them must be inherently superior to him. But while we may have geniuses in our classes now and then, we may metaphorically lift our hats to them without developing an inferiority complex in the process.

Suppose for a moment that we carry the war into the enemy's country, look in on the artistic genius, and see what *he* can do in the way of *teaching*. It is true that if we inquire of him how he produces his effects he may ride off on the historical epigram, and grunt a curt "With brains, sir." But even when he deigns to try to tell others how he does his job—in other words, to do a bit of teaching—he is seldom successful. Usually he starts out with an attempt to explain matters, only to end by seizing a brush or a violin, as the case may be, and demon-

strating how the thing is done, by doing it. The expert in our craft can afford to smile at this breakdown, and may even call attention to the fact that the schools kept up by some of the "Old Masters" in their day rarely supplied edifying spectacles for those who know what real teaching is. As a rule these were places where young men could see how a master worked, and could learn as much as they were able to teach themselves from what they saw. Generally the Old Master had sense enough not to attempt to *teach* anything. The worst teacher I ever had was also the most brilliant man in his subject that I have ever met, a man of world-wide reputation, a genius if ever there was one. He not only could not teach us: his teaching was so bad that he prevented us from learning. It is the rare exception, as in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that the genius painter is also a capable expositor of his art.

One can see the sneer on the genuine artist's lips, one can hear his contemptuous remark about the "Art! of the Schools of Art." But he may rest easy. We have no intention of trying to mechanise art by the inferior teaching of it, but rather to raise teaching itself to the rank of an art; for this is the essential point in our argument. Those who carelessly read the Shavian epigram forget that the teacher too is an executant *as teacher*. The man who has to withdraw from the stage or the studio because he "can not," may make a brilliant success

as a teacher of those who "can." It is true that the vast majority of the "cannots" who make up the teaching body for the fine arts are ordinary journeymen teachers, quite steady business-like people, who do a great deal to help in bringing out the possibilities of their pupils, but without a spark of teaching genius. There! It is out: the claim that teaching too is a *fine* art!

It is true that teaching can never claim to be a fine art in the same sense as painting, music, or sculpture. These depend to a considerable extent on their subject-matter for the attraction they exert over humanity. But the skill with which the executants bring out their points has also its charm. This aspect indeed is so pronounced that the term has come to have a secondary claim on our admiration. When De Quincey wrote his *Murder as a Fine Art* it will hardly be claimed that his treatment owed its charm to the subject-matter. What is implied in this title is that Murder has been so thoroughly mastered in all its details that there is a pleasure in observing the smoothness with which everything works in with the plans of the artistic murderer. When we say that begging-letter writing has been reduced to a fine art, everybody knows what we mean. But if we are called upon to give the essential quality underlying this secondary meaning of the term *fine art*, we cannot do better than suggest—the absence of *fumble.*

"Muddling through" is the popular expression

for the opposite of what we mean by this secondary aspect of the term *fine art.* When science and experience fail us we all fall back upon fumbling. When the clock on the mantelpiece refuses to go, even after we have convinced ourselves that we did not forget to wind it up, all that is left for the ordinary lay person to do is to shake it. The astonishing thing is that sometimes the shaking succeeds. The clock begins to go; the ordinary person does not know why, nor is he particularly interested to inquire. The expert clockmaker, on the other hand, knows exactly what to look for, and what to do when he finds what has gone wrong.

What is true of clocks is true, to some extent at least, of children. Sometimes a shaking does wonders in the way of clearing up matters: but the method is not to be relied upon. The man who shakes the clock is regarded by his fellows as an ordinary citizen not open to any special blame because he does not know the inner ways of a clock. It is not his business. An ordinary layman may occasionally shake a child without sin, but with the professional educator it is different. The teacher who does not know, and does not want to know, the inner working of the child-mind not infrequently calls himself an empiric. He is rather proud of the name, and it must be admitted that it is prettier than *quack.*

We must concede that we do not know nearly so much about the working of the child-mind as we

do about the working of clocks. A clock has always some sort of market value, and is therefore worth knowing, and even studying. As to the child, there are those who maintain that we can never find out anything worth knowing about his mind in relation to teaching, and so they fall back upon fumbling. No careful observer will feel called upon to deny that a great deal of the teaching in the world is carried on by fumbling. The teacher spends far more time and energy than are necessary to produce the results desired, and if, as time goes on, in the experience of the teacher a certain amount of unnecessary expenditure is eliminated, this is sometimes the result of the lessons of fumbling rather than those of reason.

We must all have the greatest sympathy with those teachers who desire to be allowed to teach in their own way, so as not to constrain their personality and be compelled to make themselves other than they are. Such teachers shudder at the name of method, and regard it as nothing more than a chain imposed from without. They are loud in proclaiming that there is no one and indivisible method before which all others must bow, and that whatever method suits each teacher is the best for him.

When all this is analysed it comes to no more than a demand that each teacher should be allowed to work out the details of method in his own way. These details are not nearly so important as the protesting teachers believe, and if the truth came

out it would be found that the teachers who are loudest in their protests are most given over to set ways of doing things—in other words, to method. The really important thing to get into our heads is that there are certain broad principles of method that are of general acceptation, and that must be observed before there can be any genuine teaching. In applying these general principles there is abundant scope for the development of all the individuality of which teachers can boast.

Perhaps the most important principle to be realised by those who would treat teaching as a fine art is that teaching and learning are correlative terms. A man may go through a process that he calls teaching, and the pupil may at the same time learn, but unless this learning comes *because of* the teaching there has been no real teaching done. The pupils may be educating themselves without any help from the teacher, in fact, *in spite of* some of the things the teacher does when he thinks he is teaching. Brilliant men can be quoted by the score in favour of self-education. These are mainly those who proclaim themselves self-educated. But even professional teachers add their evidence. Jacotot, you may remember, in his *Enseignement Universel*, satirises his own craft by defining a teacher as one who can do no more for his pupils than wring his hands and keep on helplessly asking: "Don't you see? Don't you see?"

Not infrequently these fumblers teach according

to one method while their pupils learn according to another. In the old-fashioned way of teaching reading, the teachers supposed they were following what was called the alphabetic method, whereas their pupils were often learning on what was afterwards called the look-and-say method. The teacher thought the pupil went through the process of saying to himself d-o-g and sounding it *dog*, whereas the child saw the word *dog* as a whole, as a little symbol meaning the four-legged creature with which he was familiar. He learned it as a Chinese child learned his word signs in a land where there are no letters of the alphabet.

At a higher grade the same sort of thing happens. In our theory of presentation we are told that we must proceed from the concrete to the abstract, and yet the stiff-necked, old-fashioned teachers deliberately taught from the abstract to the concrete. At least they thought they did. They certainly laid down more or less abstruse abstract principles, and proceeded to work from them. What really happened in these antiquated methods was something like this. The abstract was presented to the pupil in the form of some vague generalisation or some cut-and-dry rule. Neither was really apprehended by the pupil, though for his own comfort he made shift to use the generalisation supplied as if he understood it. Sometimes he was able to impose upon his teacher by successful application, sometimes not. But he would naturally discriminate between the

cases in which he succeeded and those in which he failed. He gradually established a causal relation between the kind of guess he made and the result in success. This causal relation was not always exactly according to nature, but it led to a working solution of a practical difficulty. He might select the wrong qualities as criteria. But there is an old logical tag, of which the pupil is profoundly unaware, that helps him along nicely on his guess-work way. *Nota notae est nota rei ipsius.* He may not get the mark of the actual thing, but if he gets the mark of the mark he is often able to rub along quite successfully. The important thing is that by and by he does reach the inner meaning of the abstract principle, though he has reached it *via* the concrete. In his pilgrimage it is worth noting that the illustrative *examples*, sometimes mercifully softening the abstract statement, form admirable stepping-stones in the boggy road that leads from the concrete to the abstract.

When the old-fashioned teacher found that the pupils ultimately came to understand what had been taught, it was only natural for him to assume that he had been successful in teaching from the abstract to the concrete. His error lay in supposing that the pupils learnt in the same order as they had been taught. What actually happened was that the teacher did not really teach at all, and that the pupils learned by passing along devious routes from the concrete to the abstract.

Since we have set up the absence of fumbling as

the mark of the work of the teacher who has reduced his life-work to a fine art, we must demand from him a certain amount of knowledge, without which he cannot by any possibility avoid fumbling. He must know the general laws of mental action, the special characteristics of the members of his class, and the contents of their minds in the matters with which he has to deal. With this knowledge, and with that touch of genius that, in however slight a form, must be present in the make-up of every really successful member of our profession, the teacher can play upon his class as easily and accurately as a skilled musician on his instrument. He knows the exact answer to expect to a given question. He understands what underlies every mistaken answer, and knows how to use the false to usher in the true. He is never surprised at, or indignant with, the intellectual aberrations of his pupils. He has acquired the general habit of following the line of his pupils' thoughts, so as to be able to utilise every peculiar use made by them of the matter under treatment. Like a skilful cross-examiner he can anticipate the general line of thought of the person he is for the moment dealing with, and though he cannot always prophesy details, he is always ready to treat effectively whatever unexpectedly turns up.

The treatment of the unexpected is one of the best tests of fine art in teaching. In class work there occurs little that is unexpected by the really artistic teacher. The whole field lies open before

him, and all that is humanly calculable lies within his ken. He is seldom surprised, and when he is he is almost thankful for the experience. It brightens up a landscape that would tend to be monotonous were it not for the interest that permanently accompanies the verification of expectation. Some teachers make the profound mistake of being surprised at the facility with which pupils make blunders. Now, except for dramatic effect, teachers should never be surprised at anything. A teacher will sometimes bleat for quite a time over some particularly blatant blunder, explaining to the errant pupils that he could have understood this, that, or the other blunder, but this particular form he cannot understand. He tells them he is surprised, astonished, appalled at the depth of stupidity it exhibits: he simply cannot understand it. Now this may be all very good as histrionics, but if the master means what he says, he is condemning himself. He ought to be able to understand it; it is his business to understand just such matters: that is what he is for.

The observant reader will no doubt have noticed that in the paragraph before last a little phrase was unostentatiously introduced, and he may have suspected that in demanding "a touch of genius" we are going beyond the reasonable requirements from professional teachers. But we are speaking here of teaching as a fine art, and in fine arts of all kinds there must be this demand for a special *flair* that we

do not demand from the plain man. It is true that teaching can be carried on to a high pitch of perfection that really deserves to rank as a fine art, at any rate in the popular secondary meaning of that term. But to reach the highest form of fine art in teaching just a little more is required. If the topmost level is to be reached the teacher must pass beyond the mere presentation of knowledge, however admirably that may be done. There must be the close interaction between spirits.

It is pleasant to find in the very heart of the citadel of Public Schooldom a witness to say the thing that we want said. When A. C. Benson in his *Schoolmaster* says that teaching is essentially a dramatic process, no dog is likely to bark if we take this as the basis of the interaction between teacher and pupil. This demands reciprocity, and sweeps away at once the conception of teaching as monologuing. There must be personal action and reaction going on between teacher and pupil.

At first sight it might appear that in this intercourse the master in order to respect the individuality of his pupils must give up some at least of his power over them. As a matter of fact the preservation of the pupils' individuality is a help rather than a hindrance in the process of teaching. The teacher can act upon the pupils only by recognising this individuality. We can get the pupils to act thus and thus, only by acting upon them as they are. The master must secure the proper reaction

of the boys by himself obeying the laws of the boys' nature. The teacher must stoop to conquer.

Education is sometimes spoken of as the impressing of the personality of the teacher upon the pupil. With respect to this there are two things to be noted for our present purpose. First, the personality is not to be impressed in a mechanical way as a seal is upon wax. A personality that impresses itself in this way is apt to do harm, because of its very virtues. Remember what John Stuart Mill says about the effects of strong-willed parents on their children. He illustrates from his own case the fact that the exercise of strong will on the part of the parent does not leave room for the proper development of the will of the child. Accordingly, a really strong character produces its best effect when it inspires in the pupil a desire to imitate it—in other words, when the influence, after all, works from within the pupil outwards.

But, in the second place, we must distinguish between education and mere teaching. In education the character of the teacher is everything: in teaching it is important only in so far as it affects the pupil's attitude towards the matter studied. In other words, the pleasure-pain tone of the work of instruction depends more or less on the teacher's personality, but the process in itself is independent of this personality. Here it would be well to recognise once for all, that the best attitude the teacher can adopt *as a mere teacher* is to efface himself. The

less prominent he is in the work, the better. To say this is not to lower the importance of the teacher. The helm is an inconspicuous part of a huge liner, but it is none the less of first-rate importance.

Acting upon material that he knows thoroughly, and following laws with which he is familiar, the teacher can rely upon producing just the effect he desires, in the way that costs least effort. Every word he has to say more than he intended is the indication of a failure to that extent.

The general impression conveyed by all this may be that the teacher is to be a sort of soulless mechanic, producing certain effects upon the pupils. But this does not at all follow. There ought to be a certain emotional glow resulting from the interaction between pupil-mind and teacher-mind. The fact that each of them confines itself to its own work in no way interferes with the satisfaction that results from successful intellectual activity. The relative decrease of activity on the teacher's part represents the saving effected by reducing fumbling to a minimum. There will be no lack of life in a class conducted on these principles. We are too apt to estimate the work done by noting the outward energy of the teacher. In every case the test is not what the teacher has done, but how much the pupil has learned.

The degree in which the teacher misplaces the various points in his lesson may be taken as a sort of *index of fumbling*, or *coefficient of fumbling*, for that particular teacher.

It must be remembered that method even when carried down to such details as the form of questions, the order of setting down different parts of a diagram on the blackboard, the selection of the best illustration to suit a particular case, retains its universality, though in matters of detail the application by the teacher appears of chief importance. After all, it is the glory of the teacher that he is an essential mediator between theory and practice. Given the most perfect theories on the one side and the most effective apparatus on the other, there always remains the need of the teacher to breathe into each the breath of life. To listen to some educational administrators one would almost think that if we have only sufficiently fine schools and sufficiently costly apparatus, education will go on of itself. It is not improbably the secret desire of many an official that the teacher could be reduced to a mere cog in the educational wheel. But the ideal teacher will never fall into this position. He claims to be, like the Aristotelian soul, "all in the whole, and all in every part" of school life. Not perhaps aggressively prominent, for his finest influence is in animating all the rest. His own best work is done when it involves the least waste of energy. His progress in his profession may be gauged by the degree in which he reduces his coefficient of fumbling. When that coefficient is reduced to its minimum, he has raised his teaching to a fine art.

CHAPTER X

THE TEACHER AS ACTOR

MANY university professors in subjects that lend themselves to this form of treatment have a set of stock subjects which they prescribe for essays: but experience shows them that it is necessary to allow a decent interval to pass between each appearance of a given topic. Neglect of this precaution results in the rise of a standard treatment that is accepted as orthodox. The students become aware of the sort of thing that seems to meet the professor's wishes, and they see that he gets it. In extreme cases, indeed, a good standardised version acquires a commercial value, and is passed on (for a consideration) through a series of successive students. A three years' interval is found to establish a workable periodicity, though some of my colleagues hold that at least four years are necessary to secure a perfectly fresh field.

In one of my subjects, however, I could never induce any real freshness of point of view, no matter how long an interval I allowed to elapse between its appearances. It is one in which I found a great deal of interest myself, and the students used to write on it as if they had more concern about the

subject-matter than is usual with the writers of compulsory essays. Yet with all this there was a striking sameness in the point of view, and even in the treatment. This subject is "The Teacher as Actor."

Other themes prescribed at reasonable intervals produced a refreshing variety of reactions, but the Teacher-Actor reaction was always gloriously and immutably *semper eadem.* The students in question were graduates of average age twenty-two, who were in training to become professional teachers. They included men and women in the ratio of one to two. The astonishing sameness in point of view did not result from any tradition passing from class to class. Not only did an interval of four years make no difference, but the subject, when prescribed by me in different universities, produced identical results. The fundamental cause of this lack of variety is to be found in the general tendency among the young people of those days to treat all matters from the moral standpoint. The students all wrote in the same way on this subject because they all felt in the same way. Somehow the subject always seemed to pull out the moral stop in the mental organ of the students.

Young teachers are morbidly moral. To be sure, the whole atmosphere of the school reeks of morality: this is of the essence of the implicit bargain between the school and society. The lay person hardly realises how oppressive is the spirit of morality that

broods over the schoolroom. Mark Twain need not have been so much surprised as he appears to be at "the moral that wags its crippled tail" over the end of schoolgirls' essays: and by the same token I had no right to be astonished at the inflexibility of my students' adherence to the moral aspects of playing a part. With a few striking exceptions, mostly among the men, they insisted upon neglecting the artistic aspect, and upon keeping the teacher rigidly to his place as a moral instructor, as a model to his pupils.

The generalisation may indeed be ventured that the conscience varies in virulence in inverse ratio to the age of the person concerned. If there be an inherent moral sense of the sort assumed by Adam Smith, it would appear that it begins at its highest vigour with the first dawn of self-consciousness, and goes on diminishing in ferocity as life proceeds. The Wordsworthian doctrine implicit in that exasperating *Ode on Intimations of Immortality* receives considerable support from the observations recorded by practical teachers with regard to the stringency that marks the application of the moral law among young pupils. If an offence has been committed and the determination of the punishment is referred to the school peers of the delinquent, it is found that the severity of the penalty adjudged diminishes with the increasing age of the young judges. Accordingly, when we turn to the essays of these comparatively mature students we are

prepared to find a certain leniency in the matter of punishment: but if we hope to find any wavering of opinion about the innocence or guilt of teachers who "play a part," we are disappointed. The matter that really interests the essay writers is the moral issue, and the practical aspects of the problem as a part of the teacher's professional life are slurred over.

The essays read like so many sermons. Indeed, some of the writers went out of their way to seek a text, and found it in a sentence that occurs in *The Schoolmaster*, in which the late A. C. Benson frees his soul by telling us: "One must be sincere in teaching above all things." This warmed the hearts of the young essayists, who at once proceeded to an exposition of the evils of insincerity. Play-acting stands self-condemned, since insincerity is of its very essence. Whatever a teacher does he must not play a part. Few indeed were the students who could resist the temptation to quote the sententious lines of Polonius, that seem expressly written to set forth the views of young teachers—especially women, though I shall adhere to the masculine for the sake of grammatical simplicity—on the subject:

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Bored by the incessant iteration of this Polonian advice in the essays, I was sometimes tempted to

throw discredit on it by suggesting that the adviser is a contemptible pantaloon, and that his wise sayings are introduced merely as examples of pompous banality. One of my colleagues, indeed, a specialist in Shakespeare, appears to attach importance to the fact that this advice in the folio of 1603 is printed within inverted commas, indicating that the pantaloon had stolen somebody else's thunder. But no amount of ingenious theory can explain away the hard fact that students at this stage of their career are convinced that the advice of Polonius is the final word to teachers. With members of our craft there must be no paltering with the demand for absolute sincerity in our dealings with our pupils.

Now these young essayists occupy a fine strategic position. There is something peculiarly disconcerting in facing a moralist who has the courage, or the obstinacy, to adopt the rigid attitude of splitting up moral actions into the absolutely right and the absolutely wrong. With very young people it is no doubt almost necessary to adopt a rigorous application of this principle of the excluded middle, but with mature folk there does seem to be a place for degrees. Yet if any critic adopts the hard-and-fast attitude, it is exceedingly awkward to deal with him. To begin with, one has perforce to adopt a somewhat apologetic tone. No one enjoys taking up the position of adopting a low moral standard. So long as the rigid moralist remains on his pedestal, persists in fulminating, and refuses to argue, he is in an

immensely strong position in which he can so behave as to arrogate to himself a status of moral superiority.

That most amiable and brilliant of French philosophers, M. Emile Boutroux, put his critics in this awkward position by the attack that he made upon Pedagogy in his book on *Education and Ethics*. He did not like the word *Pedagogy*, and in this dislike most of us share. But he goes beyond names, and proceeds to attack the thing itself. According to him what is called education is plain and straightforward, and works manfully and openly towards its goal. On the other hand, he interprets pedagogy to mean a process that perversely prefers all manner of crooked ways. It uses suggestion illegitimately to make pupils believe that they are doing things of their own initiative, while they are in reality only responding to the stimuli supplied by the wily pedagogue. The heuristic method as found in Rousseau's *Emile* rouses the gorge of M. Boutroux. He cannot abide it. When we seek to formulate a defence, we find it exceedingly difficult to present the matter without the appearance of accepting a lower standard of morality than he sets up. Our safest defence is the counter-attack. We may say bluntly that the teacher is continually using suggestion whether he practises what is described as straightforward education or the apparently crooked pedagogy. The only difference is that the so-called pedagogue does wittingly and intelligently what the

more simple-minded educator does without realising it. We have high authority for thinking it possible as well as desirable to be wise as serpents without losing the capacity of being harmless as doves.

Taking things as they stand, we have to admit that in actual life the teacher must of necessity adopt an attitude of mild omniscience and gentle moral superiority that may be offensive to the adult outsider, but is little short of inevitable if we are going to do the sort of work that is expected of us. Mr Ian Hay keeps well within the bounds of truth when he says in his refreshing *Lighter Side of School Life*: "The teacher's life is one long pose. His perpetual demeanour is that of a blameless enthusiast."

My young essayists, however, were not so much interested in the morality of teaching methods as in the relation between the teacher's real character, and the character in which he presents himself to his pupils. They wanted to know if he had any right to appear before the youngsters as better than he really is. The answer may be well made by the counter-question: "Is it for the good of the pupils that the teacher should show up all his weaknesses?" If the teacher is to be true to himself in the Polonian sense, will it be to the advantage of his pupils? Suppose he is inclined to be sullen and savage; does his duty demand that he should show himself true to this real but disagreeable self? If something has gone wrong at home at breakfast-time, does honour demand that he should make clear to his youngsters

at school the true temporary nature of his self? Were the school children in "The Deserted Village" enjoying the highest form of intercourse between master and pupil when they traced the day's disasters in his morning face? In ordinary society we claim a certain reticence about the promulgation of personal woes; we praise the other person's self-restraint that saves us from sharing in troubles that are no concern of ours. Are we to throw upon our pupils a burden that we adults decline to bear?

A distinction may perhaps be drawn between temporary variations and the fundamental qualities that make up what we are inclined to call our true self. My essayists, for example, were sometimes willing to admit that we are entitled to cloak our *moods*: but they were adamant against our misrepresenting our permanent personality. They did not realise that apart altogether from the pathological splitting up of personality that occasionally takes place, there is a steady and permanent series of alternations of personality according to the circumstances in which we find ourselves. The soul may remain one and indivisible, and yet have many facets. Hear Browning:

> God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
> Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with,
> One to show a woman when he loves her.

The *ego* inevitably modifies itself to meet the demands of the *alter* upon whom it reacts. The change may involve either a rise or a fall, and the

moral issue cannot be determined by a mechanical application of a formula. In his *The Future of Education*, Mr F. C. C. Egerton assures us that there are cases "where the headmaster comes to school in his slippers, without a collar, and with a pipe in his mouth." There is no real harm in slippers, or even in a pipe, but, Shade of Polonius! are these headmasters justified in being true to themselves in this way? A different question altogether is raised when Mr Egerton tells us that "there are schools where the headmaster will come in drunk even in the morning, and cane his own son, to show that he has no partialities." In a previous chapter we have dismissed this sot as irrelevant to our subject. It goes without saying that such men have no right at all in any school: they are beyond the pale.

Lest any misunderstanding should arise in the reader's mind with regard to Mr Egerton's statements, let it be admitted at once that he writes strictly within the limits of truth in what he says: yet he contrives to convey an impression that is entirely false. The elementary teachers of England rose up in violent indignation at the implied attack on the moral standing of their group. Mr Egerton maintained that he could give what is popularly called "day and date" for each of the cases he referred to. All the same, public opinion in England was outraged by the possible implication that such schoolmasters were in any way typical. Out of the

160,000 elementary teachers in England at the time the charge was made there were probably somewhere round 40,000 men, and of these Mr Egerton could put his finger upon *three* who might be reasonably held to deserve his condemnation. But surely these three are not enough to justify the generalisation implied if not expressed. As to the drunkard, he is so exceedingly rare that he does not enter into the region of practical discussion.

Between those that are so bad that they cannot even be considered, and those who are so good intrinsically that they can afford to apply the Polonian principle in all its severity, there is the great mass of worthy average teachers whose make-up includes a vast majority of good qualities and a tiny minority of bad ones. The question arises whether they are entitled to show up unashamed the evil that is in them, or whether they should be encouraged to show themselves to the best advantage in their relations with their pupils.

It is at this point that the word that has been struggling in the background all this time insists on coming to the front. *Hypocrite* is a paralysing word that needs delicate handling. Like many other words this has fallen from grace. It began life in a quite creditable way. We need not go into the dreary philological details. It is enough to know that the original meaning of the word was *one who answers*. Then it advanced to include *any one who expounds or interprets*—which amounts to something

not very far from a definition of the teacher himself. Next comes a theatrical connection, and the word acquires the meaning of "an actor, one who plays a part on the stage." Human nature being the deplorable thing it is, the next step was perhaps inevitable: so we are prepared for the final collapse into "pretender, dissembler, hypocrite."

Under the modern meaning of the word is the playing of a part for a mean end. While there may be nothing morally wrong with the genuine hypocrite's end, his method of attaining it is underhand, and is used for purely selfish purposes. The man who uses such means is not likely to be over-scrupulous about ends either, so both means and ends are usually bad. By hypothesis the teacher's aim is good, and hypocrisy, in its literal sense, is at any rate morally neutral, so it is conceivable that good ends may be achieved by this means. Thus viewed the playing of a part may be regarded as neither moral nor immoral, but merely amoral. Its ethical character may be determined by the end in view. We have here no justifying of the means by the end, no doing evil that good may come. We are merely valuing a *neutral* line of conduct by the use to be made of it.

Some of my essayists whose consciences would not allow them to countenance hypocrisy in its popular meaning, but whose common sense prevented them from condemning what they saw done every day by people whom they could not but respect, fell back upon a compromise, and distinguished between

simulation and dissimulation. As we read in the old *Tatler*: "Simulation is a pretence of *what is not*, and dissimulation is a concealment of what *is*." Accordingly, the scrupulous essayists were inclined to admit that the teacher is entitled to conceal his defects, but must not pretend to have virtues that he does not possess. It must be a complaisant conscience that can extract much comfort from this exiguous distinction. For the hiding of a weakness is obviously an implicit claim to the corresponding virtue.

A few of the distressed essayists sought relief from moral pressure by an excursus on the dramatic nature of teaching as an art. They made learned references to the dreary old didactic plays of the type of the *De Nuptiis* of Martianus Capella, and worked their way up to the ingenuities of Mrs Harriet Finlay Johnson's *The Dramatic Method in Teaching*, and from that to the high lights of Mr Caldwell Cook's masterly *Play Way*. But in approving these works my anxious essayists were careful to emphasise two points. First, in these cases the play-acting is carried on by the pupils, not by the teachers, and therefore does not involve the same moral problems. The second and more important point is that we have in these cases plain and openly acknowledged play-acting. The problem of hypocrisy does not enter. Even if there be a moral motive behind the old-fashioned school play—and there generally was—it was open and above

board. Even our essayist critics admit that a teacher may be an excellent private theatrical performer, and yet be transparently sincere.

All of this raised a problem that has not troubled the essayists, and yet is of fundamental importance to the discussion.

It is curious that none of my essayists seemed to hit upon what I regard as a radical difficulty. They all took it for granted that the teacher could act. It is true that those who discriminate between simulation and dissimulation did take note of the fact that it is easier to dissemble than to simulate: that it is easier to hide defects than to assume virtues. The implication is that the line of least resistance is a sort of divine indication of the direction the teacher's histrionic talents should follow, if they are to be exercised at all.

But the question was generally regarded as of *may* rather than *can*. Under the argument is the unreasonable assumption that every teacher is potentially a competent actor. Experience shows us only too clearly how unfounded this assumption is, and what complications bad acting introduces. To play a part skilfully may or may not be moral: but to play it badly is certainly disastrous. We have to take into account not only the actors but also the audience—in this case, the pupils. These are certainly keen observers where their interests are concerned. No doubt a good deal of sentimental nonsense is talked and written under this head.

We are familiar with the usual tags: "the keenness of these juvenile critics," "the impossibility of deceiving these budding intelligences fresh from the palace of truth itself." But when all allowance is made for the enthusiasm of child study, it must be granted that human beings at the school stage have sufficient acumen to detect acting as acting, at any rate when it is bad acting.

So discouraging is this consideration for those teachers who know themselves to be weak on the histrionic side, that they are inclined to give up the attempt to play a part. Sometimes they even make a virtue of the necessity of having to appear in their true colours. In ordinary social life, indeed, some people are rather fond of assuming this attitude, and take a pride in the rudeness that they cloak under the name of "sincerity." No doubt the advice to "assume a virtue if you have it not" comes from a bad context, but there is nothing to prevent its being used in a good one. There are indeed two excellent reasons why we should accept Hamlet's advice. Followed in the spirit of goodwill it benefits not only others but ourselves. The advantage to the pupils is obvious: they get the benefit of the counterfeited virtue. If, for example, the master is bored with his subject, and lets his state of mind become manifest, the whole class is immediately affected. If he suppresses his yawn and throws a decent cloak of simulated interest—not enthusiasm, for that overshoots the mark and is easily detected

—over the distasteful matter, he may carry his class gently across the shoals of boredom. Indeed a certain advantage may be found to underlie incidents of this kind. The teacher's own state of mind with regard to the lesson he is giving may be a valuable index to what is going on in the minds of his pupils. It is a distinguished English Public School Master who writes: "I declare that one of the most useful qualities that I have found myself to possess from the point of view of teaching, is the capacity for being rapidly and easily bored myself."

This introduces the second advantage of assuming a virtue that we do not possess. For not only does this assumed virtue produce a good effect on the pupil, but it reflects a benefit on the teacher himself. In this matter of boredom, for example, it not only helps the pupil to develop some sort of interest in a dull subject, but stimulates the teacher to scare up an interest on his own account. The easily bored teacher has sympathy with his bored pupils, and in the effort to rouse their interest contrives to stimulate his own.

This benefit to the teacher himself is a far-reaching influence, and has a picturesque, if as yet not a very stable, psychological foundation. A suggested explanation of the relation between emotion and its expression labours under the cumbrous title the Lange-James—sometimes even expanded into the Lange-James-Sutherland — theory. The psychologists in this partnership maintain that by assum-

ing the expression of any emotion we tend to experience that emotion. Their view indeed is that the emotion and its expression are one and indivisible. Accordingly, by assuming the symptoms of anger I get into a rage: by simulating fear I get really timorous. The orthodox still frown upon this view, but the newer psychologists in their dealings with the unconscious appear to have unearthed facts that are at least favourable to the theory, and no less an authority than Professor Dunlap of Johns Hopkins University has recently treated it with an encouraging amount of respect.

In any case, there is enough in the theory to justify us in making a serious application of its findings. New as the theory is, some of the facts on which it is based were known long ago; as far back indeed as the time of Plato, who in his usual aggravatingly anticipatory way has dealt with the problem of "acting" on just the lines that would be followed by those who are inclined to accept the Lange-James theory. Plato's objection to the stage is not because of its effect upon the audiences —the Puritans' stock argument on the *Histriomastix* side—but because of its evil effect upon the actors. He holds that by playing the parts of bad men, the actors become bad. It is true that Plato is not quite fair in his argument: he does not carry it far enough. For obviously it should follow that the actor who plays the parts of good men should himself become noble. But the great Anticipator

had probably a premonition of the total depravity doctrine, and realised that the downward path is much easier than the upward, and that the burden of the grossness of the bad "parts" would have weight to drag us down. We might argue that in any case a man who played all sorts of parts would neither gain nor lose in terms of the Lange-James theory, since the good and the bad would neutralise each other.

I can well imagine that if Plato had been faced with this argument he would have found some ingenious way out. Certainly Socrates would: and it is not difficult to imagine the snub-nosed philosopher suggesting that the result of the averaging-up process would be a man comparable to the mocking-bird that can imitate all the songsters of the grove, but has no song of his own. He would not be what we have seen H. G. Wells demands for the successful practice of our craft—"an authentic man."

In any case, if Plato could be called as a witness, there is little doubt but that he would be found on the side of those who believe that by assuming a virtue, in the nobler sense of the phrase, we put ourselves in a fair way to acquire that virtue. Experienced general practitioners of medicine supply us with confirmatory examples. They tell us that when the relatives of a dangerously ill person are warned that it is absolutely necessary for them to keep up a cheerful appearance, these relatives are not infrequently horrified to find that as a result

they actually *are* cheerful, in spite of the patient's desperate state. So the teacher who feigns an interest in a subject that really bores him is only acting according to rule when he generates a genuine interest out of his simulated one.

The theory has been argued in a sphere that is germane to our present inquiry. Professor James saw clearly that if his theory was right, it would involve that actors ought to experience the emotions they simulate. He made inquiries and found that the majority of actors and actresses admit that they do experience the emotions they feign, though there was a minority who maintained that they remained quite unmoved while simulating violent feeling. It would have been unkind had he printed the generalisation that he made to me in conversation, that those who remained emotionally cold were not in the first flight of stage-folk. On the other hand, there is a tradition among the French stage people that Coquelin in his most impassioned parts always retained a critical aloofness, and often spoke of an appraising daimon within him that called upon him to note how successfully he was getting at his audience while remaining himself perfectly calm within. Diderot's *Paradoxe du Comédien* leaves the point unsettled, despite his super-ingenuity. The truth is that sufficient account has not been taken of the element of quantity or degree. The emotion cannot be experienced in its full force on the stage, otherwise actors would be a short-lived race. No

constitution could stand the strain of dying in agony six evenings and two afternoons a week. On the other hand, even the most frigid of successful actors experience more fatigue after an emotional play than after one in which there is little appeal to the affective side. So with the preacher, and certainly not less so with the teacher. It is true that the ordinary teacher has not so many opportunities of letting himself go, as are provided by the stage and the pulpit.

The conscientious teacher suffers from a certain complication that does not arise in the case of the actor. On the stage the performers are concerned only with their own fatigue and its mental effects. In the classroom the teacher is responsible for the reaction of his own mental states on his pupils. At this point a little comfort is certainly due to the harassed school-folk. It will be generally admitted that the teacher's position is a trying one. Whether he will or no he is thrust into a position in which he is necessarily regarded as a model. The distinguishing characteristic of the sort of model that the teacher is supposed to be is, to all intents and purposes, *perfection*.

Knowing how far he comes short of this ideal, the teacher who has the normal supply of modesty is inclined to plead for leniency and consideration. Some, appalled by the ghastly discrepancy between the ideal and the real, adopt the plan—rougher but withal genuinely modest—of abdicating the rôle of

pattern altogether, and proclaiming to the pupils as a principle: "Don't do as I do; do as I tell you." Unfortunately, however sincere and violent the abdication may be, it can never become really effective. The teacher by the circumstances of the case, and in his own despite, is set upon a pedestal, and will have his imitators. Little comfort can be got from the fact that there is usually a rebellious section among the pupils who flout the model, and even imitate him negatively by trying to become his opposite.

But a real solace may be found in the consideration that perfection is not at all essential. Indeed the teacher's very imperfections may be turned to good account. We are not unfamiliar with the "faultily faultless" blemish, nor with the depression that follows the realisation that a goal we have set before us is unattainable. The historian J. R. Green suggests that the execution of the timid Cranmer produced far more effect upon the common people of England than that of the courageous Dr Rowland Taylor, who danced on his way to the stake: the cause being that the ordinary people could understand the common timidity, but not the exceptional courage. So the teacher who aims at a high ideal and falls short of it, may still prove an excellent stimulus to his youngsters. The hot-tempered teachers who feign to be even-tempered, yet now and again break down, are not altogether failures, since by demonstrating their ordinary

humanity they tend to bridge the gulf between master and pupil. It is not a bad thing for the pupils to realise that the teacher is of like passions with themselves, and when they find him in all sincerity trying to overcome certain weaknesses, they are stimulated to imitate his example.

There are those who will be amused at all this talk about the possibility of lowering the godlike standing of the teachers among their pupils. These amused folk will tell us that they have not happened to notice any undue tendency among the boys and girls they know to idolise their teachers, and will perhaps go on to mention cases in which ill-will and even contempt seem better to represent the pupil attitude. Such people have probably never come across the technical meaning of the contraction, G.P., and its sinister connotation among women teachers. In full, the term runs *Grande Passion*, and is technically understood to mean the undue devotion of a pupil for her mistress. For myself I had always regarded the danger of this disease as greatly overrated, but my headmistress friends took it so seriously that I found reason to look at it with less contempt. If responsible teachers feel it necessary to take definite steps to reduce an undue outflow of affection—the American technical term I am told is "a crush"—we may take for granted the existence of a teacher-worship that will at any rate balance the element of contempt that disagreeable critics are at pains to bring before our

notice. In boys' schools the G.P. seldom counts for much, and hero-worship is kept in order by the mediation of games.

The truth is that, the world over, teachers are normally placed in a position of prestige, so far at any rate as their pupils are concerned, and that teachers and taught alike take their relations very seriously. To conscientious teachers, therefore—and whatever their faults teachers are notoriously conscientious—the problem of their right to play a part is of the utmost importance.

Our profession's fallacy is perhaps to lay too much stress on teaching as such, to the neglect of the deeper aspects of education. Without danger of a too great smack of the university lecture-room, we may assume that education is brought about by the interplay of character upon character. The fear of some is that if the teacher allows himself deliberately to play a part his personality will suffer, and that with a damaged personality the educator must necessarily carry on his professional work at a lower level. But we have only to remind ourselves of one fact in order to realise that we are not really dealing with an open question here, but with one that is already settled.

This fact is that whether we will or no we all do as a matter of fact play many parts throughout every day of our lives. Ordinary observation shows that a *Mensch* is a slightly different person at home, at the club, at business, at church. Even at the club

he is a different person in the reading-room from what he is in the dining-room, and still a third style of man in the smokeroom. It is only natural and proper, therefore, that we should have a special personality for the schoolroom. No honest teacher will deny that he is a somewhat different person in the playground from what he is in the classroom, and that his personality reacts differently on a pupil when he deals with him in school from what it does when he meets him in the schoolhouse parlour, and in still another way when the meeting takes place in the drawing-room of the pupil's mother. We assume and throw off an aspect of personality with every change in our environment. There is more than a physical application of Lord Bacon's address to his official robe as he threw it across a chair with the remark, "Lie there, my Lord Chancellor!"

Cultured people who are forced by the exigences of circumstance to live under savage conditions in foreign lands generally feel the danger of slipping from the high level of their home civilisation, and sometimes keep up a certain amount of formality in their eating and drinking so as to arrest possible backsliding. This is a playing of a part not for the benefit of others, but for the benefit of the actors themselves. When Buffon found that he could not maintain his stately style of writing unless he worked at his desk in full court dress, he played a part for his own advantage. Much more justifiable,

then, is the policy of the teacher in his acting for the benefit of others, even though he cannot play his part without an indirect yet very real benefit to himself.

The trainer of teachers, whose business is to guide his young "trainees" in the way they should go, is not usually so much concerned about hypocrisy as about a morbid form of self-consciousness that does much to interfere with their wholesome interactions with their pupils. If we admit that we have, willy-nilly, to play a part in school, we feel that we must examine ourselves to discover what manner of people we really are, in order that we may make the change necessary to correct divergences from the ideal we have set up, and this examination has at least a tendency to produce priggishness.

But in this, as in other matters of school life, we must distinguish between what we do and are outside of school, compared with what we do and are inside school. What we do outside school necessarily has a great deal to do with what we do inside: but the two lines of behaviour need not at all resemble each other: it is a matter of cause and effect, and an effect need not in any way *resemble* its cause. Since a teacher is a particular kind of man, he behaves in one way in school and in another way outside. But he is the same man all the time. He plays his part in school so as to meet most efficiently the demands of the situation there. He is not in the histrionic sense playing a part at all. It was

said of one of our best English actors that he passed beyond the pale of acting into the realm of reality. As it was epigrammatically put, he so entered into his part on the stage that he did not act there: *he merely behaved.* The teacher can emulate this fine attitude. Everything is in his favour. The surroundings all encourage him to rise to his own highest level. After all, teaching is his life work: when he is doing his best before a class he is not acting in the sense that worried my young essayists: the part he is playing is for the moment his whole existence. To his professional self he is as true as even Polonius could wish.

CHAPTER XI

THE TEACHER AS DISCIPLINARIAN

In connection with schools the word *discipline* has joined the long list of terms that have begun life well, but have taken a wrong turning and got into bad company. Originally it was connected with learning, and represented the attitude of learning in much the same way as *doctrine* could be connected with teaching. A secondary meaning was naturally joined up with training, and certain subjects are spoken of as being more disciplinary than are others. A teacher, for example, who maintains that certain subjects—say Latin and Greek—are valuable not so much in themselves as for the discipline they impart to the minds of pupils studying them, may be called and sometimes still is called a disciplinarian.

But to the plain man and the practical teacher alike when we say a certain teacher is a good disciplinarian, we mean that he is good at keeping order in his classes, and making the pupils do what he tells them. In the old days of Payment by Results in our elementary schools, there was a certain grant made for what was called *organisation and discipline.* Though it had a double name, there was but one

thing really included under this head. Organisation looked well on the government schedules, but discipline was the thing that bulked in the inspector's mind as he determined whether the mark "good" should be awarded with its market value of a shilling per head in average attendance, or the superlative "excellent" with its aristocratic payment of eighteenpence.

In the old days when school boards and other authorities advertised for teachers, and candidates sent in that sheaf of "testimonials" that the humiliating system of applications compelled the teachers to submit, the point that the conscientious member of the appointing committee looked most anxiously for was "discipline." It was not uncommon for a set of testimonials to be flattering in every respect, except that there was no reference at all to discipline. The candidate presenting such a set had no chance whatever of appointment. For testimonials were inspected as much to find out what they did not say, as to note what they did. The omission of reference to discipline was a clear intimation that the candidate in question was a poor disciplinarian.

Teachers sometimes argue among themselves whether this mysterious power of control is innate or can be acquired. At a great many examinations of teachers in training I have set the question: "Answer in as simple and straightforward a way as you can the plain question: Why do pupils obey their teachers?" Naturally there was a wide range

of answers, but the vast majority of them could be included in the three following groups: (1) those who voted for physical force, and explained that pupils obeyed lest a worse thing befall them; (2) those who voted for the respect teachers inspire by their superior knowledge; (3) those who voted for the liking the pupils had for their teachers: in this case the pupils obeyed out of love.

The first group made the very common mistake of thinking that teachers maintain discipline by physical force. Perhaps these students were right in the last resort, for many reasonably wise people maintain that at bottom society is based on the exercise of brute force. But they certainly go wrong when they confound, as most of the examinees did, corporal punishment with physical force. No teacher could maintain discipline by mere physical force in a class of forty boys. Individually he may be more than a match for any one or two, or even three, of the forty, but when it comes to taking them in bulk, the master would be helpless before them. All they would have to do would be to fall upon him, literally fall upon him, and the burden of their grossness would have weight (avoirdupois) to bear him down. Corporal punishment is based upon an agreement: the pupil consents to be punished in a definite way: were it not so it would not be a matter of punishment, it would be a fight.

Those who believe that the respect for the teacher's knowledge is enough to lead to obedience are far out

in their reckoning. No doubt Goldsmith was right in his statement of the attitude of the rustics:

> And still they looked, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

But the knowledge the schoolmaster possesses does not belong to the category of things that rouse the youngsters' genuine admiration. The manipulation of a Punch and Judy show appeals to the younger pupils, and the knowledge of how to manipulate a motor bicycle or an airplane among the seniors far exceeds in obedience-producing power all the schoolmaster's knowledge of Latin or cube root.

The third group of examinees was mainly made up of girls. The boys seldom made any reference to love as a discipline-producer. The Lord is not the only one who chasteneth those He loves. Many pupils like their teacher almost in excess, and yet cannot resist the temptation to take advantage of his indiscriminate geniality.

The real source of the teacher's authority is twofold: one stream of influence coming from without, the other from within.

The outer source of his authority is imparted to him by society. The nature of things backs him up. The philosophy of the *nature of things* may be summed up in one typical sentence, the ending of which may be made to fit in with what we find in our own experience. The first clause runs: *This*

is a world in which. . . . The conclusion may be supplied, as the cookery book says, "to taste." This is a world in which unsupported objects fall to the ground—two and two always make four—honesty is generally the best policy—truth is stranger than fiction. So the list goes: and we are prepared for the statement, "This is a world in which pupils obey their teachers."

That is the way of the world, society looking on benignly and doing whatever she can to keep up the tradition. Some things she does deliberately. The law usually supports the profession if any attempt is made to interfere with the teacher's legitimate exercise of authority: public speakers and newspaper people speak well of teachers; parents as a body do the same. Then there are the indirect and unpremeditated means of maintaining the teacher's prestige. The facts that there is a cabinet minister whose whole time is given to the affairs of education, that there is a complete Government department with the same end, that throughout the country are hundreds of officials (if this were a letter to the newspapers "officials" would have to be preceded by the adjective *well-paid*) who do nothing else but attend to education, that there are universities and training colleges most of whose business is concerned with this same education, all produce a stunning cumulative effect on the people of the country, and affect even the youngsters, who are thus driven to the belief that education is an inevitable part of the

nature of things, and that since the trouble can't be cured it had better be endured.

Yet when all is said the final source of the teacher's authority resides within himself. All that we have just said does a great deal to ease the situation, but in the last resort the teacher's personality is the thing that counts. Those who have to deal with the training of teachers have always to face this problem of the possibility of the failure of their students under this head. A very practical problem this was under the old two-year system of training for service in the elementary schools. But in the old days there was a help mercifully provided by the nature of things in the form of the pupil-teacher system. For in the four or five years spent as half-students and whole-time teachers there was provided an excellent sifting scheme by which the ineffective disciplinarians were weeded out before the time for the training college was reached.

In the later schemes under which the candidate for admission to the training college had passed four years as a pupil in a secondary school, this sifting process disappeared. The candidates came to the training college gate with a much better education than had their predecessors, but with no sort of guarantee of their powers as disciplinarians. The position was a desperate one, for it was a serious risk to admit to a two years' course a body of students who might at the end of it discover that they had no

capacity for this indispensable part of their work—control of their classes.

Some of the colleges hit upon the plan of insisting that all candidates whom they thought of admitting should take a month's unpaid work in an elementary school under the supervision of the trained teachers in that school. At the end of the month a report on the prospective student's work was submitted by the teacher of the class to which he was attached, by the head teacher, and by the supervisor of the training college. If all three were favourable the student was admitted without question. If they were bad or doubtful a special report was made by the vice-principal of the college after a visit and inspection of the student at work. If all four reported unfavourably the student was firmly rejected, and in almost no case was there serious complaint from the student or his friends; for with four adverse reports the student was of such doubtful calibre that he usually recognised for himself how unsuitable he was for his proposed life-work.

The great difficulty was in getting unfavourable reports. Class teachers and head teachers alike were unwilling to spoil a student's future. They had usually the desire "to give the young persons a chance," without reflecting what a hardship they inflicted on the potential student by letting him in for a long course of training that would probably result in disappointment and failure.

What interests us here comes out in the experience

of the harassed training colleges in their attempts to anticipate probable failures. The authorities were sometimes asked sarcastically whether they professed themselves to be able to estimate after a one month's trial those who were to be good teachers and those who were not. The answer was that they could not say who were going to be good teachers, but they could make an exceedingly safe guess at those who were not going to be any good at all, from the standpoint of discipline.

Experience over a series of years seems to show that the percentage of probable complete failures from this cause is very small, in all likelihood somewhere between 2·5 per cent. and 3 per cent. In fact, as the result of long experience in dealing with the problem of the distribution of the power of control among teachers, I should be inclined to figure it as a normal bell-shaped curve—what our friend Professor Graham Wallas likes to call the "cocked hat"—with 3 per cent. totally lacking in power of control, 15 per cent. with a weak power, 64 per cent. with a range from good to very good, 15 per cent. with high power of control, and 3 per cent. with supreme power in this direction. It does not at all follow that the upper 15 per cent. are necessarily the best teachers: it merely means that they have this exceptional degree of power of control. They may use it in quite uneducational ways.

It must not be forgotten that it is possible to have in a high measure this power of control, and

having nothing else in the way of an educational outfit. Mr S. P. B. Mais, in his *A Public School in War Time*, gives us the following comment:—

> Countless men I have known who are rapidly making names for themselves as successful schoolmasters, who under any sane system of education would have been sacked after their first day; men who have the wonderful gift of being able to keep boys in order, but beyond it nothing, nothing at all—they would fail even as policemen. They have no powers of direction; they can only hold their hands up and keep the traffic at bay. Successful schoolmasters indeed!

This power of control, then, is a part of the teacher's personality, though only a part. The schoolmasters that Mr Mais despises may be able to do nothing but glare—but they do glare effectively, and make their presence felt in quite a mysterious way. We all know cases in which the mere entrance of a teacher into a room where a colleague is keeping up an unequal struggle with the spirit of misrule induces instant order. When we are asked to explain we can only look helpless. The one comfort is that if we appeal to the entering teacher we find him as helpless as ourselves.

It looks like a gift of God, and gives colour to the belief in the existence of the born teacher. A Latin poet incurred a great responsibility on the day that he wrote, "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*" Had he stopped short in the middle of his famous sentence even those who have made a business of training teachers would have been with him. For they cordially admit that

they must have material to work upon, and are apt to cap the saying with another, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, and apply it with some vigour to their life-work. They admit that it is impossible to supply with a backbone those who are, in matters of control in school, totally invertebrate. Trainers of teachers like to fall back on a saying attributed to Cicero: *Nascimur poetae: fimus oratores*, and feel inclined to add on their own account, *et preceptores*.

They claim that with a definite though small supply-basis of backbone they can do a great deal to help in the way of making effective use of it, but where no backbone is, there can be nothing but complete helplessness.

They claim further that a person with the necessary backbone may make an injudicious use of it, may make all manner of misapplications: and that these indiscretions may be avoided and profitable ways of manipulating the available backbone may be imparted by those who have made a study of training in the management of junior human nature. In a word, the trainers while admitting the first clause of the Latin line, deny the second. They agree that the teacher, like the poet, must be born, but they are equally insistent against the second part that denies that he can be made. They rise to a reconciliation of opposites that would have warmed the heart of Hegel, and claim that the schoolmaster must be born *and* made. We rejoice to note that Ben Jonson approves.

The making, however, is confined to more or less mechanical details, that do not certainly look very impressive, but may in many cases make all the difference between professional success and failure. Beginning with the simple but effective psychology underlying Dr Isaac Watts's satanic manipulation of idle hands, the trainer impresses upon the timid teacher the necessity of keeping his class busy. This policy commends itself even to the unbeliever in the matter of training, as witness the advice of the anti-training headmaster in Ian Hay's joyous *Lighter Side of School Life*:

> There is only one way to teach boys. Keep them in order: don't let them play the fool or go to sleep: and they will be so bored that they will work like niggers merely to pass the time. That's education in a nutshell. Good night.

The second recommendation of the trainer is to make perfect mechanical arrangements. Many a class has gone to pieces merely because the teacher's attention has been drawn away to unimportant details, instead of being concentrated on the manipulation of the total situation. Clockwork arrangement serves almost magically as a lubricant.

A third hint is the bracing of the mind for possible trouble. Some theorists object here that there is never any good in meeting trouble half-way. They even go the length of quoting a vaudeville song, and say:

> Never trouble trouble, boys,
> Till trouble troubles you.

But timid teachers know only too well that there is no need to seek out trouble or to meet it half-way. In the schoolroom it is always more than half-way on its road to meet you: so the best policy is to brace yourself to meet it. Learn of the spectator going towards a big football match, and keep your shoulders braced. If you do, the fellow who bumps into you will probably get the surprise he meant for you. If nothing happens to you, the braced shoulders have done no harm: if something does, you get the benefit of the insurance they provide.

A fourth useful principle is to avoid violent measures, and never to use ultimatums. The wise teacher is very cautious in the way of issuing final decisions in the manner of threats. He spins out his resources as far as he can, so as to have a large reserve of unpleasant possibilities. So long as he can keep his pupils guessing what he may do next, he is in a not unsafe position. The greater the range of potential unpleasantness for the pupils the greater their interest in the teacher, and the more cautious they are in dealing with him. While always on the look-out for trouble, he takes special care not to let his pupils suspect his expectant state. Here is an excellent scope for his functioning as actor.

A fifth recommendation is that in applying this piecemeal process the teacher should cultivate the growth in the minds of the pupils of the idea of

certainty in the matter of being found out, and the finding out being followed by condign punishment. I am not quite sure what I mean when I use the word *condign*. But the term is so often used in this connection that I am perhaps entitled to take it for granted that my readers know. Anyway, it does not greatly matter, for the important point is not the condignness of the punishment, but the certainty that matters. Actual experience in criminal law and in school practice alike has demonstrated this fact. So the timid teacher can take comfort that comparatively light punishments will serve his disciplinary end, so long as certainty is attained.

It is pleasant to report that trainers of teachers no longer follow an objectionable plan they used to have of calling upon their students to use "the teacher's eye." They were wont to expand upon the mysterious power of this optic, and urge their students to use it in quelling troublesome pupils. All they used to say was quite true, and indeed is true to this day. Nothing is quite so powerful in maintaining discipline as this same teacher's eye, and the trainers were perfectly right in urging their students to use it—if they happened to have that kind of eye. But if the eye they had did not belong to that particular type, there was little good in urging them to use the one they had. "Look the young ruffian in the eye," the trainers used to say. "Stare him down." But if the teacher had the wrong kind of eye, it was the pupil who did the "staring down."

The eye, after all, is only the most striking medium through which the personality of the teacher manifests itself. We have not yet any instrument for gauging the teacher's eye, but such an *ophthalmometer* would be a very useful little thing for a headmaster or even a director of education to have about him. In a crude and far from reliable way certain principals of schools in America are feeling after some such instrument, without quite knowing what they really are seeking. Since the days of the old "gallery lessons" that played such a gallant part in the Training System (not the training of teachers system, but the system of training pupils) of David Stow, there has been a gradually developing realisation of the fact that teachers vary greatly in this power of managing large numbers of pupils grouped together at one time.

In working out the Gary Plan in Indiana, it was found, rather to the surprise of the authorities, that teachers who could interest and easily control a group of forty or fifty boys or girls, sometimes failed to interest a group of a hundred, and lost control of them. It was not that they had no power of control. They had the teacher's eye all right, but its power was strictly limited. Increasing experience appears to show, if I am to believe the evidence that I have gathered from inquiries made among principals of schools all over America, that teachers may be classified into grades according to the number of pupils whom they are able to interest

and control in a group. Naturally enough, the discovery has come late in the history of the development of our craft. For in former days there was no occasion to test this particular power. It is only since schools of gigantic size have become common that teachers have been called upon to undertake huge classes in what it is getting customary to call inspirational work. It looks as if it may be possible by and by to classify teachers according to the number of pupils they can efficiently manage in a group. We may be able to affix to each a sort of collective index or coefficient, indicating the exact upper limit of numbers that they are able to handle satisfactorily.

Naturally this coefficient will have a very close connection with the personality of the teacher, though its applicability will be limited to the quantitative side. A teacher who has a comparatively low quantitative range may have a personality of high quality and great power within a narrow field. In other words, personality may be classified along two quite different lines: according to intension and according to extension. In both directions personality will have a very important place in determining the power of control of the teacher, though probably careful investigation will result in separate coefficients for intensity and for range.

It is not suggested that anything new in human nature is here indicated. All that we have been hinting at is that there are a great many elements

involved in the process of human control, that have been in operation during all time. The very fact of so many things about school discipline being mysterious and apparently inexplicable, gives some justification for further investigations with a fair hope of unearthing something worth while.

CHAPTER XII

THE TEACHER AS HUMORIST

Even the genial Goldsmith puts a sting in the tail of his comment when he remarks about the children of Sweet Auburn school:

> Full oft they laughed with counterfeited glee
> At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

But why counterfeited? Might not the schoolmaster put the question of Father O'Flynn of happy memory, and ask whether a dominie cannot be an Irishman too, and therefore a congenital humorist? Charles Lamb is at once on hand with his answer in his essay on *The Old Schoolmaster and the New.* Probably if we searched the whole realm of English literature we could not unearth a personality more antagonistic to the pedagogic spirit than Elia himself: so it is with wonder and amaze that I note the moderation with which he speaks of the schoolmaster and his ways. If we can believe the story that one of them actually went the length of offering him some lessons in the art of writing English, our respect for his moderation goes beyond all bounds.

In criticising the schoolmaster from our present standpoint, Lamb goes no farther than to say that his jokes are thin, and do not *tell* out of school.

This has to be admitted, but carries no special taint on schoolmasters' jokes. It might just as well be said that a commercial traveller's jokes do not tell outside the smokeroom, or papa's jokes do not have their proper appreciation beyond the reach of the family dinner-table. Yet on looking into the matter we must recognise that there are special reasons why the schoolmaster should fall a little below the standard to which he might otherwise attain if a sufficient stimulus were applied. The presence at all times in school of a ready-made audience whose ignoble interest it is to stand well with the Colossus of the little realm, has almost inevitably a deadening effect on his invention.

And yet the suggestion of the Goldsmithian lines is rather one of effort, though perhaps of a mechanical kind. The same suggestion underlies the Elian treatment. It is noticeable that neither of our authors refers to humour: they confine themselves to jokes. Naturally our subject includes a much wider range. We are all familiar with, and if the truth must be told a little tired of, the age-long discussion of the difference between wit and humour. So we may without sin take it for granted that we all know in a general way what they both mean, and what place the joke has in both of them. More than thirty years ago I wrote a chapter on "A Neglected Educational Organon" in which I looked into the psychology of the joke in connection with school work, and nothing I have seen in print since

then has seemed to call for any change in what I wrote at that time.

But here we must take a wider range and include the bigger and broader thing called humour. We want to see how the schoolmaster comes out in relation to this wider outlook. The general concentration on the idea of the joke as an element in schoolmastery reactions is in itself significant, and recalls a term that is sometimes used on this side of the Atlantic, but is much more at home on the other. This is *jokesmith*, and has evidently been invented to keep in their place those who labour diligently, but not too successfully, in their cultivation of the comic muse. It has been ignorantly applied to Scotsmen by those who have not even yet realised that the over-quoted "Scotsmen joke wi' deefficulty" is an example of irony.

There is no doubt but that in both Goldsmith and Lamb there is the suggestion that the schoolmaster grinds out his jokes laboriously but confidently, in the full assurance that there is a laugh waiting for them ready-made and quite independent of their jocular quality. Goldsmith distinctly hints at a reserve of jokes held in cold storage as it were, ready to be unearthed on appropriate occasions. There is significance in that "many a."

A distinct danger underlies the point of view suggested by the use of the term "a laugh" in the last paragraph. This was impressed upon me in a very unexpected way by some anxious inquiries

addressed to me during the World War. Like many of my fellow-professors I was called upon to go just behind the front to give lectures to the soldiers. My instructions were to give as inspiring and especially as *cheerful* stuff as I could. In carrying out these instructions I apparently roused the professional curiosity of some theatrical people who were behind the front doing their part in keeping up the spirits of our men. One of these "professionals" came to me one day and in the most serious way told me that he had been studying my technique and had noticed that I succeeded in getting an average of about a score of laughs in each lecture, and that these were very equally distributed through the hour. He wanted to know exactly on what principles I proceeded, and what were the essential qualities that go to the raising of each laugh. The interview nearly upset my work. Naturally I had never considered the number of laughs nor their distribution. I had talked naturally about the subjects I treated, keeping of course the brighter stops out, as the organist might say. But I was no jokesmith, and the sparks, if they came, had to fly off at their own angle without any guidance from me. It took me a day or two to get over the artificial attitude suggested by this intrusion of the professional joke-maker.

There can be no doubt that the desire to raise a laugh has a bad effect on the work of the teacher. If laughs come, good and well, but if they have to be

fished for, the teacher is in a parlous case. The fishing puts him in an entirely false position with regard to his class: sets him in an inferior grade, the grade of a suppliant: gives the class a hold over him. I have never forgotten the lesson I learnt in the university class of a certain professor who was very able, but also very indolent. He used to read year after year the same old lectures, the sheets on which they were written literally exemplifying "the sear and yellow leaf." He was of a humorous turn, and like his Auburn predecessor had many a joke. Unfortunately these were all embodied in the fossilised pages of his lectures. The point relevant to our present discussion is our treatment, as students, of these humorous excursions. We knew exactly when to expect them in the stereotyped lectures—many of us had accurate copies handed down from one generation of students to another and sometimes passing from one to another "for a consideration," that consideration justly coinciding with the fee we paid for the class—and according to our humour at the time was our treatment of the jokes. If we were normal we laughed at the proper place as ordinary people would: if we were displeased with the professor for any reason, we went on pretending to write down the jokes, but making no hilarious response. If by any chance we were *very* angry with the professor, we did the cruel thing of laughing uproariously just *before* the joke was due.

These incidents emphasise in rather a crude form the possibilities of the teacher putting himself to some extent into the power of his pupils by this desire for appreciation. The actor's "itching for your palms," is paralleled by the teacher who depends on his pupils for a welcome for his jokes. The teacher's desire for popularity is a natural one and within limits may be indulged without sin, but it is dangerous enough to call for careful watching. Among his daily petitions the teacher may wisely include Pope's

Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.

It must not be forgotten that there is room in school for rather a primitive form of humour. After all the youngsters are young and crude, and have their own standard of humour, just as the schoolmaster has a certain bias the same in kind though differently directed. Verbal quips have always had an attraction for schoolmasters from the time of Udall's famous letter in *Ralph Roister Doister* down to the " Schoolmaster's Love Letter " in D'Arcy Thompson's *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.* We are interested in words, and so are our pupils, so it is perhaps admissible to introduce verbal quibbles in school which would be quite out of place in the big world.

We may agree with Dr Johnson in our evaluation of puns, as I cordially do, and yet pardon their introduction in those parts of school work that are

given up to linguistics. In the Perse School we are told that pupils and teachers alike made puns in Latin and Greek. One can more than pardon verbal humour thus limited to the dead languages, but a good deal may be said for quibbles of this kind perhaps in English and certainly in Modern Languages. I have known more than one Modern Language Master who made a systematic use of a book of puns in the language he was teaching. The reader will have seen long ago that I am pleading the cause of the pun in a rather half-hearted way. The danger lies in overdoing the thing, and we can well imagine the unwholesome state of mind of both master and pupils when they are on the hungry look-out for the miserable pun.

When a well-known headmaster in London many years ago told me that his idea of the essentials for success in a teacher were "a knowledge of his subject and a sense of humour," I pressed him for an indication of what he understood by a sense of humour. Quite rightly he declined to commit himself. He hinted that if I did not know what a sense of humour was, any explanation from him would not help me much. This of course was indisputable: but what I wanted was what *his* sense of humour meant, for it varies much from individual to individual. Many people keep in stock a particular story that they use as a standard to test other people's sense of humour. By some of these tests I find I have a satisfactory sense of humour, by others I am found lamentably

wanting. A headmaster who held the opinion of my London friend would have considerable difficulty in determining whether a candidate for a post under him had the requisite sense of humour.

And yet we all know in a broad general way what we mean by this sense, and if we have it ourselves we are inclined to take rather a wide view of what it implies. In popular opinion it varies all the way from a certain verbal smartness that ought really to be confined to wit, up to a broad and tolerant way of looking at things that is not very far removed from the Greek ideal of proportion. Our view as teachers will naturally incline towards the latter conception, though we may have to prove our loyalty to this ideal by making room, under certain conditions, for the verbal-smartness aspect.

The popular use of the term *humour* in connection with schoolmasters has the rather primitive connotation associated with the terms *good* or *bad*. He may be on the whole good-humoured or bad-humoured. But it is worth noting that this use of the term suggests temporariness, rather than permanency. For a stable state *good-natured* is preferred as a term to *good-humoured*. The bad humour will pass, but the ill-natured teacher is one who is of that kind for what the children call "keeps."

But underlying all this general talk there is a deeper meaning that has been at the back of the reader's mind all the while. This is the use the

teacher makes of humour in his dealings with his pupils. It is true that the smiling teacher is generally popular, but a good deal depends on the kind of smile. Some of our novelists who have depicted the modern schoolmaster have given examples of a particularly disagreeable type of smiling teacher. In any department of human life a man "may smile and smile and be a villain." But in school this smiling type seems to have a specially happy hunting-ground. He may have all the external symptoms of geniality, and yet be a perfect blister in the lives of his pupils.

For we have to realise that there is a specially irritating kind of humour whose purpose is to wound. It is greatly to the credit of Goldsmith and of Lamb that they treat of only the kindlier aspect of schoolmaster humour. They poke fun at the quality of his jokes, but they admit that they *are* jokes—of a kind. The ordinary man of to-day if he speaks of schoolmaster humour at all has in mind something rather different, and not nearly so pleasant. His associations are connected with certain incidents in which sarcasm played the chief part. Now though this form cannot be excluded from the class of genuine humour, it is lacking in one of its finest qualities—tolerance. It takes no big general sweep, but confines itself to a narrow range and applies itself to a special individual or group. When a collective unit is castigated, there is room for a certain breadth. When a master, for

example, satirises a group of his pupils who have developed a wrong way of regarding some part of their work or play, he can get in some very heavy hitting without involving any personal bitterness. He can be sarcastic without wounding individuals as individuals. He wants to make the individual squirm: that is what he is out for. But he wants them to squirm in chorus, as it were, and not as separate personalities. It is when the individual is held up to scorn as an individual, that sarcasm becomes definitely a dangerous factor in school work.

Now there are circumstances in which sarcasm may be legitimately used by the teacher. As students in training we used to be solemnly warned that under no circumstances should we use this weapon in school. We heard a great deal about the "tender soul of a little child." Let it be granted that, while we are dealing with little children and tender souls, sarcasm had better be held in abeyance. But when we are dealing with sturdy, stiff-necked, conceited pupils we need not be so elaborately considerate of the feelings of the erring. Husky young cubs and sly little tricksters may be said to need every weapon in our armoury to keep them in their place. With them it is a case of war *à outrance*, a fight on the principle of catch-as-catch-can.

Even in these extreme cases the conflict should be carried on according to the rules of the game. As sporting people would be inclined to say: the Queensberry rules must be scrupulously observed.

When the question is put: What are the equivalents of these rules in the case of school discipline? a very good popular answer is that the first of them is that the teacher who uses sarcasm should grant the pupil the right of reply. Let us look into what this implies.

A very usual attitude of the critics of the teacher's use of sarcasm is to take him to task for playing the bully, inasmuch as he hits a person who has not the chance of hitting back. The complaint has a certain plausibility, that, all the same, will not stand investigation. For if carried to its legitimate conclusion it could be equally applied to caning or other forms of punishment, which, though not exactly popular with critics and the outside public, are still reluctantly tolerated and admitted to be necessary. .We are all aware that the British folk are much inclined to take the side of the down dog, so we cannot expect them to be exuberantly favourable to the use of the cane or its equivalent.

But when it comes to the use of sarcasm by the teacher, our public is inclined to get up in arms and protest against it as unfair and indeed unmanly. They speak of the down-trodden pupil as being scarified by the merciless master and made to suffer agonies compared with which the stings of the birch are not even a circumstance. Now in the hands of a capable satirist all this is no doubt true, but the public does not realise how seldom the teacher has the powers necessary to produce these ghastly effects.

Let us clear the decks for action: so that the discussion may be carried on with a full knowledge of all the facts. Let it be granted (i) that the teacher is in the right; (ii) that the pupil is definitely in the wrong. Unless these postulates are granted, no problem arises. Under any other conditions no teacher worth considering would think of using sarcasm. To use this weapon on a pupil who has done no wrong is unthinkable: it simply is not done. For examples of this infamy we have to fall back upon the pages of the old-fashioned school stories where, to be sure, it was the outstanding characteristic of villainous schoolmastery.

But granting that the schoolmaster is in the right, and that the pupil deserves a flaying, can professional sarcasm be justified? Many people would answer: "NO; unless the power of reply is granted to the pupil." But ought not the same conditions to be imposed in the case of a caning? Should not the pupil be granted the privilege of reply? Obviously in this case punishment would pass from the judicial stage to the primitive, and the proceedings would degenerate into a free fight.

Besides, would the right of reply do the delinquent much good? So far as I know, there is no law against a witness replying in kind when sarcastically treated by a bullying cross-examiner in court; but, according to my observation, it is seldom indeed that an effective reply is made. There is an abundant supply of Serjeant Buz-fuzes in the world,

and a lamentable dearth of Sam Wellers. Besides, Sam was in the right.

This concluding sentence lays bare the kernel of the matter. It is the conscience of the culprit that supplies the sting to the teacher's sarcasm. Without this it would lose all its power, for if the pupil has the sustaining force of a clear conscience, the teacher's tongue will cavort in vain. On the other hand, mere innocence and uprightness give no guarantee of power to use the right of reply. It is good poetry no doubt when we quote "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," but it proves but a poor defence against the attack of a bullying cross-examiner. The trouble is that from the teacher's point of view the right of reply would work almost entirely in favour of the guilty parties. He has most to fear from pupils who are in the wrong, as they very frequently have a rather ready tongue. It is only the really capable reprimander, the master of invective attack and defence, who dares take in hand the delinquent on the equal terms that would be involved in the right of reply.

It is the less to be regretted that this power is not widely distributed among teachers, that it is not at all essential in the work of the school. Serious and quite commonplace rebuke is effective enough without the trimmings of wit and caustic humour, and has the advantage of not leaving the scars that almost invariably mark the trail of sarcasm in its many forms. It takes a real sense of humour, with

all the breadth of view that it necessarily implies, to carry off its application as a directly corrective influence, and that very breadth will in most cases lead to the elimination of its disciplinary use in all but the most urgent cases. For it must be admitted that there are circumstances under which it is the best means of dealing with a situation. The practically universal resentment of sarcasm in all circumstances of ordinary life is a sufficient reason for the well-disposed teacher to avoid it in school, and if we find that it is almost impossible to improve matters by giving the right of reply, the conclusion is forced upon us that in this case the popular attitude is the right one, and that this form of humour should lie fallow in at least the disciplinary side of the teacher's life.

The compensation is that no hardship is inflicted on the teacher who has a genuine sense of humour. His daily work supplies him with abundant scope for the exercise of all his gifts in this direction. To present things in a genuinely humorous way gratifies the teacher, and when it is exercised in moderation this gift gives pleasure to the pupils. Carried beyond a certain point it leads to serious trouble. Nothing is more wearing in society than the deliberately "funny man," and human nature in children is sufficiently well-developed to appreciate this boredom of reaction.

An aspect of this subject that has seldom received attention is the relation between the teacher's sense

of humour and the pupils'. Too often the master is inclined to regard his own view as of general acceptance, whereas for smooth working in school the pupils' attitude must be taken into account.

It will pay teachers to study uncles. Avuncular wit and humour often prove distressing to young people, and worth while teachers will learn from the mistakes of uncles, and be wise. Children are fond of their own type of humour, and of the kind that understanding people bring to bear upon the relation between young and not-so-young. Juvenile flippancy is excellent among juveniles, and is enjoyed by them. They are not so sure about the flippancy of their seniors. It was a wise old schoolman of the middle west of America who made the remark that the child is the most serious thing on earth. What really underlies this statement is that children want to be taken seriously in matters that are important to them. In this they strongly resemble their elders. Indeed we are here brought to the final test of the teacher's function as a humorist. If he can take such a broad and tolerant view of the world of his pupils as enables him to look at things from their point of view, and to bring into that world as much brightness as the circumstances of the case will warrant, he is not far from the educational Kingdom of Heaven.

CHAPTER XIII

THE TEACHER AS STIMULATOR

We have seen reason to admit that we are knowledge-mongers, that at least part of our work consists in communicating information. But we at once begin to discriminate between two kinds of knowing, the knowing that merely means being aware of, and the knowing that implies power: the mere *knowing* and the *knowing-how-to.* This distinction is recognised in most of the languages that we are called upon to teach. In French we have *connaître* and *savoir*; in German *kennen* and *wissen*; in Latin *cognoscere* and *scire.* In Greek we have the same distinction, but scholars have so much to say about which word represents which idea that, this being a peaceable book, we had better take the gentlemen's word for it, and not trouble the printer to dig out the necessary Greek characters.

In English we have our own troubles. We seem to have the choice of to *ken*, to *know*, and to *wit.* It would be pleasant if the philologists would let us quietly balance to *ken* and to *wit*, and have done with it; but in actual practice we have to content ourselves with the clumsy compounds *knowingness* and *knowing-how-to-ness.*

But even with this extension the self-respecting teacher is not content to accept this limitation of his range. When he has done his duty in the way of communicating static knowledge which may be called information, and imparting dynamic knowledge that may be called skill, he feels that he has something more to do. He has in some way to influence the whole disposition of the educand. He has to stimulate him, to energise him. On one occasion after a general statement of this extension of the teacher's function, I was incautious enough to invite a class of American university students of Education to supply a suitable name for the teacher in connection with this function, and gave as an example the title of this chapter, "The Teacher as Stimulator." Among the suggestions I received were: as Enthusiator; as Inspirer; as Rouser; as Invigorator; as Elevator; as Sleep-disturber; as Gingerer; as Pep-injector—this last having the even less decorous alternative of Pep-squirter.

It was manifest that the men had caught the idea, though the temptation to pull out the comic stop was more than many of them could resist. One of them indeed gave a term that is almost worth adopting. It was "as *battery-charger*." The reference to the automobile is obvious. Drivers of these cars are familiar with the need for constant recharging of their batteries, and the transference of the idea to the educator's function in dealing with his educands is natural and easy.

All this sounds very modern and up to date, and thoughtless young people are only too willing to accept it as the last cry in educational modernism. But in point of fact this stimulator idea goes far back into the past, and penetrated well beyond the two-thousand-year range. In plain words the Pep-injection plan was in working order, and indeed in full operation, as far back as old Sparta. It is true that we are here faced with a certain complication that rather throws us out of gear. For Sparta presented the somewhat peculiar organisation of a city without schools. But when we look into the matter more closely we discover that though schools were lacking, education certainly was not; and that in point of fact this school-less city was remarkably effective in its educational organisation.

The story goes, you remember, that a Spartan, being asked how he could dispense with covering his body against the cold, asked his questioners whether they felt it intolerable to go about with bare faces, and being assured that they felt no inconvenience, finished the argument by asking them to consider him all face. I can fancy that Spartan if cornered by the query: "How can your city manage without schools?" getting out of the difficulty by answering: "Consider the whole state as a school." For in very truth the state was a sort of compromise between a school and a military camp: the citizens being called upon to play the double parts of schoolmaster and soldier.

Every citizen was expected to take a direct share in the training of the young. If he caught youngsters doing something that they ought not to do, or leaving something undone that they ought to have done, it was the citizen's business to inflict suitable punishment. This was not at all a pleasant state of affairs for either youngsters or citizens, especially when we realise that these folk considered that a suitable punishment for most offences consisted in biting the culprit's thumb. In passing, it may be remarked that the prevalence of this mode of punishment rather shatters a belief on which I was brought up, that an injury to the thumb was very likely to produce a form of lock-jaw. But as there is no evidence that traumatic tetanus was more common in Sparta than in other states of that time, I must have been wrongly informed.

But what took us back to old Sparta was not this general supervision of education by the citizens at large, but the existence of a specially close connection between educator and educand. For in this old city it was fashionable for adults to specialise in education by limiting their attention to one young person whom they in an informal way adopted as their own. There were no papers drawn up: no documents signed. But just certain individual grown-ups took a particular interest in a boy each. No doubt one grown-up might extend his interest to more than one youngster, and on the other hand some youngster might receive the special attention

of more than one grown-up. The whole system was unorganised, but it had a powerful effect.

The names used for the two members of this educational molecule were the Greek equivalents for "inspirer" and "hearer," and the relation between the two seems to have been wholesome enough, if Plutarch is to be believed. Nor was it confined to boys, for we are told that virgins made the same sort of friendships with the most virtuous of the matrons.

Whatever may have been the case in ancient Sparta, such close friendships between mistresses and pupils are not favoured in the British schools of to-day, as we have seen in connection with the G.P. Still this trouble has never amounted to much in connection with boys, so we may approach the Spartan "inspirers" without fear of pathological excess. The application of the inspirer-and-hearer relation between individual pairs would not be received with favour at the present day, though the function of inspiring boys is still regarded as an important part of the educator's work. Under the twosome arrangement there is the natural fear of favouritism, than which no more deadly sin can be conceived by either boys or masters in their school connections. Now under the Spartan scheme this twosome arrangement was openly recognised as favouritism. But the present-day schoolboy view of favouritism had no vogue in old Sparta.

If the teacher is to be an inspirer to-day he must

do his work wholesale, not retail. He may inspire a class, but he must not lay himself out to inspire an individual unless through the instrumentality of the class. This limitation does not apply in the case of a master in a boarding-school, and is specially inapplicable to the House Master. In so far as the master approaches the status of the full foster-parent he acquires the right to be a genuine individual-stimulator.

To be sure, in the ultimate resort, stimulation must be applied to the individual as individual, though in the case of class-teaching the application is made to the individual through the medium of the class, whereas in private or "House" education it is applied directly to the individual as such. Thus the work done by the old Spartan *inspirers* is now carried on by our professional educators, whether they act as House Masters or Form Masters. It is accordingly worth our while to look into this matter of inspiration.

Now to start with we have roused a certain amount of opposition by merely introducing the term *inspiration*. It suggests to the hard-headed British teacher something sentimental and almost mawkish. That is one of the reasons why I have carried the argument away back to the Spartan period. In that grim city, if anywhere in the world, sentimentality was at a discount. The spirit of the city was harsh in the highest degree, in fact almost brutal. Had we found our inspirers in genial Athens, we would

have much less confidence in pressing their example on our unemotional present-day master. But with Sparta as our sampler we can at least plead with the master to look dispassionately into this matter of inspiration.

The school chapel in the residential Public Schools, and morning prayers in the secondary day schools, are open confessions of the process of inspiration. The school sermon is an open-to-the-world demonstration of the educator at work in the actual process of inspiration. But this same process goes on all the time that masters and pupils are kept in touch with one another. The ordinary schoolmaster does not care very much to be stimulated himself by lecturers who point out and emphasise his responsibilities. Indeed, the ordinary British educator's attitude towards moral instruction is that the less said about it the better. In this attitude he is cordially supported by the British boy.

It is not that either boy or master underestimates the importance of morality or religion, but that they have a constitutional aversion to having them talked about. The boy's attitude is clearly represented in the use he makes of a technical term that plays a big part in his vocabulary. Talking of the kind we have in view at the moment he calls *pi-jaw*, and he does his best to discourage its use. It is true that he admits its suitability on certain occasions. In school chapel it is eminently in order, and he would be surprised and disappointed if he did not find it

there. On a Sunday afternoon in his House Master's drawing-room or study it is not out of place. Very occasionally, indeed, when domestic bad news of a serious sort comes to hand it may be tolerated as an emergency measure. But on all other occasions it is *tabu*, so far as the youngsters themselves are concerned, and it has to be admitted that the masters as a class are only too glad to have it so. They back up the boys in their resistance to any avoidable *pi-jaw*.

When a friend or a book tells an average secondary school master that he owes his influence as an educator as much to what he is as to what he says or does, he squirms when he hears the platitude: but he does not deny it. Indeed, it is part of his unformulated creed. It is one of the principles in which he believes so thoroughly that he is unwilling even to discuss it.

There is a remarkable difference here between the British schoolmaster and the French. The Frenchman is all for direct moral instruction. The British master has no use for it. In the French elementary schools Ethics bulk prominently in the school syllabus, and the walls of the schools are adorned with rather crude pictures of incidents illustrating the commoner virtues. In British schools there is a lack of this graphic aid in moral instruction, the teachers preferring to depend upon the indirect instruction that comes from the ordinary course of life.

To be sure, wherever a suitable opportunity occurs in the course of a lesson, the teacher is quick to make the moral application. But though he seizes every occasion that presents itself, he does not go out of his way to create one. If in dealing with the incomplete sentence the teacher uses the illustration, "John, who broke the window—" and invites suggestions regarding the completion of the sentence, he may get the contribution, "—ran away." At once the moral stop comes out, and a more ethical completion is found. But the moral teaching is done in passing: grammar keeps its place in the limelight all the time.

Perhaps we carry this reticence too far, but certainly our boys and masters seem to understand one another in this matter, and have all the symptoms of playing into one another's hands in the most satisfactory way. The outcome of the whole matter is that our teachers proclaim themselves, by their actions, adherents of the plan of inspiration. Probably the first British schoolmaster to whom you make this statement will reject it with contempt, and with just that touch of resentment that indicates that the charge is true. No doubt he goes one better than the Spartan educators, inasmuch as he does his inspiration silently, whereas the Spartans evidently had a good deal to say while carrying on the process, as is significantly suggested by the very term *hearers* given to the persons acted upon.

The word *inspiration* is distasteful in the ear of

a British Public School Master. He does not in his heart find fault with the thing; it is the name that repels him. If put upon his honour as a gentleman he would have reluctantly to confess that inspiration is just the thing he aims at in his work, but he resents talking about it, and making a fuss. He is an inspirer right enough, even though he dislikes making a display of his methods. His best work is done by the influence he exercises upon his educands in the good old Spartan way, with the improvement that in his case the operation is silent. It is inspiration in its most direct form. The figure of battery-charging is specially applicable in his case. For there would appear to be a direct passage of some sort of power from the educator to the educand. We are apt to speak of a sort of effluence, fluid, emanation, or something equally intangible. But we must resist the temptation to call in the aid of a force as mysterious as the phenomenon it is brought in to explain. The fact remains that the influence is exerted.

When Jesus was touched by the diseased woman in the crowd, He felt that virtue had gone out of Him, and thus supplies us with an excellent illustration of the sort of thing that is going on all the time that we are in such relations with our educands as implies our stimulating them. At the end of an hour's vigorous give and take with a class in which we have been keeping the ball rolling all the time, and preventing the lethargic from enjoying repose

and the mischievous from misdirecting their energies, we certainly feel that virtue has gone out of us, even if we have been scrupulously careful throughout the whole period to keep ourselves definitely in the background, and to limit strictly the amount of talking we ourselves do. Holding one's tongue is often strenuous work.

But having got this length, we must look still more closely at the way in which we do our battery-charging. To a certain extent, no doubt, the influence we exercise comes from us and therefore from outside the range of the educand. But we must not forget that we can work from without only by so arranging our forces that they shall operate from within. We are not entitled to impress ourselves upon our educands as a seal is impressed on wax. The figure is good, for in many cases in the work of education the educator encourages the development in the pupil of the opposite of his own qualities. Let us not forget the lesson of John Stuart Mill, brought out in Chapter IX.

What is wanted is that the educands should be so treated as to allow their natural qualities to develop along the lines most adapted to bring out the best that is in them. Even if we succeed in getting over the difficulty involved in the impressing of the obverse of the seal, and contrive to impose the sort of character that we consider the best, the result is not so good as the bringing out of the inherent qualities of the pupil in their most satisfactory form.

The best of the pupil's own nature is better than the best of another's nature imposed upon him from without. It has been well said that one of the most difficult things for a clever teacher is to allow his pupils to be clever *in their own way.* He is almost always anxious to get them to be clever in *his* way. The proposition might be extended to the dullards as well as to the higher IQ's. Why should not the dull pupil be allowed to be dull in his own way? He will make the best use of what qualities he has, if he be allowed to use them after his own fashion. This does not mean that the teacher is to stand by and let the dullard flounder. It is only a counsel of despair to adopt the attitude of the text, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." We can do a great deal for the dull boy, and even for the clever one, without interfering with his natural development. What we have to do is to find out what that natural development is, and then do all we can to further it.

We have in fact here stumbled on one of the great paradoxes of our craft. In probing into its inner working we have reached a point where we seem to have discovered something to our disadvantage. In the search for means to manipulate our educands more effectively, we seem to have unearthed a valid reason why we should not attempt to manipulate them at all. Froebel tells us that

the still young and so to speak, just becoming human being, even though still unconsciously as a product of

nature yet definitely and surely wills what is best for himself, and more than this in a form wholly fitted for him, which he feels within himself all the disposition, force, and means to represent.

If this be so, there does not seem to be any urgent need for an educator at all. If the child definitely and inevitably does precisely what is best for his own development, there does not appear to be much room for the educator. Probably if we were able to get Froebel to ourselves for a few minutes in a corner he would explain that we had not noticed his limitation of the *early stage* at which the statement is true. He would refer us to the reaction of the duckling to water and the callow swallow to the air. But when we confronted him with his attitude towards the educator at later stages he would find some difficulty in explaining away his doctrine.

For at the school stage the educator is, according to Froebel, distinctly placed in the position of an interested onlooker, labouring under a distressing restriction that might be not unfairly represented by the warning "Hands off." His position is admittedly that of benevolent superintendence. His attitude must not be dictatorial, or actively interfering, but must be "a passivity, a following."

From one standpoint this situation is humiliating for the educator. An attitude of friendly neutrality has a certain dignity about it, yet one can hardly make a life-work out of this negative job. But

under another aspect the attitude suggests a rank high enough in all conscience, since it really involves a sort of partnership with the Deity: we are co-workers with God. To be sure, we share this partnership with all nature, animate and inanimate, for all things work together in the great process of licking humanity into shape, through that interaction with our surroundings that may be called in dignified enough phrase *Cosmic Education*, or in a term less dignified, but accurate enough, *By-Education*. But we professional educators rise above that passive state in which we are used as mere instruments by Deity, and reach the higher level at which we may fairly claim the rank of partners in the process, however humble our share may be.

Truth to tell, we may sometimes think we are working with God when we are really working against Him in our professional activities. But in any case we are working wittingly towards an end that we hope is the same as His, and if we are occasionally wrong in our judgment of what His end is, we have the comforting assurance that in His good time our misguided efforts will be so manipulated as to lead—though by a somewhat roundabout way—to the goal that we missed.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TEACHER AS EXAMINER

WHEN the new building of the London Day Training College was opened in 1907, Lord Rosebery gave the inaugural address. It was not quite up to his usual lofty level; but it had at least one high light. In the middle of a paragraph on the importance of such an institution he turned suddenly upon me and asked whether we proposed to train examiners. Reluctantly I had to confess that we did not—which gave him just the opportunity he wanted to launch out into a protest against the folly of training teachers unless we also trained the examiners who were to evaluate their work. The college staff and all the teachers who were present cordially agreed with this attitude, and applauded his periods: for every teacher's right hand is ready to strike his left in hearty appreciation of anything that tends towards keeping examiners in their proper place.

It is only human to dislike having a person put conspicuously in a position over us that clearly advertises his superiority and our inferiority. Lord Eustace Percy, in an interview granted to a representative of *The Teachers' World* in April 1929, said many kind things about the elementary teachers of

England, yet he introduced into his remarks the significant warning: "But they must overcome their inferiority complex." His Lordship did not realise that this diseased state of the elementary teacher ego is the direct result of the policy of his predecessors in the office of head of the administration of Education. The teachers of the past were driven into that uncomfortable psychological state and that without the alleviation of being able at that date to give it a definite name. The disease arose from the general nature of the relation between a government office and the persons it employed to carry out its plans. But the proximate cause of the unwholesome state of the teacher's ego was the official known as H.M.I.S., which being interpreted ran in these old days Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. The trouble was, and to some extent still is, that a school inspector is not like most other inspectors. He is sent out to inspect persons, whereas the ordinary inspector sallies forth to inspect things—nuisances, for instance.

It is annoying for ordinary human beings to have a man sent round to look into our affairs and see that we do things that the law commands, and do not do others that it forbids. But it is much worse to have a man come round and look on while you do your work, and report his opinion of how you do it. What effect would it have on the dentist if he might expect at any moment a government official to step in, show his credentials, and tell him to go on with

that drill affair and let him see how well he could manipulate it. To some extent actors are liable to the same outside interference, and though dramatic critics do not have the authority of a government department behind them, they can make themselves exceedingly disagreeable. But most inspectors, though they can be troublesome, deal with products and processes rather than with producers, so teachers have some justification if they keep their appetite for inspectors within reasonable bounds.

In Britain the inspectorial system made a bad beginning, since at the start the police idea dominated the whole. Lord John Russell's *Bashaws* and their immediate successors were sent out to see that the nation got value for the money it was beginning to spend on elementary education. There was too big a gap between them and the teachers in the schools that they inspected. They belonged to different social strata, and outside of the schoolroom had no dealings with one another. It is true that in the old times it was regarded as of the essence of the contract for the inspector to shake hands with the teacher on entering the schoolroom. This did not indicate any social brotherhood, but was rather comparable to a similar ceremony that I believe is customary in the prize-ring before the real business begins. In one memorable case the shallowness of this social gesture was brought out by the fact that a certain inspector always wore gloves to tide over the initial contact with the mere teacher. Can you

wonder, my Lord, that an inferiority complex set in with some virulence?

The gradual rise in the status of the profession, and the extension of inspection into the realm of the secondary school, where the teachers are of the same university status as the inspectors themselves, have smoothed out a great many of the wrinkles.

At the beginning it was not merely that the inspector was a graduate and the teacher was not, but that the inspector was a particular kind of graduate. The old universities—Oxford and Cambridge—had a practical monopoly of the inspectorate, and the teachers who had gallantly worried through the obstacle race that led up to a London degree were not regarded as being graduates in the full meaning of that term. In Scotland, no doubt, there was a creditable sprinkling of graduates from the national universities that were accepted as being almost real graduates: but even here there was an encouragement to develop an inferiority complex. Graduates from other universities could aspire to be *inspectors' assistants*, or might even reach the much higher dignity of being *assistant inspectors*, but the supreme honour of being a full inspector with the right to append the initials H.M.I.S. was practically limited to graduates from Oxford and Cambridge. In these old days a brilliant young scholar who had just finished his course at one of these ancient institutions could be appointed straightaway as a full inspector, and in many cases entered an elementary

school for the first time in his life on the morning that he came there to report on whether the teachers were doing their work properly.

All this is now a thing of the past. The extension of the inspectorial system into grades of schools where the staff are university folk has ameliorated the situation considerably. We all know how unwilling the secondary teachers were to have anything to do with government inspectors. The experience of the elementary schools under the dire system of "Payment by Results" had been so ghastly that no one can blame the secondary people for doing everything they could to keep out of the clutches of the Board of Education. Fortunately, however, before stark impecuniosity drove many secondary schools into accepting government aid with its concomitant inspection, the system had so completely changed that no real hardship came to the teachers under the formerly sinister government control. By the time the Board extended its borders so as to take in secondary schools its inspectorial system had undergone a radical change. The police concept had suffered eclipse. No longer did H.M.I.S. come down like a wolf on the fold. Under the old scheme it was not unknown—please do not go away and report that I have said it was usual—for a woman teacher to faint when the inspector appeared on the fatal examination morning. Even an outsider like Thomas Hardy knew the frightfulness of the inspector, and describes him as "the king of terrors."

To be sure the occasion about which he writes in *Jude the Obscure* was one of those lamentable events known as "surprise visits." The girl teacher did not actually collapse, but the shock was so great that she was just on the verge, and after the dreaded visitor had gone the master "took her into his room and gave her some brandy to bring her round."

All this has passed, and the inspector appears in an entirely new light. Now he is welcomed as a friend, a wise counsellor, a useful ally—indeed in many cases he might be honoured with the appellation popular in America, but not yet acclimatised here, a *trouble-shooter*—that is, an official whose business is to smooth out roughnesses and make crooked paths straight. He is in truth a complex-reducer and a very present aid in the process of carrying out Lord Eustace Percy's well-meant advice.

One of the lubricating mediums by which this happy transformation of the relations between the inspectors and the teachers has been brought about is the realisation of the need for examination work within the school and by the instructors themselves. We are all familiar with the term *external examiner*, and teachers are not fond of either the word or the person it signifies. It is with these examiners from without that all the trouble has arisen. With the examinations held within the school by the teachers themselves things are entirely different. Here we have a form of testing that is done on the premises,

and is a matter of domestic concern. If Lord Rosebery had had occasion to visit one of our modern training colleges or university education departments he would have been pleased to learn that at least this sort of examination has had and is now having a good deal of attention. It is obviously essential that teachers should have some sort of periodical test to gauge the progress of pupils: not something imposed from without, but something taken in the pupils' stride, something that, so far from interfering with the regular work of instruction, forms an integral part of that work.

The trouble is that even into the safe haven of the schoolroom the influence of the external examination penetrates, and too often the internal examination is based upon the external. In the past more than at present the internal examination came to be regarded as little more than a preparatory rehearsal for the "real" examination. This preliminary canter was often called "smelling powder," and the term was sometimes made to include the sending in of candidates for a scholarship examination in which they had no real chance of success. But while the deliberate exercise in smelling powder has lost its prominence there is quite often a tendency among the teachers to keep an eye on the external examination while arranging their own internal tests.

The trouble is that the external examination tends to become an end in itself. To be sure, teachers of the nobler sort are aware that it is beneath their

dignity to spoil their real work by subordinating it to an external standard. But, after all, even high-minded teachers are sometimes tempted to regard the external examination—especially when it is associated with scholarships—as something intrinsically important from the point of view of the pupil's career, and occasionally they go just a little out of their way to give deserving pupils the best possible chance of doing themselves justice in competitive external examinations. I myself, I who write (as a Frenchman might say), have yielded to temptation, and at the end of my book called *The Student's Guide* have given a whole chapter to examinations as regarded from the point of view of the examinee. I do not take any special pride in the chapter, but, on the other hand, I feel no call to apologise for it. All the same, it must be admitted that such a treatment of examinations is not on purely educational lines. My chapter should come under the economic aspect of school work.

There is no doubt but that teachers in dealing with their own tests adopt a different technique from that of the external examiner, as is natural and proper in dealing with a part of the regular course as compared with an external intrusion into that course for the mere purpose of testing. But even the internal examinations entirely in the hands of the teachers themselves, and free from all outside control, are apt to be influenced by what happens in the outside examinations. The truth is that the

trail of the external examination is over the whole work of the school. The entire profession travaileth in a painful struggle to reconcile the external examination, which it recognises to be necessary for administrative purposes, with that attention to genuine teaching and education that marks the real work of the school.

It may clear the air a little if we consider the internal examination and its aim. Hitherto there has been a dual purpose underlying most examinations. They were supposed to test at the same time two things: capacity and attainment, the stress being in some cases on capacity, in others on attainment. When they took the form of a leaving test, attainment was clearly the important matter to be estimated. The question was: What had the student gained from his course of training? On the other hand, when the examination was imposed on candidates who wished to enter on a higher course of training, what the examiners wanted specially to find out was what were the capacities of the candidates offering themselves. To be sure, in this case attainments did enter into consideration, for a certain minimum of knowledge and skill was required before a candidate could be admitted to the new course, even though the test gave unequivocal evidence of high capacity. But in view of the fact that defects in attainments can be made good, whereas defects in capacity cannot, of the two, stress was laid upon capacity.

Outside the school range altogether a compromise had to be made between the two aims, the stress being determined by the circumstances of each case. In the Indian Civil Service examinations, for example, subjects like the higher mathematics, philosophy, the classics, astronomy served the purpose of determining the capacity of the candidates, whereas such subjects as geography, economics, psychology, ethnology had an attainment value. Others might be regarded as half-way between the two. Thus modern languages would be valuable themselves in a cosmopolitan occupation like the Civil Service, and at the same time skill in these subjects would give an indication of the capacity for mastering foreign languages in general.

Thus one broad distinction between internal and external examinations may be made by saying that the external form may have, and usually has, the double aim of testing for both capacity and attainment, whereas the internal confines itself to attainment. The teacher has no special need of an examination to enable him to estimate the capacities of his pupils. He is evaluating them every day all along the line. Certainly any examinations he may give will make their contribution to his knowledge of the pupils' capacity, but their evidence is only one among many sources open to the teacher. For him examinations are primarily tests of skill and knowledge, and secondarily of application. Their other function, an equally important one, is not to

test at all, but to give opportunities of exercising acquired skill and knowledge. Viewed from this angle they may be fairly regarded as a part of the regular course of instruction.

According to the special aim the teacher has in view will the nature of the examination vary. If the main purpose is a test of knowledge the examination paper need not differ materially from a paper that might be set by an external examiner. The following rules, for example, might be set before students in a training college that has taken to heart Lord Rosebery's advice to include the art of examination among the subjects to be taught to the trainee.

1. *The paper must cover the whole ground.* Some teachers think they are entitled to work on the principle of *ex pede herculem*, and assume that if the examinee can answer well a group of questions that cover a limited portion of the field, we may take it for granted that he knows the rest as well. The principle is radically bad. Students are only too prone to take chances, and this patchy arrangement is a temptation to which they should not be exposed.

2. *Three-quarters of the paper should be within the power of the dullest pupil in the class.* Some object to this as putting a premium on dullness. Such critics ask scornfully why the clever pupils should be subjected to this dray horse labour merely to make the examination workable for the dullards. The answer is twofold: first, the dullards are within their rights in demanding that the greater part of

the paper should be within their power; secondly, it is for the good of the souls of the higher IQ's that they should go through the simpler matters and thus preserve their poise. The remaining one-quarter of difficult work will give them plenty of opportunity of showing their mettle. Unless some such plan is followed Æsop has laboured in vain over his "Hare and Tortoise."

3. *No optional questions should be set.* The only justification for optional questions is to be found in the need of meeting the claims of a wide range of students working under different conditions. For example, the English literature paper used over the whole of Scotland by the Education Department was for a while made up of a very large number of questions covering the whole of this literature, the theory being that this arrangement would leave the teachers quite free to select any period and teach that thoroughly, in the full confidence that a sufficient number of questions suitable for their pupils would occur in the paper. A reason sometimes suggested for the use of alternative questions is to meet the case of pupils who have been absent during some part of the course. The reason is not sound. The plan would tend to weaken the responsibility of the pupil. It should be impressed on him that his is the responsibility to make up any time lost during the session. It is bad policy to allow the pupil to throw upon the school the burden of making up for breaks in attendance, even though there is

an excellent excuse. By all means make allowance for defects, but do not arrange matters so that the absentee may think that there has been no defect.

These seem to me the essential points in which an attainment or informational internal paper may reasonably differ from an external one. There are no doubt quite a list of rules of a general kind that may be laid down for the preparation of examination questions, but they are of too wide a kind to claim a place in a consideration of the *teacher's* work as examiner.

The other kind of paper that may be conveniently classed as a test in skill naturally takes the form of problems of various kinds, and it is here that the internal examiner has a great advantage over his external rival, in the meantime at any rate, though I am in hopes that we are on our way to the general application of a form of examination that many teachers would like to use, and some teachers actually do use. This is the method of free use of all manner of aids in the examination room. The old ideal was the removal from the examination room of everything that might by any possibility aid the candidates in their work. In a geography examination, for example, it was made quite a rite to turn all the maps with their faces to the wall, lest haply they might prove a very present help in time of examinational trouble to candidates who were not entitled to such aids. Practical examinations in science, from the very nature of the case, have blazed

the way to a more rational use of apparatus and other appliances in the examination room. So far from removing the maps from the examination room walls, would it not be more reasonable to provide each of the candidates with an atlas and a gazetteer? Examinations have been too long conducted on the desert island principle, the examinees being treated as so many Robinson Crusoes. The idea of the conventional examiner appears to be to find out how the candidates can manage in the absence of all the aids that they will find available in the life for which they are being prepared. Certainly there is room for a test of this kind in the external examinations, for a part of the attainment that these are meant to test is the mastery of certain facts that ought to be so engrained in the pupil's mind that he can use them without having to refer to any outside source.

But in the internal examination there is no need to fall back upon the Robinson Crusoe type. Why should not an examination in English literature be carried on in a well-stocked library with open shelves? Why should not dictionaries be allowed in a language examination? If it is feared that these aids will make it impossible to distinguish between those who really know the subject and those who do not, the anxious teacher need not worry. Let him consider the case of an acquaintance of mine who afterwards, I regret to say, became an assistant inspector of schools. He went into a certain examination in

mathematics fortified by the presence in different locations in his outer garments of the unabridged text of the first six books of Euclid, yet came out "plucked," for the very sufficient reason that he graphically expressed: "I could never find the place." Those who know a subject in a dynamic way can use rapidly and effectively all the available aids, and will do double or treble the amount of work possible, within the statutory three hours, for their less expert rivals, though there is absolute equality in the matter of external facilities.

When I was principal of a large training college I found that the students were rather poorly read in English literature, so I introduced a vacation course of reading. The demands were not excessive: a play of Shakespeare, several of Milton's smaller poems, a dozen of Bacon's essays, a novel each from Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, *The Essays of Elia*, one of Pope's longer poems—some dozen items in all. To my surprise the students pulled very long faces at what I regarded as a sort of recreative exercise, but they as a piece of strenuous work. To ease the situation, I made the crafty concession of allowing them to bring into the inevitable examination the texts they had read. The young people had the private conviction that something had gone wrong with the works in the principal's head, but they cheerfully accepted the concession, and it was not till the fatal examination day that they shared my assistant inspector's difficulty, and the unprepared

discovered that they "could not find the place." The distinction between the sheep and the goats was made clear with distressing rapidity and thoroughness.

Satisfactorily as the scheme worked it had one serious drawback; the marking of the ghastly array of examination papers. So I hit upon the plan of examination by a process of inspection. I took the students down to my room in groups, and seating them round the board table, simply invited them to discuss in turn each of the items they had read. It was startling to note the ease with which the negligent students showed up their ignorance. If you do not happen to have read *Ivanhoe*, it is disconcerting to be called upon to discuss it in public. The scheme worked all right with the men. With the women I was never quite sure. Naturally the well-prepared students struck in at once, and the clever section of the unprepared women struck in *almost* immediately, making use of the pointers supplied by their better-informed fellows. If I did not discover within the first three minutes which of the women had not read the book, I had no hope at all of discovering afterwards, so skilfully did they manipulate the information that rapidly became common property round that table. Naturally I could have found out by making false suggestions or by direct catechising. But neither of these alternatives struck me as quite playing the game, so I let the thing go at that. My feeling was that the exercise in mani-

pulating a knowledge that, at the beginning, was not there, formed in itself not a bad intellectual exercise. I know I am saying a terrible thing when I add that somehow the moral element did not seem to come in. Each teacher must be his own critic on this aspect of the matter.

This experience of mine inevitably brings up the vital question for the teacher as examiner. If a *questionnaire* could be sent out to the quarter of a million teaching persons in Britain, asking which is the hardest, most disagreeable, most enervating part of their work, though I am not a betting man I would be prepared as an emergency measure to lay what I believe is correctly described as "long odds" on *marking papers*. The scourge is not confined to examination papers, but includes any other written work demanded from the pupils.

It is in this matter more than in any other that the disadvantage of an energetic conscience becomes evident. There are conciliatory consciences that dismiss the whole problem as trifling. I have heard an American teacher at a conference maintain that it is wasted time to read over and correct pupils' written papers. The important thing, he argued, was the writing of the paper. Another American teacher in a symposium on the subject maintained that exercises of this kind should be kept in cold storage for three or four months and then returned to their authors for correction. By that time, he maintained, the pupils would have developed

sufficiently to be able to correct efficiently their own productions. But the ordinary conscientious teachers, particularly the women, cannot accept this happy-go-lucky optimism. They feel that it is of the essence of the written-exercise contract that marking should follow writing; and reluctantly it may be, but still quite definitely, honest outside critics must agree.

Still, teachers' consciences must not be allowed altogether to run amok. There are limits beyond which the teacher should not go in the detail of marking. The final limit is that at which the pupil ceases to pay attention to the marking. In many cases the pupil contents himself with a more or less dissatisfied glance at the general estimate at the end. Once he has caught a glimpse of the A, B, C, or D, or the more expansive *excellent*, *very good*, *good*, or *fair*, he turns his attention to other things, and does not trouble with the teacher's ruddy trail through the paper. The remedy of course is co-operation. The marking of a written paper should be a joint affair between the teacher and the pupil. The teacher's business is to point out that there is something wrong; it is the pupil's to find out what the trouble is, and to set it right. Unfortunately it is not always possible for the pupil to do his share unaided. But no help should be given till he has proved that he has made an honest attempt. Naturally I feel a little sheepish in saying these self-evident things. But what are rightly called plati-

tudes are worth saying if we find that to many people they are not justly entitled to be so described. The number of teachers who confess in public and in private to the ravages of their consciences in the matter of marking papers, helps me to pacify my own conscience when it upbraids me for expounding the obvious.

With regard to the evaluating of examination work, we teachers fall easily into the two groups, the literalists and the numeralists. Some of us are content with a general estimate of the whole paper which we label A, B, C, or D, and leave it at that. Others like to value each question separately, and adding up the numerical values attach to each set a total number which represents our estimate of the paper as a whole.

Each method has its advantages. Students who take the trouble to think of the matter at all often prefer the numerical plan on the principle that made the Irishman buy his pound of tea in ounces. He should have been a Scotsman, for his reason was that he got "the turn of the scale sixteen times instead of just once." So the teacher who gives a numerical mark to each question in a paper has to give his critical judgment much more frequently than the teacher who reads the paper through and gives his general impression. The truth is that the two methods have separate values. In matters where the artistic element comes in, the literal method is perhaps the better; whereas when we

are dealing with factual subjects the numerical plan has the advantage. In certain subjects one answer superlatively well done may legitimately compensate for half a dozen more or less commonplace ones. In other subjects, each answer deserves equal consideration with all the others. When deciding between a first and a second in Greats at Oxford, the essential point is: does this candidate belong to the first-grade class? As the Americans would put it: is he of "First" timber? With these comparisons in view the teacher may be left to determine for himself the principles on which he exercises his function as examiner.

PART III

THE INNER WORLD: PERSONAL

CHAPTER XV

THE TEACHER AS READER

Most teachers do not realise what a bad reputation they have among the publishers. Book-buying is not included among our virtues by the book-producers. For this there may be many reasons, high up the list being our financial resources. But the publishers take a gloomy view, and suggest that the Burnham scales are not likely to affect favourably our book-buying. Yet when even a cabinet minister openly proclaims that he cannot afford to buy a twelve-and-sixpenny book, and a Bishop of London a few years ago got into trouble because his book-bill formed such a microscopic item in his annual outlay, we need not feel altogether out of the book-buying picture.

But the publishers press their point, and maintain that even books printed directly at the address of our profession receive but a cold welcome. The significant comment is made by the book-producers that the only kind that rouses a fairly warm response are those that supply some sort of direct help in actual school-work. The key to the teachers' hearts, say the publishers, is represented by the word "tips." So long as we give them practical hints, that may be

applied from day to day in the schoolroom, we can carry them with us: but anything beyond that does not seem to interest the teachers.

This attitude does not appear to be by any means confined to these islands. Giovanni Gentile and his colleagues in the educational administration of Italy, find themselves up against the same fondness for "little manuals." The philosopher-educationists of Italy have no use for the little tipful manuals that their teachers seem to love; so in the suggestions to the Italian elementary teachers that were issued in 1924, there is a strong recommendation that the teachers should read the works of big men, and avoid the tip-giving manuals.

The authors of these peptonised productions appear to take it for granted that their readers do not understand an ordinary book. Many years ago I had a personal experience of the dignity of being peptonised. One of my books was prescribed by the Education Department as a text for the two-year training colleges. Some of the officials of the department were not quite sure whether it was wise to prescribe such a human book as mine appeared to be. They thought that something a little more respectably stodgy might be more suitable and better adapted to the needs of teachers in the making. But the department risked it, with the result that a peptonised version promptly made its appearance to enable the students to understand what I had innocently thought was particularly clear. It is

somewhat chastening to find that what one believed was a little too popular, was really in need of clarification to make it intelligible to fairly capable students.

But while "manuals" have a certain place in the teacher's heart, they are none too welcome there. They are used only in so far as they are actually necessary. In the case of the training-college students this is amply demonstrated by a ceremony that used to take place at the end of the final examination that concluded the old two-years' course. By hearsay I learn that on the closing evening there used to be a winding-up ceremony in the quad which included a bonfire in which all the manuals referred to played a bright and shining part. From actual knowledge I know that in Scotland they came to as definite, though not quite so scintillating, an end in the second-hand bookstalls in the city market.

While all concerned—training-college authorities, inspectors of schools, students—are agreed that the manuals deserve their fate, the students who have reduced theirs to ashes with the slogan of "serve them right" are often in no hurry to replace them with other technical books of a more creditable kind.

In other professions there is a phrase of common occurrence that is seldom if ever heard among teachers. It is made up of the two simple words, "the books." Doctors are continually using the phrase, so are the lawyers. Even the old-fashioned

clergymen who studied theology in a serious way, had a respect for "the books," and used to refer to them familiarly in their talks with one another. Maybe they do to this day though I have not now my old opportunities of observing them in their less official moments. All I am sure about is that the teachers never used to toy with the phrase. For them there used to be no such thing as "the books."

To-day things are looking up for the profession. There has developed a body of works of recognised authority on the theory of our craft, and the reproach of quarrelsomeness among educationists is dying down. Occasionally I used to give as an exercise in some of my education classes the simple problem of writing out ten educational principles, one each from ten educational writers of recognised standing, selected by the students themselves. The exercise was a popular one: just the sort of thing students like, involving as it did a certain amount of decent research of a mild kind, but no troublesome thinking. It was usually well done. What the advertisers call "the follow up" was less popular, and came with rather a crash on the unsuspecting students. It consisted in the demand to find in the work of other writers of established reputation a contradiction of each of the selected ten principles. Naturally only one contradiction was demanded for each of the original ten, but even so the task seemed herculean. Yet in actual practice it was not found too difficult. So quarrelsome are writers on the subject that the

abler students found it comparatively easy to produce the required ten flat contradictions. At a later stage I varied the problem by turning it into a challenge to produce from the whole literature of our subject ten principles that could not be contradicted from the writings of current educational literature. It is obvious that this is a much more difficult problem, and the interesting thing is that since it was found soluble we have reason to believe that education too has reached the stage at which it may fairly claim to use the term "the books."

But while it is becoming more and more reasonable to demand from all self-respecting teachers a knowledge of at least a minimum range of recognised books on the wider aspects of their profession, it goes without saying that their reading must not be confined to them. The doctor and the lawyer are rather jealous of "the books" of their profession, and do not like to hear of their patients or their clients reading them. Decent, capable family doctors are quite often heard wishing that every book on popular or family medicine could be committed to the flames, and that compendium, *Every Man his own Lawyer*, would joyfully be sent the same gait if our professional legal friends had their way. Indeed the great bulk of theological literature would swell the bonfire if the clergy were permitted to select which volumes should take the fiery way.

For "the books" are admittedly "shop," and

society has wisely barred shop in our ordinary dealings with our fellows. These chapters of mine, for example, would be very ill-suited for a place on a drawing-room table.

The same restraint should be exercised by the teacher within the limits of his personal life. Self-respect and professional honour demand that he should know the literature of his profession. But his honour as a human being, a *Mensch*, demands that he should keep himself human in the wholesome sense of that word. Doctors and lawyers and clergymen as *Menschen* must so live that nothing human is alien to them, but teachers are in a very special sense committed to this attitude. Their professional success depends to a large extent on their ability to keep their pure human nature up to standard. We have to beware on the one hand of the Scylla of professional indifference and on the other of the Charybdis of pedantic fogeyism.

Midway between the purely technical group represented by "the books," and the undifferentiated group known vaguely as general literature, there is a small library of books that deserve the teacher's special attention. These represent what may be called the artistic side of our professional literature. In a way they are not professional at all. They do not even include that rapidly increasing class of fiction that deals specifically with school life. The group of books I have in mind here are those that appeal to the whole world on the distinctively

human side, and it is because of the very generality of their appeal that I commend them to the earnest attention of my fellow-craftsmen. The group indeed falls into two sections, both of which well repay any time we may be able to give them. The first section includes works written either by teachers themselves or by those who take an almost professional interest in school work. With these we shall deal in the next chapter, when we consider the teacher as an author. The second section has a somewhat wide appeal since it presents humanity, and particularly junior humanity, in its broadest aspects. Of these the teacher must make whatever use his disposition and qualities permit.

Alice in Wonderland and her companion volume *Through the Looking-Glass* seem to be the last books in the world to bring to the notice of serious school-folk. So trifling do they appear that it would seem almost impertinent to mention them to a sober schoolman were it not for the fact that we all know that the books have a most respectable connection, and have behind them in the person of their author the most dignified of all the sciences. In my professorial work I have used these books to supply illustrations of the profoundest of epistemological problems, and I have recently heard a most learned man using them in exemplification of some of the deepest of Einstein's profundities. But it is not because of such serious application that the books are recommended here, but merely because of their

exuberant vitality, and the light they cast upon the obscure places of junior human nature.

The Golden Age and *Dream Days* are equally "well connected," as the social snobs say. You could hardly ask for a better reference than to the Secretary of the Bank of England, which is the office their author, Kenneth Grahame, filled when he published these books that make plain the relations between young folks and ourselves, even though we cannot help feeling the irony involved in the name under which we appear in Mr Grahame's pages—*the Olympians*. The books have the same buoyancy as *Alice*, with a closer approach to the type with which we have most to do in school. To the same class belong the *When we Were Very Young* of *Mr Punch's* A. A. Milne. There are teachers who cannot enjoy such ebullitions. We can but be sorry for them and pass on sympathetically to slightly more advanced work from the pen of Mr Fred Anstey, whose *Vice Versa* comes very close to the bone. So close indeed does it approach the realities of school life that one is strongly tempted to include it among "the books."

Naturally the teachers of the very young—of those delightful creatures that suffer under the flippant technical description of "tiny tots"—welcome each new development of artistic treatment of extreme youth, but even the staid guides of the highest grades will be none the worse of an occasional glance at *Helen's Babies*, or a peep into the fascinat-

ing pages of Miss Rose Fyleman, the poet laureate of Fairyland.

One other section of reading matter deserves mention before we plunge into the ocean of books in general. This is made up of the professional periodical literature. The field is now so wide that a conscientious teacher finds considerable difficulty in making a choice. A good general principle is to take in two journals, one dealing with the grade of teaching with which the teacher is specially connected, and the other with the subject in which he specialises. The first will keep him abreast of school life in general with a special reference to the kind of school in which he works: the other will keep him informed in all the educational developments in the subject he teaches. Formerly elementary teachers might have objected here that they have no special subjects; that circumstances compel them to undertake the whole range of subjects taught in their schools. But the modern tendency is all in favour of everyone having a specialty, even if he has to do a good deal of general teaching outside of the subject to which he has given particular attention.

There is authoritative approval for this combination of the general with the special, for is it not merely a specific application of the recognised principle of knowing everything about something, and something about everything? The trouble, however, seems to be to get the specialists to read

the general magazines, rather than to get the all-round teacher to read the specialist periodicals. For it is the specialist that stands most in danger of narrowness and loss of humanity. There is a tendency of the specialist to lose himself in his subject, and we do not need Nietzsche's help to discover how lamentably illiterate a specialist can be outside of his chosen subject.

When it comes to general literature the problem becomes much easier. If an anxious inquirer comes along and asks what books he, *as a teacher*, should read, the answer is plain: read the books you should read *as a Mensch*. In fact, we should give him the answer that Tranio, the serving man in *The Taming of the Shrew*, gave to his master when in doubt about what to study at Padua:

> Small profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en,
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

To other people this recommendation would come as a pleasant permission, but your doubting schoolmaster, and your still more doubting schoolmistress, are not so sure. They feel that they ought to guide their reading in such a way as to increase their professional efficiency. They are right, of course, but their tender consciences may take comfort from the fact that their first business as professional people is to be sound, wholesome, ordinary human beings.

Now, taking account of the whole range of human literature it may be roughly divided into the two

great sections: (i) the part that everybody is supposed to have read, and (ii) the part that is left optional. We are all assumed to have read the Bible, Shakespeare, Homer, Vergil, Dante, and a host of others that I am far too cautious to attempt to detail. Language is no excuse for not having read these world classics that society is polite enough to take for granted that we all know. The chair that Professor Moulton used to hold in Chicago University met this world-demand, for it was named something like "World Literature in English." If our home universities would all establish such a chair, teachers would be left without excuse for not knowing that minimum of the world's classics that society demands we should know. But society is very gentle in enforcing her demands, and if we make a plausible pretence of knowing what she decrees that we should know, she is genially disposed to take our word for it and ask no questions.

The teacher should be more severe with himself than society is with him. But Tranio's advice must be allowed its fair place, and there is no sense in making a burden of literature, when we have no talent or liking that way. A teacher of science may well be excused for ignorance of Italian, but not of English. Our profession should stand fast by Dr George Sampson's doctrine that every teacher *in* English is a teacher *of* English. So a sound knowledge of English must be regarded as a *sine qua non* of every teacher, irrespective of what he

teaches as a specialty. But as to his knowledge of English literature, or world literature, that must be left to himself, with the simple *caveat* that he shall have read as much as qualifies him to be a respectable member of society, and not to incur such disapproval as will bring his craft into disrespect. If a science master must have his reports edited by a competent English scholar, there is something wrong.

What underlies the whole problem is the matter of general knowledge. Those heart-breaking examination papers in general knowledge bring out very surprising *lacunæ* in the mental content of our pupils, but not all of them are of the same importance. If schoolmasters were submitted to the same test and compelled to answer all the questions set, the result would probably be much more amusing than the comic column supplied by the "University Correspondent" from year to year, the reason being that the masters would have a much wider range in which to go wrong. But in such a paper an inability to explain what "Tobbin's tubes" are (I speak feelingly, because I was asked that impertinent question in a general knowledge paper just half a century ago) is one thing, not to know what the Hegira is marks out a totally different kind of ignorance.

Naturally we do not read only to acquire knowledge. Reading leaves its effects long after the facts acquired have dropped clean out of our memory. If Bacon is right in saying that reading makes a full man, we must not forget that he can become lean

again. Teachers, above all others, should clearly realise the value of forgotten knowledge. The old lawyer who boasted that he had forgotten more law than his young rival had ever known was not vaunting his ignorance, but merely claiming that the residual skill-effect on his mind was greater than that produced by the scanty knowledge-supply at his junior's command. We can never wholly forget anything, if we keep in view the skill-effect it leaves behind. We are never the same person after we have acquired a certain piece of knowledge as we were before we acquired it, even supposing we cannot reproduce that knowledge at will. All we teachers differ from one another according to the backgrounds our reading has supplied us.

An interesting point is that whatever we read we can use in our teaching. It may not be applicable directly, but in the form of illustration it is always available. An old editor friend of mine used to say that when he had an article to write, he thought out the general lines of his subject, and let the illustrations come of their own accord. Whatever he read during the time that the article was simmering in his mind supplied him with illustrations. So in our teaching we depend for our illustrations not always on matter specially read up for the occasion, but on a general appeal to our paid-up mental capital, and whatever we read prepares a reserve fund of illustrations, than which there is hardly anything more useful to the practical teacher.

It is true that this reserve fund supplies observant critics with quite a good means of discovering and evaluating our reading.

Inspectors of schools sometimes used to (and I suppose still do) make a private mental note of the illustrations used by teachers in their actual class work, and from these mental notes develop a theory of the reading of the teachers, a theory that they tested in that quiet unobtrusive way skilful inspectors have, and often found to their satisfaction that they had come pretty near the truth.

The fallacy of "having read" is as dangerous among teachers as among others. Perhaps more so. We have fallen into such a habit of having "done" certain subjects, that the doing of them has acquired a finality to which it is hardly entitled. It was the late Astronomer Royal (Sir David Gill) who told with some glee of a talk with a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl. She asked him what he was studying, and on his replying "the stars," she commented pityingly that she had "done *them* last session."

In dealing with the subject of the teacher's reading I have an uncomfortable feeling of intrusion. What right has any man to criticise the reading of another? Must we not each for himself find out the best matter to read, and the best method of reading? Still, there can be no harm in suggesting possible plans among which others may choose. We have already agreed that one of the most difficult things for a clever teacher is to let his clever pupils be

clever in their own way. Taking this principle to heart in my own fashion, I hesitate to make recommendations with regard to such vital matters as "skipping" and the keeping of a commonplace book. I know men who have been so impressed as boys with the heinousness of passing over unread any portion of a book they have once begun, that they have never been able afterwards to shake off this slavish fear of skipping. Keeping a commonplace book is a sort of antithesis of skipping, and may become as tyrannical on the positive side as the fear of skipping is on the negative. Each must decide for himself with regard to keeping a commonplace book, but as to skipping, it ought to be *taught* in schools. It is not a matter of to skip or not to skip, but of how to skip. Leaving out of account those that make up an artistic whole and must therefore be treated as a unity, there are few books that deserve to be read through from cover to cover, and teachers are, by the very conditions of the case, in a specially good position to exercise a judicious freedom in the choice of which parts of a book to read.

While, as experienced readers, teachers may rightly claim the privilege of free skipping, they will do well to emphasise, and almost to over-emphasise, to their pupils the need for thoroughness in mastering the parts that they do read. In this way they will counteract the tendency to slovenliness that might well arise from the systematic practice of skipping.

It is becoming more and more a recognised part

of the work of a teacher of English to guide his pupils in the art of book-using. So both in his own interest, and in the interests of his pupils, he must specialise in this art. Accordingly, as we have seen that all English-speaking teachers, whatever their specialty, are teachers of English, we may safely leave to teachers in general the problem of dealing with their own reading—with the suggestion that wherever they are in doubt between technical right on the one hand, and personal freedom on the other, they should always give to freedom the benefit of the doubt.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TEACHER AS WRITER

A WISE and observant Chief Inspector of Schools for Scotland used to make the remark when the Schoolmaster as Author came up for discussion that in his experience as soon as one of our craft got into the hands of publishers he was lost as a really first-class teacher. This critic did not object to our producing an occasional book, particularly on some subject outside of our professional range. It was when we settled down to "produce books" that the trouble began. What he had in mind was works of the textbook sort, and the suggestion was that the teachers began to have too keen an eye for the financial aspect of their extra-school activities, to the neglect of their proper work. Probably he was wrong in his estimate of the effect this kind of book-making had on the professional work of the teachers. No doubt he had come across one or two glaring examples of moral delinquency in this direction, but he does not seem to have given sufficient attention to the other side of the case.

Society has no right to demand from its professional teachers any more than the efficient fulfilment of the daily round in the light of a sound knowledge

of the theory of their profession, backed up by a decent familiarity with current educational literature and a deep sense of responsibility. But, on the other hand, there should be encouragement rather than repression for those who have the inclination and the ability to take a share in the preparation of books to be used in the work of the schools. Not everyone can undertake successfully this form of authorship, but probably among teachers are to be found more people capable of making a success of it than are available among the outside public. We must not forget that in the dawn of our craft teachers produced their own textbooks.

Time was, in the memory of those still living, when in Scotland the teachers banded themselves together to produce school books to meet the exact needs of their day. The S.S.B.A., as the *Scottish School Book Association* was familiarly called, did excellent work and produced some first-rate textbooks, several of which helped me greatly in my boyish years. But in due course the Association came to an end. The old race of energetic parish schoolmasters died out, and was succeeded by men of equal capacity but with an outlook narrowed by bureaucratic restrictions. The new teachers were cut off from business enterprise by the intervention of administrative bodies and their officials. These outside authorities probably sympathised with the attitude of our Chief Inspector, and thought that it was better for the teachers to go on with their teaching,

and not bother about the production of school books, —at any rate in a corporate way. Schoolmasters went on making texts all the same: but the publishers saw to it that the business, and profitable, side was attended to outside the schoolhouse.

The interesting thing is that at the higher end of the educational scale, administrative authorities have taken up quite the opposite attitude from that of those who frowned on the activities of the S.S.B.A. For when we get to the university stage the authorities so far from discouraging the writing of books by the members of the staff, actually encourage it. In America, indeed, encouragement has gone almost the length of compulsion. A man's promotion there depends on the number and quality of the books he produces. It is true that in this connection there is a difference in the kind of book that is wanted. Certainly the charge of making money in an illegitimate way cannot be brought against the young people who produce academic books to bring their claims before the notice of appointing authorities at the universities: though at later stages when a professor has established his reputation he sometimes does produce works that bring in substantial royalties. The authorities look coldly upon such books. What they want is not something that will bring grist to the professorial mill, but something that will, in the smooth terms of Academe, "advance the subject." Books that do this seldom pay their authors handsomely: so far from bringing a cash

reward they will on occasion make an inroad on the instructor's capital. Not infrequently it is a piece of wise policy for him to pay for the production of a book that will advance his subject—and himself.

There can be no doubt but that this pressure for book production is frequently carried to excess, particularly on the western side of the Atlantic. But it has its good points. It permits the young man to make his qualities known at a comparatively early stage, and thus enables him to make the progress that these qualities entitle him to expect. No doubt in the last resort this is only a camouflaged form of advertisement. But it has at least two compensations:

(i) It does carry with it the genuine advancement of the subject. The young man does his very best to discover something new and important in his chosen branch. He knows that what he writes must stand the test of criticism at the pens of the established specialists, who in their turn are kept up to concert pitch in their subject by the knowledge that a horde of young investigators are at work and at any moment may unearth something that will make the elect tremble on their pedestals.

(ii) The second compensation is to be found in the minimising of the present humiliating process in which applications for posts have to be "accompanied by testimonials." Instead of going through the debasing rôle of testimonial hunting, the young man can point to his works: refer to the criticisms of them in authoritative journals, and leave them to

speak for themselves. The truth is that if a young man is of what the Americans would call "professorial timber" he ought to be well enough known to appointing authorities not to need to seek out personal puffs. But the best way in which he can attain sufficiently early to this dawn of fame is by producing a worthwhile book. Accordingly, the early production of such works should not at any rate be discouraged.

Turning back now to the exception that our old Chief Inspector made in favour of "an occasional book," we come upon quite a different aspect of the matter. The sort of book that the critical Inspector had in mind is something that is "thrown off," something done not at the address of the publisher, but of the author himself. In the newer jargon of the not unkindly popular psychologists such books are a "means of self-expression." Usually they have no market value, and are free from the faintest taint of money-making. Many of the older types of scholarly schoolmasters had books of this kind, not in type, alas! but in manuscript carefully tucked away in their shabby old desks at home. For who wants to pay their white shillings for treatises, however scholarly, on such themes as (I am giving examples that I have actually seen, not even in typewriting but in the crabbed handwriting of age) *The Metaphors of Homer*, *The Supernatural Elements in Vergil*, *The Implications of the Twelve Tables*, *A New Theory of the Oratio Obliqua*.

Publishers have no use for manuscripts of this kind, and with these old schoolmasters the day is past when it might have been worth their while to produce their works at their own expense. Occasionally an old schoolmaster has enough savings left after he has buried his wife (again I am drawing from actual cases in real life) to indulge in the luxury of expounding, in a limited edition, his views—with diagrams — of how the oarsmen were actually arranged in a Roman quinquereme, or of the *Real Function of the Subjunctive.* But this is rare indeed.

The truth is that in the past schoolmasters so seldom published that it has passed almost into a proverb among bookmen that Teaching is the great inarticulate profession. Naturally this was truer in the old times than it is to-day, when everybody writes: but even now more is written about teachers than is written by them. If you turn, for example, to

> *An Anthology of School: being a selection of English Poems on School, Schoolboys, and Schoolmasters,* chosen and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by C. S. Holder,

you will find that the best of the poems are by rank outsiders, and that even quantitatively the actual school-folk do not subtend as big an angle as they should.

Our occupation is in itself such a serious business, and has had in the past so little inducement to dwell upon it out of school hours, that most of us let the Freudian influence have full sway, and forget about

our craft as systematically as the most virulent psycho-analyst could wish. Yet when we do deal with ourselves in print we are apt to adopt a gloomy tone. It takes a cheerful outsider like Tom Hood to see the funny side of the comparative tragedy of the one-teacher school represented by the sign-board over the door in *The Irish Schoolmaster*: "Children taken in to bate."

No ordinary schoolmaster can fully enjoy the quatrain in which Hood does this hedge school into something like Spenserian lines:

> Six babes he sways, some little and some big,
> Divided into classes six : alsoe
> He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig
> That in the college fareth to and fro.

There is little to attract the teacher in such sordid matters, or to induce him to follow Silas Wegg's noble example and "drop into poetry." No doubt outsiders can enjoy Dr Syntax's economic quip:

> E'en birch, the pedant master's boast
> Was so increased in worth and cost,
> That oft, prudentially beguiled,
> To save the rod he spoiled the child.

But the schoolmaster can raise but a bleak smile over it. When he does drop into literary form his thoughts too often take the direction of self-pity. When he takes a hand in this game of professional self-expression, and himself weaves a novel round his craft, it is seldom a cheerful affair, and the schoolmaster of the story does not usually come off well.

Dr Gilkes, a former Headmaster of Dulwich College, produced a story under the rather wooden title of *Boys and Masters.* There is little suggestion of Romance in a heading like this. We are prepared to have a rather technical treatment of scholastic matters. But even so a love element appears to find its way into the plot, for while I have forgotten the details of the story a fragment of a poem it contains unaccountably refuses to leave my memory. It was written by one of the masters, a certain Dr Scott unless my memory is less faithful to his name than to his work. In any case, this Doctor seems to have had a poor time with his lady, for the two quatrains that I cannot forget run:

> Seek wasps with honey laden,
> Seek oaks that zephyrs bend,
> But not a truthful maiden,
> Or a poor man with a friend.
>
> False is the snake that hisses,
> And the whining beggar's call:
> But the maid that smiles and kisses
> Is the falsest of them all.

Happier in his treatment of his craft is Mr G. F. Bradby, a Rugby master, who in his *David* has painted the most natural and delightful picture I have ever come across of the schoolboy on his human side, and in *The Lanchester Tradition* has given us an all but perfect satire on the Public School spirit, written sympathetically and from within.

Closer to the soul of the actual schoolmaster is the delightful series of essays that D'Arcy Thompson

has left us under the title of *Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster.* Here we have the high-water mark of the soul of our profession expressing itself through an individual whom we teachers ought to be proud to accept as our representative. He would not be truly typical of us unless he had some characteristic weakness, so after careful investigation I have found that weakness in his *Love Letter.* It appears as if a teacher cannot drop into a literary letter without also dropping into puns. With the ghastly example of Nicholas Udall's notorious letter in *Ralph Roister Doister* before him, it is difficult to imagine how D'Arcy Thompson made himself responsible for this rhyming letter of his. But there it is, and the excellence of all the rest of the book carries his reputation triumphantly over this single slip.

For no reason that I can give this love letter of Thompson's calls up *The Grammarian's Funeral.* My only explanation of its resurrection in my memory at this point is the desire to bring up one case in which the treatment of a schoolman from within is finer than what we get from without. Usually our treatment by schoolmen is less artistically effective than our treatment by folk outside our ranks. But here even Browning cannot rise to D'Arcy Thompson's level. To be sure, Browning has not a fair chance. His subject is practically a corpse "dead from the waist down," while our representative schoolmaster expresses the experience of a soul vividly alive, with more of Ariel in it than

of Puck, and in tune all the time with the realities of school life. These *Day Dreams* are in themselves a sufficient refutation of the charge that ours is an inarticulate craft.

It is true that those who write from within our borders rarely attain complete success. Too often they lack just that "little more" that makes all the difference between artistic success and failure. It would be invidious to give examples of those who just fall short—though it would certainly be easy to give references: for in my library I have at least a dozen such books that I greatly admire, but that I would not venture to class as distinct successes in the way of professional self-expression.

Two, however, stand out so vividly in my memory that I venture to present them to my readers as the sort of thing of which our craft may be proud. They are both American, and I am not sure whether the authors are genuine brother chips of the teaching fraternity. But if they do not happen to be professional teachers they certainly both deserve to have been. The first work is called *Emmy Lou: her Book and Heart.* The author is George Madden Martin. I have long forgiven George for a set-back he gave me when the book first appeared. In reviewing it I laid considerable stress on the remarkable feat of a man being able so completely to enter into the experience of a young girl—and then doesn't George turn out to be a lady! At any rate she does know human nature—at least so it seems to

me, though after the trap into which I fell I feel wholesomely doubtful and humble.

The second book is of a totally different kind. My first acquaintance with it was made at the old darksome and sulphurous station of the North-Western Railroad at Chicago. There some quarter of a century ago I bought *The Evolution of Dodd* under the impression that it was a sensational novel of some sort. Afterwards I blamed the murkiness of the dismal depot for my not noticing the sub-title, which proclaimed with entire frankness that the book is *A Pedagogical Story*. In any case I never regretted buying or reading that gallery of portraits of teachers under whom the unfortunate Dodd passed on his way through all manner of pedagogical straits to the glory of a decent manhood. It is true that the procession of teachers under whom he suffered make up another "rogues' gallery" of our craft. But there is a sufficient sprinkling of the salt of kindly understanding to leaven the whole lump of collective pedagogical humanity. There is no doubt in my mind that the author of *Dodd*, Mr Hawley Smith, is an authentic teacher. No one but a teacher could present his matter so much from within unless he could say with the discreditable young man in Vergil "et quorum pars magna fui." His account bears all the marks of being founded on fact, the fact of his own experience.

There is another American book of this class that, I think, just gets over to the desirable side of the line

that marks off the excellent from the very good. I feel that I must mention this *Jean Mitchell's School*, because it shared with *Dodd* what I believe to be the unique honour among novels to be prescribed for reading as educational literature during the training course in several American Normal Schools. Of the two, it is less wonderful that *Jean* should have this honour than that *Dodd* should have shared it. For *Jean's* year was really spent in teaching. The book in fact gives an account of her first year of school after she has left college. It has therefore the advantage of representing definitely, and I think accurately, all that actually happened during that year so trying to every teacher who has just passed the threshold of her craft.

In talking to the instructors in some of the Normal Schools in which *Jean* and *Dodd* were prescribed, I said I could understand *Jean's* admission, but could hardly see the status of *Dodd* in a God-fearing training college. It was in answer to this remark that there came out the fact, highly creditable to the authorities of these Normal Schools, that though every student had to give her word of honour that she had read the two books, there was no examination of any kind on the text. There is a suggestion here that might lead to rather useful applications. Dr Macnamara's *Schoolmaster Sketches*, for example, might supply useful material for similar treatment in Britain, and there is enough talent among our Training College staffs to produce an abundant

supply of novels-with-a-purpose sufficiently well camouflaged to interest students and sufficiently true to school life to admit of direct application to the problems of our craft.

Up to this point we have been dealing with the artistic side, a description of things as they are with an implied but not too clearly expressed criticism. We have seen that usually the teacher who makes his profession articulate has a tendency to adopt an apologetic and even humble tone. Hardly apologetic but certainly grim is the presentation of our craft at the hands of A. C. Benson in his *The Schoolmaster*—which it will be noted has little in common with its great name-fellow in which Old Roger Ascham relieved his mind in 1570:

> The average schoolmaster is practically debarred from a later career. He must make up his mind that his activities will probably begin and end with his mastership. Then, too—for it is as well to state the disadvantages frankly and candidly—he must look forward to doing a good deal of drudgery of various kinds. He must be prepared to go on insisting on a relentless accuracy, to continue correcting the same mistakes year after year, to impose upon tender minds a number of facts which are not superficially attractive, and which possibly he may have the misfortune to consider unimportant in themselves. He must be prepared for an almost inevitable intellectual cramping of interests, prepared to deal incessantly with minds in which he can take nothing for granted, which have neither knowledge nor necessarily interest. *He must perpetually resist the impulse to soar*, and must return again and again to elementary facts and simple problems in their most unrefreshing stage; to

be an interesting teacher he must have a mind resembling a number of *Tit-Bits*, stored with superficial knowledge arranged in an attractive form.

The words that I have ventured to italicise set forth the most irksome handicap of our craft. But they convey a call as well as a restriction. Everyone of us who feels the inhibition in this direction may take comfort from the fact that his resentment in itself shows that he belongs to the elect among us. Not all teachers *want* to soar.

With regard to the *Tit-Bits* mind we may wisely accept the remark as a challenge. The power of organising such an inchoate mass of disparate facts as we find in a journal of this type is no mean one. The job may be regarded as an admirable exercise in the direct application of Integralism. The teacher who can turn to intelligent use a mass of superficially disparate matter is not far removed from the top of the pedestal on which the pansophists placed their greater gods.

It will be noted that while Benson points out mercilessly the disadvantages of our craft, there is no whine in what he says. But when all is said, and all our craftsmen who have done their share in making our guild articulate have been passed in review, the one that stands out most vividly is Dr J. H. C. Crees, from whose *Didascalus Patiens* we have already quoted. We have seen the sort of character sketch he draws of the schoolmaser. Now we may be permitted to invite him once more to the

witness-stand to give his evidence on the public's reaction to the work of that schoolmaster:

> And what is his reward? A tea service or an illuminated address in process of years, a purse of gold even. Possibly, too, when his years lie heavy upon him, the bowstring of "the sack" on the accession of a new headmaster, but never a pension, and rarely a salary ample enough to compensate for the absence of a pension. Our profession knows much of unregarded age in corners thrown, and many a stalwart warrior must still, like Adam, look for comfort to Him that providently caters for the sparrow.

On this dignified if sad note we may well sign off. The comfort is that we are listening to a protest from within, not to a satire from without. Besides, the pension situation is now decidedly improving.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TEACHER AS SPEAKER

Dr George Sampson incurred a great responsibility on the day that he put into circulation his famous pronouncement: "Every teacher *in* English is a teacher *of* English." Those of us who teach other subjects than English probably have not much sympathy to pass on to Dr Sampson, for the satisfactory reason that we need it all for ourselves, labouring as we do under the burden of responsibility he has cast upon our shoulders. St Paul tells us that he did not know he was a sinner till he came up against the tenth commandment. What this final commandment did for St Paul, Dr Sampson's saying has done for every conscientious teacher of any of the subjects in the school curriculum outside of English.

In my work I have often felt the need of a definite term to mark off the teachers of all branches other than English. The term *English teacher* is not itself a very good one: it carries an obvious ambiguity. But common usage in school circles has worn off the ambiguity, and the term stands out as practically univocal. To launch a negative *non-English teacher* would require more influence and a longer time than

is at my disposal. Yet we obviously require a term to mark off the two great groups. So I would suggest the direct form *Subject-teachers*. To use this phrase to distinguish those who teach subjects other than English from those who teach English alone involves the suggestion, as logicians will be eager to tell us, that English is not a subject. But while unwilling to deny to English what would soon become known as "subject-rights," if the controversy became acute, I must point out that the rank of the mother-tongue as a school subject will be materially changed if Dr Sampson's slogan is accepted and pressed by the English-teachers.

The present is indeed a very suitable occasion to open the whole question of the relation between the English-teachers and the Subject-teachers. We are apt to say that English is no doubt a subject in school like any other: but that is not strictly accurate. It is not "like any other," it has a special characteristic that marks it off from all the other subjects in the curriculum. The three R's, if we follow Lord Avebury, may be classed as "knife-and-fork studies," which is obviously only an epigrammatic way of saying that they are instrumental subjects. Carrying on the metaphor, we may call the substantive subjects "dinner studies." But even among the three fundamental instrumental studies English occupies a commanding position. It really captures two of them, for reading and writing are merely forms in which we exercise our English.

Without reading and writing we would be indeed in a tight corner. The mother-tongue occupies a peculiar place in the curriculum. It enters into all the other subjects: successful teaching of them depending to a considerable extent on the mastery of it by teacher and pupil alike. Naturally the teacher is supposed to come to his work with an effective command of the mother-tongue; and since in the nature of things the immature pupils cannot be expected to have the same command, they are all therefore in the position of learners in this subject, whatever other matters they may study. So English holds the unique position of permeating the whole of school life. At the present time there is a better chance for the subject of English than it has ever had before. The refinements must still be attended to in the definitely-set-apart English classes, but the actual use of the language is the business of everybody on the school staff.

The time is past when the specialist teacher could calmly neglect the language in which his pupils presented exercises in his subject. So long as the facts of botany, or history, or physics were correctly set forth, that used to be all that the specialists cared about. As to spelling, and grammar, let the English teacher see to them. As the consciences of some of the specialists pricked them at the sight of the shameful form in which their exercises were presented, they have been known to make the suggestion that they would be glad to mark these exercises

for the subject-matter of their specialty, and then hand them over to the English department of the school to have them dealt with on the linguistic side. Naturally the English departments did not see their way to play the rôle of Gibeonites: so the scheme fell through. Probably in the near future in the large schools there will gradually develop a genuine Gibeonite class of teachers (free from the servile suggestion) who will make it their business to deal with the English of the pupils in the various subject classes.

But while the struggle is going on, and while the seed planted by Dr Sampson is germinating, it is worth while looking at the attitude of the teachers in general to this matter of English. The new claim that we are all teachers of English has a unifying influence on the profession. It is really an appeal to us on the human side, and is far from being neglected, so long as it is confined to that side. It is when definite claims are made on the teachers' time and attention to what is, at least technically, none of their business that the Subject-teachers are inclined to rebel. In the last resort even the most rights-demanding Subject-teacher will not allow his pupils to talk slovenly English in class. Slang is condemned, dialect is *tabu*, vulgarisms are at least frowned upon. In the school every teacher should hold himself responsible for the English of every pupil, as every citizen of Sparta held himself responsible for the conduct of every boy in the city.

But apart altogether from the views of the teacher in this matter, parents and educational authorities take up the very definite attitude that it is the business of the school, as school, to attend to the speech of the pupils. One of the main reasons why moderately well-to-do people strain their resources somewhat to send their children to a fee-paying school rather than to a free one, used to be that the youngsters at the free schools were apt to pick up undesirable things: for example, insects and accents. In these happier days the entomological odds and ends have disappeared, but the accents remain in all their ferocity.

Parents lay great stress on having teachers with good accents: educational authorities back them up. Teachers themselves feel it to be their duty to keep as close to accepted standards as possible, and that irrespective of the subjects they teach. Here there is no question of leaving the matter in the hands of the English-teachers. It is recognised that it is not a matter of deliberate teaching, but rather of setting a good model, and seeing that it is followed.

We are far from having unanimity among teachers where accent and dialect are concerned. But the impression is growing in our craft that too much attention has been paid to mere dialect. The impossibility of entirely changing the dialect of a district is beginning to be recognised, and the question is being asked in quiet corners of common-rooms whether it is altogether desirable. Why

should a Yorkshireman try to modify his accent so as to approximate to an accent that prevails further south? Teachers and other educational people are beginning to face the bi-lingual problem at home. Up till now we have treated it as of importance in Quebec and in South Africa: but to-day it is being brought home to us that the problem exists at our very doors. In a Lancashire village or a London slum we have bilingualism in quite a pronounced form. In dealing with it teachers should probably attempt less than they do at present. The difficulty is to be overcome by dividing and conquering. Edward Thring's principle of "running the goose down" has here an excellent field. Instead of trying to uproot the whole home speech and street speech the teacher should concentrate on the removing (a limited number at a time) of objectionable features that he considers removable. He may thus ameliorate the situation, whereas if he attempts to renovate the entire range of his pupils' speech he will end in a morass.

Inevitably the searchlight at this point centres upon the English-teacher's bane, the letter h. Is this bugbear included within the list of remediable defects? In the case of a responsive individual in the hands of a thoroughly capable teacher the h can be brought to heel, as witness Mr George Bernard Shaw's convincing *Pygmalion*. But with one capable teacher attacking a phalanx of h-maltreaters the chances of success are not bright. The most he can

hope for is to secure decent treatment for the letter within the school walls, and trust to providence to find fair play for it outside.

It has always seemed to me that we spend an unwarrantable amount of time and energy in dealing with this refractory letter. After all, it is not a matter of life and death, as it was one day at the fords of the Jordan. Its main importance is a social one. There is nothing morally wrong in ill-treating the aspirate. I have not heard any convincing proof that the interchange of h's among words produces a more cacophonous result than the recognised arrangement. We all admit, of course, that it is unpleasant to our orthodox ears to have breaches of our sound association thrust upon us. But the offence is in the ultimate resort to be traced back to association, and goes no farther.

We may as well acknowledge, a fact that cannot be denied, that some of our teachers of science have a rather low estimate of the value of English composition. They are inclined to regard it as a rather frivolous method of word-spinning. They would willingly, if they could, themselves put all they have to say in formulæ, and those among them who have no facility with the pen are apt to excuse themselves somewhat complacently with the remark that they "never could catch on to the art of saying nothing in two thousand words."

To teachers of this type, Dr Sampson's claim will be in the highest degree inflammatory. But fortu-

nately this formulæ group is a small one. Most science teachers appreciate the value of good English as a medium of expressing the truths of their subject. There is nothing inconsistent in a science man being also a competent writer of English. Among the many services T. H. Huxley has rendered to education not the least is the brilliant example he has provided of the possibility of combining in one person superlative powers of research and of expression. So we can go calmly on with our inquiry into the verbal resources of teachers and pupils, with the assurance that teachers of all kinds will at least follow with interest, if not with approval.

We are all getting familiar now with the idea of the pupil's three vocabularies—the reading, the speaking, and the writing vocabulary. We know that of these the reading vocabulary is the largest, and that in the younger classes the speaking vocabulary comes next, while in the highest forms the writing vocabulary begins to take the second place. It will be noted that this classification of vocabularies is based upon the subject-matter to which it may be applied.

But a quite different classification may be based on the age of the pupils. Each form in school may be said to have a vocabulary of its own. The vocabularies may be regarded as having a chronological basis. Each age may be assumed to have a vocabulary, and these vocabularies may be grouped so as to show a median number of words

for each. For their own purposes the Mental Test people have made certain researches, and have come to the conclusion that the following are the number of words that make up the vocabularies of the selected ages:—

Age.	Number of Words.
8	3,600
10	5,400
12	7,200
14	9,000
Average Adult	11,700
Superior Adult	13,500

Teachers who have not previously come into contact with the above list, which I have borrowed from Professor Lewis M. Terman, of the Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, California, will be in a little doubt about where they stand in this tabulation. It is a disturbing thing to claim a place among the superior adults, but there seems no other place that quite meets their case. As a matter of fact they need have no hesitation at all. They are not just at their proper level among the superior adults, it is true, but that is because they hold the same position as the man in the Bible, who at the banquet was told to "Go up higher." For, using Terman's own method with several large groups of teachers, I have found that the tests have always given a higher number than the 13,500 allowed by him. They seem to be entitled to something like 17,000, which, when all is said, is not an extravagant demand. Teachers are not only superior adults, but they are

superior adults who have a special connection with words as part of their professional work. Besides, my estimate coincides with the results of an investigator who gave five years of his spare time to try to find out how many words a modern educated person required to carry on all the departments of his life, and came to the conclusion that the minimum number was 17,000. His results were published in *The British Weekly* before the War, but unfortunately I have lost my cutting. It does not matter, however, for he gave only his results, and left his method unexplained.

On one occasion Ruskin is reported to have said a thing that I cannot but regard as much below his usual level, when he maintained that a man damns himself for ever as a person of culture when he speaks about *Iphigen'ia* instead of *Iphigeni'a*. Without doubt it is irritating to us who happen to be accustomed to the second form to have the accent shifted back a syllable. But the man who misplaces the accent may know practically all that is worth knowing about *Iphigenia*: may know the whole plot of the play: may even be able to talk with intelligence about the hidden meaning and symbolism of her story. Does not Ruskin sink to the level of those young gentlemen of Oxford who perpetrate couplets which they attribute to members of Ruskin College, as thus:

> Here living softly on the rates
> We find our ancient friend, Socrates.

Or thus:

> There in Athens taking sides
> Were Perikels and Euripides.

If a man talks about *Plot'inus* instead of *Ploti'nus* it does not signify that he does not know the philosophical views of that Neo-Platonist. What it does indicate is that the mixer of the accents has not happened to come across the name in conversation or in a lecture. To that extent it does indicate that his education has not been so good as that of those who pronounce the word aright.

We teachers are the last people in the world to belittle personal contact as a part of education. But, on the other hand, we are usually big enough not to overestimate the importance of formal correctness in matters of detail. It is hard for the real scholar to sympathise with the sneer underlying the name that used to be given in contempt to the external students of London University. These students are not required to attend classes of any kind, and can go forward to the three remarkably severe examinations that stand in their way to a degree. Some of those who had the advantage of going through a regular university course so far forgot themselves as to speak of their less fortunate fellows as "attic students," and sometimes went a step farther and sneered at them as "garreteers."

It has to be admitted that these external students cannot, perhaps, altogether overcome the disadvantages of their conditions of study, and now and again

may fall into the sort of blunders over which more fortunate people used to make merry.

The purpose of this excursus is to emphasise our responsibilities in the matter of speech. Whether we will or no, we teachers are set up as a model of pronunciation. The time has rather gone by when we were accepted as *the* authority on such matters. The dictionary is much more used to-day than in the old times when the schoolmaster was the natural court of appeal. Yet within the schoolroom itself our authority runs with as great an effect as ever. Our pupils tend to talk as we talk. Philosophers have a ponderous phrase that they are fond of using to describe the subject-matter about which they are writing: they call it "the universe of discourse." This has always struck me as pretentious in books, but applied to the school it seems quite in place.

In fact Mr H. G. Wells maintains that the first function of the school is to promote intercourse: it is only at the second remove that most of the aims usually set before the school find a place. This is a feather in the caps of the English-teachers, but the Subject-teachers get a little of their own back by the reflection that Dr Sampson has done something effective in the way of levelling up matters. Besides, if the English-teachers provide the means of discourse, the Subject-teachers supply something to discourse about. In living up to the level of Mr Wells' demand, teachers are liable to overdo their function of intercourse promoters. A symptom of

this deviation from the true path is to be found in a certain formality of speech that used to be regarded as typical of our craft. "To talk like a schoolmaster" formerly had quite a definite meaning for the man in the street, but of late it is noticeably less commonly used. Or perhaps the case may be better put by saying that the tone in which the saying is used has changed. Formerly it carried a sting: now it is used, if not quite with a note of approval, at least with a suggestion of respectful irritation, underlying which is the implication that the teacher talks better "in a sort of way" than ordinary folk.

It is natural that this should be so, for it is the teacher's business to be accurate and finished in his speech. Other people may not altogether approve it, just as they rather resent the superior accuracy and finish of the English of a really educated Frenchman. They recognise him as a foreigner not from his inferior English, but because his English is in a way superior to their own. Naturally they are unwilling to admit that his English is technically better than theirs: and thereby hangs a lesson to us teachers. We must realise that we have here a parallel to the Athenian attitude towards excessive skill in the arts. The cultured Athenian wanted to be able to play well on certain musical instruments, but not *too* well: to handle a painter's brush or a sculptor's mallet efficiently, but not *too* efficiently. He left supreme skill to the professionals. *He* was

a gentleman. So your cultured Englishman or American wants to use his mother-tongue accurately and elegantly, but not with such stark accuracy and elegance as to cause attention to be directed towards it. If the teacher speaks with such technical perfection that people in general society take notice of it on that ground, it may be fairly said that he has fallen into the schoolmaster's fallacy: he talks it too well.

Our aim should be the highest accuracy that can escape without detection. Naturalness should be a joint goal with accuracy in the teacher's cultivation of the mother-tongue. Here, as usual in such cases of competition, the two goals are inclined to interfere with one another. But here also, as is *not* usual, this interference is an asset. It prevents either of them attaining complete development. We have seen that a teacher speaking with perfect accuracy leaves something to be desired: on the other hand, a teacher might possibly speak quite naturally with a shade less accuracy than is desirable. The Pygmalion of G. B. S.'s play finds at certain stages in the development of his Galatea examples of this conflict between accuracy and naturalness. The "prunes and prisms" state of mind is not entirely unknown to-day among us: and the stern treatment of the aspirate does not tend to promote naturalness.

So much for the problem of vocal presentation of words: now for the words themselves. For the

Wellsian demand for training in intercourse includes the mastery of the meaning of words as well as of their pronunciation. At this point the Subject-teachers are inclined to take more notice. Even the teachers of science show interest, for many of them are familiar with the quip of the Frenchman who maintained that a science is merely a well-made language. Each of the special subjects has its separate vocabulary, of the purity of which it is very jealous. The botanist allows no liberties to be taken with his formidable terms, and even the physicist spends a great deal of time in getting his pupils to tell him *exactly* what they mean by certain sacrosanct expressions current in his classroom. It is through these vocabularies indeed that the English-teacher may make a successful flank attack; and by promising to respect the sanctity of the specialist vocabularies, secure the support of the Subject-teachers for the vocabularies that are the common property of all the subjects of the curriculum.

The interesting thing about all the above figures is that they completely overturn the popular impression of the number of words at the disposal of different social groups. The usual error has been markedly on the low side. It used to be thought that a child of five knew only about two hundred words. Tests have shown that the number is somewhere about five times that. The number of words of a Sussex labourer and a London cabman have been

estimated at numbers so small that they could hardly cover the expletives at the command of members of these two groups. Accordingly, we need not scruple to claim an extensive vocabulary for our craft. Twenty thousand in round numbers is after all not an extravagant demand for a profession that really specialises in words. Out of the more than 400,000 words included in the Oxford dictionary surely five per cent. is a modest demand for Subject-teachers, with a possible extension in the case of those who make English specifically their own.

When I have made a remark like the above in an address to teachers, I have to my satisfaction on several occasions had protests from Subject-teachers after the lecture that there is no reason to credit English-teachers with a richer vocabulary than their colleagues who deal with other subjects. Indeed, the protesters claimed that the chances were that the Subject-teachers were more likely to have the wider vocabulary, since they had a whole realm of special knowledge, whereas the English-teachers were concerned only with the means of expression. I am content to let them fight it out among themselves, while I rejoice inwardly at the happy augury for the acceptance of the Sampsonian doctrine.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TEACHER AS SCHOLAR

HERBERT SPENCER and others have spent a good deal of energy in showing us that in teaching we must proceed from the simple to the complex, and Clio backs him up in History of which she is the Muse. Our daily experience is showing us how much more complicated life in general is, compared with what it used to be.

Our profession certainly is no exception to this general rule. At the time when the veterans among us entered it, our craft was regarded as so simple that anybody could undertake it, at any rate in the higher branches, without any sort of preparation. All that was required of us was that we should know thoroughly the subject we proposed to teach: the actual teaching skill would come of its own accord. It was assumed that anyone could teach anything that he knew. In those days anyone could get up in a public meeting and talk about education with as much authority as anybody else. Nobody knew very much about it, so that was all right. It was a cheerful Tom Tiddler's Ground open to all to disport themselves in perfect freedom. Now our craft has become desperately complicated, and even

Tom Tiddler stands anxiously at the door and wants to see the admission cards of those that wish to come in and make speeches.

It is accordingly rather comforting to be able to report that at least one of the old professional complications has practically disappeared. Strangely enough this old complication had nothing to do with the practice of the craft—or perhaps not so strangely after all, since no attention of any kind was paid in these sad days to the method aspect. The old trouble that has now been eliminated was concerned with that knowledge of the subject that has always been regarded as an absolutely essential qualification for admission to the guild of those who teach it. There never was a time when this demand was not made. The only radical change in to-day's requirements is that they are much more extensive. Knowledge of the subject is now relegated to its proper place as a *sine qua non*: a condition preliminary to even a consideration of a candidate's fitness for entering the profession: something that is taken for granted: something that does not admit of discussion.

But while the possession of the necessary knowledge of the subject is not merely admitted but proclaimed, few there be to-day who would go the length of our predecessors and maintain that the mere possession of knowledge in any way guarantees the power to communicate it. Some of those dungeons of learning who formerly were allowed to

fill Scottish pulpits turned their suffering congregations into eloquent witnesses to the truth that a man can be so full of knowledge that he has no means of letting it out.

Early in our discussion of the many parts the teacher has to play we encountered the need for some short term to represent the subject-matter he is called upon to communicate to his pupils, and turning to De Quincey's well-known essay *On Style* we found the very convenient *docendum.* What probably struck my readers most forcibly about this term is its pedantic flavour: what appealed to me most is the lateness of its coming into our literature, and the lack of welcome that met its appearance. Teachers seemed to have no particular use for the term, the explanation being that the things to be taught in the old schools were so uniform that no great problem arose.

In the old days the *docendum* was definitely limited, and was common to all the schools of Europe. It consisted, as all the world knows, of Latin, Greek, and some Mathematics, arranged in that order of importance. To be sure, in some of the schools from time to time a little attention was devoted to rudimentary science of various kinds. But, speaking generally, the classical languages made up the backbone of the *docendum.* In the earlier periods Latin was not quite what it afterwards became, a dead language; it might be not inaccurately called a half-dead one. It had life to the

extent that it was a useful means of communication: it had a practical value, as well as a cultural one. By and by, however, came the time when it really deserved the current title of *dead.* It had no longer any utilitarian standing. It was either cultural or nothing.

Naturally all the schoolmasters wanted to go on teaching Latin and Greek, since these were the things they really knew, and therefore for them the only available *docendum.*

Please note that what follows is in no sense an attack on the Classics. Like those old schoolmasters I have invested quite a respectable capital of time and energy in mastering the Classics up to a certain modest level, and I do not regret my investment. After comparing all sorts and conditions of men, those with a tincture of the Classics and those without, I would choose the Classics again, if the chance came to re-live my life. So it is no hostile critic who here deals with the old schoolmasters' efforts to justify the only *docendum* they were capable of handling successfully.

They succeeded in getting people to continue to recognise the Classics as a means of acquiring culture, and indeed a main element in that culture. In those critical days for classical studies a man was not regarded as educated unless he had some familiarity with the classical languages, or at any rate with Latin. Acquaintance with these languages became the sort of hall-mark of a certain social

status. The position was a little like that developed in connection with the "benefit of clergy" that in still older days could be claimed by giving evidence of a certain slight familiarity with literary symbols.

It was under these circumstances that a certain awkwardness arose about the schoolmaster's knowledge and the social status it gave him. It could not be denied that he had a mastery of just those things on which the privileged class prided itself, yet they did not themselves quite belong to that grade, for while availing itself of the services of the schoolmaster for the training of its young folk, the privileged class was not prepared to accept him as one of themselves. Yet there was this community in the materials of culture. Whether it liked it or not, capital-S Society had to share with the schoolmaster the insignia of culture, but Society was not inclined to share *him*: and there the trouble originated.

The truth is that among the many values of education there is one that is much thought about, but seldom openly mentioned. On one occasion I caught it unawares at a tea-party in a girl undergraduate's room at Oxford. The discussion had turned on the need for extended popular education, and one undergraduate's contribution was: "But if all these people can spell correctly and speak grammatically, what will be the difference between us and them?" The implication obviously is that there must and ought to be a difference, and that

that difference may be best indicated by the kind of education. This brings up what I like to call the Shibboleth value of education.

You remember the story. The Ephraimites went to war with the Gileadites, and so far as the evidence goes were in the wrong. Accordingly, they were badly defeated, and the Gileadites taking possession of the fords of the Jordan made up their minds to make a clean job:

> And it was so, that when those Ephraimites which were escaped said, Let me go over, that the men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, Nay; then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of the Jordan.

The unfortunate Ephraimites appear to have anticipated the verbal weakness of the modern cockneys: at any rate dropped aitches appear to have been as fatal to life on that day as they still are to social standing in modern London.

In the days when Latin was shared between the leisured classes and the schoolmasters, it had in a marked degree Shibboleth value, but by the circumstances of the case this value did not pass over to the schoolmasters. It could not be denied that they knew Latin, but they wore their Latin, as others did their rue, "with a difference." If the privileged class had ever discussed the matter at all, they would have had to admit that from the point

of view of mere scholarship, the schoolmasters knew it better than they. But so far from this making a favourable impression, it only heightened the heinousness of what Lamb in characterising "The Poor Relation" happily calls "a piece of impertinent correspondency."

To "know Latin like a schoolmaster" was not to suggest thoroughness and scholarship, but to hint at an indecent mastery of that tongue. Society men of that time shared—probably without knowing it—the Athenian contempt for over-thoroughness in the practice of the arts. You have not, of course, forgotten how the haughty Athenian gentlemen handed over to the low-born professionals the more exacting branches. If Pericles and his circle could return to the earth one of the matters that would not need to be explained to them is the difference between "gentlemen and players." In the eighteenth century the schoolmaster had the rôle of "player" to the Society man's "gentleman."

The parallel is perhaps not quite exact, for in the highest walks of learning, both in England and on the Continent, the scholar could sometimes push his learning so vigorously as to rouse the sluggish admiration of even Society people. One could speak of "a scholar and a gentleman." But the phrase did not run on all fours with "a soldier and a gentleman." The *and* admitted a slightly different rendering in the two cases. The second if elaborated would run "a soldier, and therefore a gentle-

man." For the first, the natural expansion would be "a scholar and withal a gentleman."

With the passing of the Classics as the backbone of the *docendum*, this particular worry about the teacher's body of knowledge disappeared. When other knowledges came to their own in the school curriculum the social aspect faded into obscurity. Society, as Society, ceased to have any interest in what was taught in school. No doubt it enjoyed the freedom from restraint in the presence of schoolmasters, though Lamb still confessed to a feeling of discomfort in their company—but Lamb had no great status in Society.

To us professionally the change has become a wholesome one. We are no longer compelled willy-nilly to seem to compete with the members of the privileged class, because of our necessary stock-in-trade. If we still teach Classics we are in a better position than our predecessors, for while Society no longer pretends to know Latin and Greek there remains just a trace of a feeling that it ought to, and there is a sort of floating fragment of Society where it is still considered rather the thing to be on easy terms with the Classics.

But with regard to other subjects there is a quite neutral attitude on the part of the public of to-day. They do not care much one way or the other about what a man teaches. The old uncomfortable attitude towards our craft no longer exists. Formerly the general feeling was that the schoolmaster knew

a great many things that common folk did not. He was perhaps disliked, but on the informational side he was respected and just the least little bit feared. He had the reputation of being able to strike awkwardly into a conversation and authoritatively lay down the law with regard to facts, in a way that was disconcerting to the plain, easy-going, ordinary man, who made generalisations in a fine broad, manly way, without worrying unduly about little details. But as an extenuating circumstance even in the immediate past, so much of the schoolmaster's stock-in-trade had nothing whatever to do with the ordinary affairs of life that the plain man could get along exceedingly well without exposing a discreditable ignorance.

At the present time there is a genial tolerance of ignorance that certainly did not always mark social intercourse. Time was when no man of learning could afford to plead ignorance about any subject whatever. In those days to be a philosopher meant to be one who knew all things that were to be known. When Dante applied to Aristotle the epithet "the Master of those that know," he was only expressing somewhat epigrammatically the meaning of the phrase by which the Stagirite was commonly known —"*the* philosopher." The disciples of the high-light philosophers among the Schoolmen delighted in giving their masters high-sounding names: the magnificent, the splendid, the irrefragable, the universal, the subtle, the venerable, the angelic, the

seraphic, the unique and invincible! How could you expect people with titles like these to confess that there was anything they did not know?

But to-day society—the small-s variety—has come to a kindly convention that all decent folk do know certain matters that come within a fairly wide circle, making up what everybody is *expected* to know. We are all credited with a knowledge of certain languages, the rudiments of certain sciences, and at least the vocabulary and background of certain of the fine arts. We do not really know these things, but they are put to our credit by society, and we play up to the convention. We sometimes even make an honest attempt to get up such a working acquaintance with them as will prevent society blushing too vividly on our account.

From our present point of view the pleasant thing about the whole situation is that we can be cultured "on tick" as it were, and that without humiliating anybody. We give cultural credit as easily as we receive it, and the wheels of social intercourse go round with gratifying smoothness. It is because of this comfortable convention that the schoolmaster's superior knowledge no longer rouses indignation in the breast of the layman. In subjects like history, literature, and general geography laymen certainly are far behind the schoolmaster, but they know enough to make a brave show, and they have wisdom enough not to challenge comparison, much less combat. Indeed the great mass of humanity that

live, move, and have their being outside of school walls have had wit enough to establish the convention that it is bad form to bring into ordinary life the harrowing details that lurk in textbooks and in teachers' heads.

The layman rather fosters the idea, so repugnant to the genuine teacher, that the school is a sort of knowledge-shop: that as we go to an ironmonger's for hardware, to a fishmonger's for plaice, and to a cheesemonger's for stilton, so we go to the school for information. To class a schoolmaster as an information-monger is not a bad way to keep him in his place, and discourage him from showing off his wares. Does not society cordially condemn "shop"?

Thus laymen can look the schoolmaster in the eye, and dare him to put on airs about his superior knowledge. If an ordinary lay person happens to read the above passage he may quite honestly and smilingly protest that it had not occurred to him to feel that there was any necessity to defend himself against the arrogance of the teacher generated by superior knowledge. Such a critic may even go the length of mentioning politely that he had seen no trace of the arrogance—nor of the superior knowledge.

The truth is that laymen now regard the special knowledge of the teacher, the *docendum*, just as they regard the special knowledge of the engineer or the chemist—something excellent in itself and deserving

all manner of honour, but having no particular claim on their attention. Things are different from what they were at the time when the *docendum* was made up of what was assumed to be the common property of all who belonged to the most important social class.

There is an interesting difference between the English and the American idiom that is here relevant. We are dealing with the teacher "as scholar." But this phrase has a different meaning on the two sides of the Atlantic. With us the term *scholar* has a definite reference to a particular form of learning. When old Martianus Capella made Mercury marry Philologia he expressed the feeling of his time and place, and also the feeling of the England of to-day, by making her gather into herself all the essentials of scholarship, while her seven bridesmaids represented each only one aspect of the learning of the time. When we speak of a man as a scholar we have at the back of our minds a connection with books, dictionaries, and grammars, not with scalpels, retorts, and telescopes. In the American use of the term *scholar* all these six adjuncts are equally at home. However highly we may regard Huxley—and no man's hat comes off more rapidly than mine when his name is mentioned—it does not occur to us to call him a *scholar*: in America anyone who wishes to refer to him respectfully in print feels called upon to use this term. An English scientific agriculturalist would suspect a joke in an invitation "to

lecture on The Potato-Bug, treating the subject in a manner at once interesting and scholarly." His American counterpart would simply accept.

In our English sense there are not many to-day who would care to claim to be scholars, but there is still a large body of people in our ranks who have an excellent command of the classical languages. Their number will no doubt gradually diminish, though the decrease in quantity will in all probability be accompanied by a rise in the average quality even above the present high level. But, as things are developing, it appears likely that the present American sense of the term *scholar* will fit better into the circumstances of the case. This may involve the search for another term altogether, for we teachers on this side of the Atlantic are slow to give up our terms, particularly when they touch elements deeply engrained in our traditions.

As one idly lets terms slip through one's mind, one finds little encouragement as there pass in review: *savant*, *littérateur*, *man of letters*, *scientist*, *philosopher*. We find that each of them, like *scholar* itself, fails inasmuch as it limits its application to one particular sort of *docendum*.

Man of learning sounds a little pretentious, but it does suggest the idea that is essential if we are to keep our attention fixed on the *docendum*, for the purpose of the present chapter has been to consider the teacher in connection with the store of material he has at his disposal as stock-in-trade. The nature

and extent of this store we have seen does not impress, or even interest, the layman, but for the profession it is of some importance.

In the most advanced departments of our craft, the universities, the problem becomes specific and acute. There we have the demand that we have not only to teach our subject, but to "advance" it. The practical problem for the conscientious teacher is: how far can I be reasonably expected to add to the knowledge of the subject that it is my business to teach? Now in all fairness the categorical answer should be: *not at all.* In the last resort our business is to teach, not to advance our subject by research or in any other way. Many university professors take the same view, and maintain that their work is to teach the subject. For them the solution is to be found in Mr H. G. Wells' suggestion that for every university chair there should be at least three incumbents: one who is a real teacher; one who is a capable researcher; one who is a clear writer and can keep up to date the textbooks in the subject used in that university.

The only argument that is tenable in the demand that, under present conditions, a professor should be expected to "advance his subject" is as applicable to the school teacher as to his university colleague. This is that an attempt to advance the subject will keep up the teacher's interest in it; will prevent his stagnation; will in fact keep his subject, his pupils, and himself alive.

With the professional school-teacher a great deal depends on his natural gifts and tastes. If he feels no call to do original work in his subject, he may quite honourably and with the clearest of consciences decline to tamper with that subject in any way but as teaching material. He is entitled to demand his *docendum* as a datum. No doubt he must as a student make himself master of the datum and as a teacher keep on studying: but unless he has the higher call there is no need for him to go farther and seek to advance what he quite fairly claims should be given him in such a form as will enable him to present it to the best advantage to his pupils.

It is in the matter of this presentation that a legitimate call may be made upon his originality and invention. He may decline the invitation to advance the subject as such; he cannot honestly decline the challenge to keep on investigating, testing, and experimenting in the ways of presenting it. Herein lies his opportunity of preventing himself falling asleep or growing stale in his subject. With a complete mastery of the *docendum* on the one hand, and of the class on the other, the teacher is in an ideal position to adopt the excelsior touch in his manipulation of his methods of presentation.

CHAPTER XIX

THE TEACHER AS TRAVELLER

"The Teacher on Holiday" might be a better heading for this chapter, but symmetry demands the uniform *as* of the series. Truth to tell, the matter of holidays subtends a very big angle in the minds of teachers and of those who are thinking of being teachers. They form part of the emoluments of the profession, and have certainly a great deal to do with attracting recruits. This matter has not escaped the attention of educational administrators, and among them there is not lacking an unsympathetic minority who say that holidays should be included as part of the salary. As a matter of fact *they are*. For without the current liberal holidays, the present moderate salaries would not attract the quality of teacher that they do to-day.

Teachers will be well advised, however, to take great care in the attitude they adopt in speaking of holidays in connection with their profession. It is poor policy to claim, as some of us do, that we need longer holidays than others because our work is more severe. The wise among us can readily picture the contemptuous grin of the harassed business man as he hears our claim. He thinks of the five hours a

day for five days in the week, and no financial worries; and ironically asks within himself how long their holidays must be to enable the overburdened teachers to recuperate after this inordinate drain on their energies.

Yes, yes, I know all that you want to say, and to say justly, about the special strain involved in the type of work. I admit that we are on the go our whole school day through; that virtue is going out of us all the while; that there are no let-ups during the school time; that the business man can sit at his desk and think out his problems, if not at his ease at least with peace and quietness to do it in, while we have to do our work all the time in face of an exacting class; that our personality is always on the stretch. All this is true, but it will only increase the smile on the lips and the twinkle in the eye of the business man. Remember that he too claims to have a hard time in the office, so fatiguing in fact that he has made of his tiredness at the end of the business day somewhat of a slogan, as the Americans put it, and has emphasised it by reducing it to initials. So long as the tired business man has personified himself under the initials, the T.B.M., there is little chance of his listening otherwise than sardonically to our plea of hard work.

In point of fact there are symptoms of a move quite in the opposite direction from that the teachers would like or expect. There is a distinct movement in the air in favour of longer school hours. This

does not necessarily mean more work for the pupils. Parents and the public in general are convinced of the danger of overpressure. There is not the outcry to which I was accustomed as a young teacher, for the excellent reason that school conditions have been so improved that the danger of overpressure is past. But this new move is in the direction of increasing the school hours so as to give the pupils more free time out of school.

This is only a new form in which Mr George Bernard Shaw's favourite idea about the function of schools is exemplified. You remember that he regards these institutions as prisons in which the children can be incarcerated for as many hours as possible each day, so as to leave the parents free from troubling about them. Obviously an increase in the number of school hours will mean so much the more time of the parents set free from boyish and girlish interruptions. The idea is that the same amount of teaching be carried on as at present, but that instead of the pupils taking a certain amount of work home with them, this individual work should be done by the pupils in school, so that when the later school bell rings at, say, six o'clock, the pupils pack up their books, stuff them into their desks, and start for home, free boys and girls, till next morning's school bell calls them back to prison.

The public will think little of how the teacher feels in the matter. Hasn't he the enormously short hours that are not paralleled in any other profession!

An hour or two added per day will do him good instead of harm. Yes, let's increase the school hours.

In this little struggle let us, as in real warfare, give up the frontal attack on the callousness of parents and the public, and see what can be done on the flank. Here, happily, fortune smiles upon us. We have a weapon ready to our hand, and not only so but a weapon that we can use with a good conscience. Leaving ourselves entirely out of court we can plead the cause of our pupils, knowing that in so doing we are pleading our own. Yet our conscience holds its peace, for it knows that in the ultimate resort our interest and our pupils' are one. Of the two, however, the T.B.M. is inclined to listen to only one plea, the pupils'.

A tired teacher means a mishandled pupil: so does a narrow teacher, a socially awkward teacher, an untravelled teacher. Treating the pupil as a stalking-horse we can get an excellent shot at the T.B.M. by using his own criticism of us. If it be true, as he himself maintains in season and out of season, that we are narrow in our views and restricted in our sympathies, it is clearly to our pupils' interest that we should have opportunities of widening our range and getting into touch with the big outer world, and of learning from men in general and the T.B.M. in particular. This argument obviously leads straight to the subject of this chapter. The teacher can overcome the limitations inherent in

the schoolroom only by easy access to the big busy world outside it.

This is recognised in a practical way in the nation that stands at the very top of the class of practicality. For in the world-class when the subject of *the practical* is brought forward, America, as of acknowledged right, takes the place of Dux. Yet America has led the way in establishing in universities at any rate, that glorious institution the Sabbatical year—one whole year in seven during which the jaded mind of the instructor is allowed to recuperate. I had nearly written "lie fallow," but my professional daimon was in time to whisper that it would never do to put matters in that way. For the unleashed instructor is expected to spend the year in such a way as to increase his fitness for his job. In some cases, no doubt, this is best done by doing nothing at all. If the seventh year Sabbatarian is really worn out, the best plan may be to take a literal rest, and lie metaphorically on his back. In some cases the university authorities make allowance for this sort of thing, permit it, but do not encourage it. The regulation sometimes runs: a year with full salary if the instructor engages in research, or goes abroad: half salary in other cases. Most university Sabbatarians in America draw full salary—and they are right. If they feel too deflated to undertake research work of a technical kind, they are always fit to take up a travel programme that may be not unfairly described as an intensive course

of psychological study that deals definitely with human nature in its broadest sense.

With us in Britain who have not yet reached the glory of the septennial Sabbath, our teachers are keenly alive to the advantages of using our vacations for purposes of pleasant research, of a strictly extra-mural kind, into human nature. Many of us when wandering on the continent of Europe have come across the bitter complaint from our travelling compatriots that they cannot get room to move about in August and September for the swarm of adjectived school ma'ams. The complainants do not realise that there are few tourist people on the Continent who have such a good right to be there as these same school-folk. Somehow the ordinary tourist resents the women teachers much more than their men colleagues. The reason is not far to seek. The men teachers who roam over the Continent (with the exception of the tiny number whose subject is modern languages) are just about as helpless as their plain non-scholastic fellows. But the women teachers have usually the grace to make themselves acquainted with something approaching the language of the country in which they find themselves. They are remarkably efficient, too, in the matter of making hotel arrangements, and the plain man tourist has many occasions to complain that these school ma'ams have done in advance what the complainant had only got the length of meaning to do.

In the past the masters were slightly differentiated

from the mistresses by their preference for Alpine climbing. But now in this, as in so many other directions, there is a movement towards equality. In another respect the sexes are drawing together. Formerly the men were very apt to overdo the energetic. A man would finish his final class on a Friday afternoon, and on Monday find himself on the top of some Swiss peak. He kept up this pace for a couple of months and then came back to school to wonder how in the world he had got so tired. He had done nothing all the time but enjoy himself, and here he was in the classroom quite ready to challenge the claims of the T.B.M.

Both sexes are beginning to realise that fatigue is no respecter of occupations, and follows as easily a "good time" as a "severe term." But while both men and women are slacking off a little in the output of mere physical energy, the women seem unwilling to give up their museum and picture gallery orgies. It is their wretched consciences that make the trouble. There is so much to be seen and so little time to see it in, and all those gaping yellow beaks of their pupils at home waiting to be fed! The freshmen at the University of Aberdeen are locally known as *bajans*; the derivation, philologists tell us, is from the French *bec jaune*, the combined meaning of which suggests the callowness of the young brood. This would exhaust the meaning in an ordinary university, but in Aberdeen the undergraduate lust for knowledge is so keen that the figure may be made

to include the freshman's intellectual hunger, as well as his callowness. The schoolmistresses on their travels have their home *bajans* in mind all the time, and they are apt to keep on picking up unconsidered trifles of knowledge for them all along the line.

Naturally the mistresses as well as the masters pick up more than mere crumbs of information, important as these sometimes are as sidelights in their day-by-day teaching. They acquire points of view of their own, and, above all, they discover that other peoples have points of view in their turn, and that life is made up of the clash of the different attitudes arising from these varying viewpoints. As a nation we are accused of insularity, and as a profession we are said to be exaggeratedly insular. The charge both against nation and profession is much less justifiable than it used to be, and the increased travelling of our masters and mistresses to a large extent accounts for the change. As everybody knows, this problem of the value of travelling is a source of violent difference of opinion, the area of conflict ranging from the music-hall stage to the serious pages of Montaigne and Roger Ascham.

The wandering nigger-minstrel in the vaudeville is twitted by his professional player-up with being only a rolling-stone, and therefore not likely to gather much moss, which enables him to make the effective retort that it is not moss he is after, but polish. Shakespeare would appear to side with the wanderer

by putting into the mouth of one of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* the words:

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

But his remark is made without prejudice, as the lawyers say, for the discussion between Valentine and Proteus was strictly romantic, and far removed from the arena of educational debate. Far otherwise do we find matters when old Roger Ascham gets his hand in. Naturally neither Ascham, nor his opponent in this matter, Montaigne, not to say Shakespeare, had any thought of the schoolmaster in what they wrote. It was the pupil who occupied their limelight. But their arguments have a direct bearing on the problem of the home-keeping teacher. Old Ascham had a profound dislike of foreigners, and it is quite evident that he expected no good to come from a closer connection with them. He has no use for that type of which there was a good deal of talk in his time, "an Italianate Englishman."

But Roger is too good a diplomatist to put all his cards on the table: he bases his objections to travelling on educational grounds. It was the custom in his time, as everybody knows, for the wealthy young man to round off his education by a prolonged tour on the Continent. To this Roger strenuously objects. He does not mince words. He says bluntly:

A young gentleman thus bred up in this goodly school, to learn the next and ready way to sin, to have a busy head,

a factious heart, a talkative tongue, fed with a discoursing of factions, led to contemn God and his religion, shall come home into England but very ill-taught, either to be an honest man himself, a quiet subject to his prince, or willing to serve God under obedience of honest living.

Maybe in all this he was right in those days. But he does not improve his case when he carries his argument into the theory of education. He remarks that:

Learning teaches more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teaches safely, when experience maketh more miserable than wise.

Regarding the misery brought about by experience, Roger is probably safe enough, but in his first clause he comes parlously near the Noahic teaching of Isaac Habrecht, who flourished in the early sixteen hundreds, and is accused of writing the sentence:

One would learn to know all the animals of the world more quickly by visiting Noah's Ark than by traversing the world, and picking up knowledge as he went.

Natural History is a bad subject to select as a specimen of the work of the stay-at-home educator. So long as he sticks to the good old subject of the Classics he is fairly safe, for these can be brilliantly dealt with in the study: but when it comes to the outer world, things get decidedly rocky for the teacher homebird. This is equally true when we come to examine the more educational side as contrasted with the instructional. Ascham's attitude

is hard hit by an old author, but later in history than he. I cannot say whether this Vincent Bourne, whom we have already met in Chapter V, had Ascham in mind when he wrote his quatrain. I do not think he had, but in any case he hits the Ascham target:

> Mamma will keep her boy at home, and guide herself and teach him;
> Lest bitter pain from leathern thong or birchen twig should reach him.
> And so mamma by thee alone let the dear boy be guided :
> He'll be so safe within thy home, and such a fool outside it.

The modern view is all in favour of letting the young see as much of the world as possible. Witness the enormous development of the *Wander-Tag* in Germany and the important share it is taking in the new Youth Movement there. But the encouragement of travel has spread to the teachers all over the world, though naturally it shows itself most markedly in America, where teachers have always had a roving tendency. It has got the length of the daily newspapers and has even dropped into quaint verse. Read what James J. Montague in the *Los Angeles Times* has to say:

> I've never held with teachers
> Throughout my earlier days;
> I thought them pompous creatures
> With patronising ways.
> But these old views are shaken,
> And now I must admit
> That I have been mistaken
> Quite a bit.

A man should go and travel
  In various foreign parts,
So that he will not cavil
  Thereafter at the arts.
And for this pleasant errand
  He should be paid as well,
Declares Professor Ferrand
  Of Cornell.

The time at which foreign experience is to be got is a matter of some importance. Montaigne has the idea that the sooner this experience is acquired the better:

> That he may whet and sharpen his wits by rubbing them upon those of others, I would have a boy sent abroad very young.

Many people to-day agree with Montaigne, but very often when we probe their reason it will be found that what is at the back of their minds is the matter of language. The notion is that the sooner the youngster acquires the foreign language the better will be his knowledge of it. This raises all the thorny questions of a boy learning a foreign language at the expense of his own, and all the problems involved in the interference of one language with another. So we are not sorry when we re-collect that all this is none of our business at present, and that we have to keep to our teacher travellers.

One bit of actual experience here comes to our help. In the British training colleges for elementary teachers many years ago the privilege of a third year was granted to specially capable students who had

done well during their two years. This year could be spent abroad, and was eagerly taken up by students who had acquired a fair knowledge of either French or German. The scheme worked well: but by and by administrative needs made it desirable to postpone this third year till after the student had left college and had taught in a school for a couple of years. This was thought to be a retrograde step, and critics said it would break the continuity of the student's intellectual progress, and thus stunt his development. Experience showed exactly the opposite. The intervening couple of years proved a valuable consolidation period that enabled the students to profit more from the third year when it came. So that mature teachers need not be afraid that they are too old to benefit by travel in whatever form that comes.

For we must realise that besides the joyous private-adventure travel that the teachers' ordinary vacation makes possible, there is now a growing exchange system by which the teachers of one country may exchange with teachers from another. Naturally at present this is mainly between countries using the same language. The English-speaking peoples exchange most readily with each other. But the need for exchange is greater between people who use different languages. The advantages in the way of international comity are obvious and can be readily attained by patriotic teachers with a cosmopolitan spirit.

But till this system of exchange has been vastly more extended than it promises to become in the immediate future, the teachers must depend on themselves to gain that breadth and culture in certain directions that only travel can bring. The radio and the kinema have done much, and will do more, to widen our range, but when all is said the only way to understand a people is to go and see them, and mix with them.

So keenly does the profession realise the need for foreign travel that among themselves teachers are making collective arrangements for excursions to foreign lands. Certain teacher associations, for example, are taking up this matter and organising quite long trips. This is excellent, so far as it goes, and has the great advantage of bringing foreign travel within the reach of purses that are all too lean. So far so good. But the results are not quite as valuable as those that come from independent travel. The school atmosphere is carried with the corporate travellers. From one point of view this is an advantage, as the trip can be so arranged as to cover just the ground that the teachers *need*, even if it is not quite the ground they all *want*. Just as in the matter of books the teacher should read widely in directions that have no specific bearing on his work, so in travelling he ought to go to a great many places that interest him as *Mensch*, even if they have no direct importance to him as teacher.

After a good human holiday, the teacher comes

back better fitted for his professional work, even if he has not visited a single museum or picture gallery. He has met different types of people, has experienced different ways of eating and drinking and playing: he has taken a deep bath in the great pool of humanity, and therefore is more at home with himself and the world than he was before.

We are getting more and more used to the idea of parents taking some personal interest in the schools and staffs that are concerned with their children. It is worth while noting that a good many of these meetings between staff and parents should be arranged for the early part of the session, when the teachers are still wearing the social sunburn that inevitably results from a happy holiday. Parents cannot help under these circumstances seeing that a fairly long holiday for the teachers is to the advantage of the pupils.

CHAPTER XX

THE TEACHER AS EMERITUS

We have all a tendency to give to words the sort of meaning that makes them intelligible to us. In the old-fashioned days children in elementary schools seemed to use the word *standards* in an intelligent enough way, yet they often had the habit of spelling the word "Standers." Investigation showed the inquiring teacher that the youngsters believed the word indicated themselves, because their classes or *standards* had from time to time to come out of their seats and stand with their toes to the chalk line that the pupil-teacher had drawn upon the floor. To themselves the children were literally *standers*. The same sort of error is found at higher stages, for I have come across not a few students who had the idea that matriculation had something to do with coming under the care of their *alma mater*. They knew these two Latin words, but they had not happened to come across another Latin word *matricula*, which means *a little book*, and therefore these students did not suspect that to matriculate was merely to have one's name entered on a certain book at the university.

So we need not be surprised to learn that quite a

number of people have rationalised the word *emeritus* in such a way as to connect it with *merit.* They hear about certain people called *regius* professors and of others called *foundation* professors, and know in a vague way that kings and foundations have been at the bottom of the appointment of these officials: so it is quite a plausible theory that an emeritus professor is one who owes his chair to *merit* and not to royal or foundational favour.

We who know the significance of the word are not exuberant about it. When we realise that its literal meaning is "worn out," we see no particular cause to rejoice in it. Yet in a queer way there is something creditable underlying the idea of *emeritus.* It has a suggestion of "well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." To be sure this benedictory address was not in times past quite applicable to those who wore themselves out in our craft. We have seen that Dr Crees takes a very different view when dealing with the rewards of the faithful assistant master. But in this matter our craft is sharing in the social development that is leading to a general adoption of the pension idea, as a form of deferred pay. Most teachers have now the prospect of a reasonable pension, and the tendency is all in the direction of making it more adequate. To be sure, it is usually based on a contributory principle, but this is quite tolerable, and enables the teacher to look the whole world in the face, and enjoy his

pension with the full assurance that he has earned it half by right of direct purchase, and the other half by right of deferred salary.

There is nothing inherently gloomy about the idea of *emeritus* in itself. In the Roman army the word meant an old warrior who was honourably discharged. Even to-day among us the term "an old soldier" is ordinarily used in a respectful way, and in our universities the title *emeritus* is formally granted to some retired professors as an indication of approval of the work they have done in their chairs.

No doubt when we lay stress on the worn-out aspect there is something dismal enough in the idea. But what is suggested in this sinister aspect of the word belongs to the final stage of our earthly pilgrimage on its general rather than its professional side. This is the ultimate step in our human progress, and even Shakespeare does not try to make it palatable. It is in the lives of most of us rigidly kept in the background of our thoughts, and is a part of our life drama that should be played behind the drop scene, and out of the range of the footlights. There is something truly grim in the way that Shakespeare puts the case:

> That last scene of all
> That ends this strange eventful history
> Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
> Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

The last line really blocks it out of our consideration altogether in these pages. The drawbridge is

lowered. All the outlets and inlets are blocked. The senses, Professor Wilson's Five Gateways of Knowledge, are closed. The seneschal has strict orders that the ego is not at home to anybody. The oak is finally sported, and every well-disposed caller goes away, as good form demands in the matter of sported oaks, without making his presence known.

There is, however, a twilight of the gods, before the curtain of eld falls upon our professional stage. We have an old-age period that precedes the "sans" blight: a period that in the former conditions of our craft had little to attract us, but that now can be faced with comparative equanimity, and in many cases with actual satisfaction.

Naturally we teachers do not all have the same way of regarding that free period that follows the active stage of our professional career and may be conveniently called *emerititia*. A great deal depends on the general state of health when retirement comes. To those whom nature and a wise life have gifted that healthy mind in a healthy body about which we have talked so much during our active years, the prospect of retiring is rather an alluring one. To those who have been just able to hold out to the end the crossing of the age-bar is a welcome process. The different attitudes of teachers to this professional exit make it difficult to fix definitely on the most suitable retiring age. We are all familiar with the wiseacre remarks about a man's age depending on his arteries and other

elements of his anatomy, and it is possible that by and by the retiring age may be made a movable figure varying according to the doctor's report. Such a prospect has hardly anything exhilarating about it. What satisfaction can a man have in living a life at the will of a Doctor Damocles who may at any quarter day cut the thread and let the sword fall?

The old-fashioned way was for the teacher to hold on as long as he could crawl to school every day. In Scotland the parish schoolmaster used to be appointed *ad vitam aut culpam*, which his pupils would render literally *for life or fault*, but which administrative officials were accustomed to render: *For life or good conduct*. In practice this meant that the master once appointed held office for life unless he grossly misbehaved himself. It was usually held that he could not be dismissed for bad teaching. If he could not teach well that was taken to be not his fault but his misfortune. This rigid life-tenure led to a good deal of difficulty when the infirmities of age made their appearance, so administrators have welcomed the newer scheme by which a retiring age can be fixed and strictly enforced.

There is a general opinion that this age should be 65 for men and 60, or even 55, for women. Probably the development of the plan will lead to the establishment of certain ages at which voluntary retirement may take place, thus leaving us free, after a fixed minimum period of service, to make our exit

at whatever age we choose, so long as we are content to accept a pension in proportion to the amount of time we have served. If this development occurs, we shall find two groups of teachers separating themselves from each other—those that are in a hurry to enjoy leisure, and those that want to carry on as long as their vigour remains unabated.

In the meantime we are interested in noting the use teachers make of the leisure that comes to them whether they want it or no, at the retiring age determined by those in authority. Is there a specifically pedagogic old-age? Can we find a type that represents the majority of retired teachers? It does not seem likely. No doubt Tom Hood makes a grim picture of the *emeritus* schoolmaster going through certain familiar processes as the Reaper draws near. But the love of the pun, rather than the pursuit of truth, is responsible for this old schoolmaster's "*ruling* passion strong in death."

The truth appears to be that old teachers spend their declining years of leisure pretty much as other people do. We are all familiar with the remark attributed to Voltaire and addressed to a young man who did not care to play cards: "What a sad old age you are laying up for yourself!" Many school-folk are well qualified under this head. But probably the golf links will prove a formidable rival to the bridge table. No doubt these between them will account for a good many of the insurances against a dull old age among school-folk. But one

wonders whether all play and no work will be satisfactory to our worn-outs.

No doubt a great many of us *emeriti* would like to go on working: not necessarily at our old occupation, but at something cognate. We have seen already that it is a libel on our craft to maintain that we spend all our time, in school and out, in teaching others. We know that in our full heyday of active service we are only too glad to drop the instructor as soon as we close the school door after our day's darg: and when it comes to shutting that door for the last time, there is usually a very cheerful dropping of the scholastic cap and gown, and the assumption of the *toga virilis*, the manly gown, for which you will remember a Latin synonym is *toga liberior*, the gown of greater freedom.

It is true that this last appearance on the stage of school is sometimes worked up into not altogether discreditable sentiment. The closing of the school desk at the end of an ordinary day's work is a rather favourite opening for school stories written from the teacher's standpoint. So it is natural that the last scene of all in our professional life is made somewhat effective by the ultimate look at the desk, and the final turning of the key in the school door. Seldom do we find this closing ceremony so skilfully manipulated as in Daudet's *The Last Lesson*, in which the old French schoolmaster in Alsace-Lorraine makes his final appearance in school before handing it over to his German successor. It is true that the

novelist has here a specially effective background against which to present his incident: but in the hands of a capable writer even the ordinary farewell lesson of an old teacher can be very effectively worked up.

No doubt emotion could be more easily roused under the old conditions where things could be envisaged in individual terms. The "little red schoolhouse" lends itself readily to æsthetic treatment. The huge modern school with its three or four thousand pupils offers little prospect to the old-fashioned poet, though the modern unrestrained verse-maker may make something of it. Take the case of a modern assistant master or mistress leaving school for the last time on the brink of *emerititia.* There is no question of closing the door for the last time. Where in the world would they get the key? And even if the huge implement were unearthed could the master pull-to the massive portal? The mistress almost certainly could not, though her athletic successor of twenty years hence probably will be able to get over that difficulty. But in any case the ultimate departure of an individual teacher from school is not to-day a striking performance. Dr Crees' tea-service has been already presented, or is to be presented at a teachers' meeting some weeks hence. In the meantime the teacher is swallowed up in the huge machine, and his exit passes unnoticed, one had almost added "even by himself."

The old school is passing away, and even the American "little red schoolhouse" appears to be in danger, for its laureate in the person of Mr James J. Montague of the *Los Angeles Times* tells us that "The little red schoolhouse must soon disappear," and behind that lurks a tragedy, for if it disappears the great and glorious men of America will not be able ever to get started, since by the strict rules of the American game they must all begin in this ruddy little institution. As Mr Montague tells us:

> The red little school as the birthplace of brains
> Is a legend the nation still cherishes :
> And if any fond hope of the future remains,
> That hope will be lost when it perishes.

But let the laureate of the red school cheer up. We have only to refer him to Miss Evelyn Dewey, who tells us that there are two hundred thousand single-teacher schools in the United States, which should afford a sufficient supply of brilliant people to keep the U.S.A. up to standard for a long time to come.

It cannot be denied, however, that while the small school is not in danger of actual extinction, the big school is developing at an alarming pace, and with the multiplication of these mammoth institutions the chances of a suitable sentimental background to our exit from our craft are diminishing. As a matter of fact it would almost seem as if the influence of these big rather impersonal schools is already at work, since actual experience seems to show that there are few affecting memories

ımong those of our guild who have lately crossed he threshold that separates active teaching life rom the calm shades of *emerititia.* Many will e surprised at this assertion, and I must admit hat I too would have questioned its truth had I lepended on my mere general impression. But the act is that in my days of active teaching I made ertain inquiries among my *emeriti* friends, and the nswers I received rather surprised me.

I had no particular reason for making these inuiries. They were the result of an early yielding o the virus of what may be called *Questionnairitis.* ike most of my progressive compeers I welcomed nthusiastically the appearance of this method of etting information by an appeal to the collective tores at the disposal of the profession. But I pride nyself that I realised earlier than most the ghastly urden the method imposed upon the receivers of hose missives full of interrogation points. Accordngly, even at the beginning of the scourge I symathised with my fellow-teachers to the extent of eeking out the most painless way of applying the ew method. This I flatter myself in thinking I liscovered in what I like to call the *Questionnaire imited.* I cannot claim entire innocence in the natter of *questionnairitis*, for I have a few black narks against me in the way of the ordinary written *uestionnaire.* But most of my investigations took he form of oral inquiry, made in the course of rdinary conversation under social conditions. After

lunch I found an excellent time for my camouflaged *questionnaires*: though the best time of all was after dinner. But while these are the ideal times, any time of social intercourse is suitable for the painless extraction of the sort of knowledge I was out to obtain. I usually aimed at having a hundred cases in each inquiry, for the obvious ease of calculating percentages. Besides, a hundred is a good round number, and gives a fair basis of comparison. It makes a reasonable compromise between those psychologists who demand a great number of cases, and those who are content with a few if these are treated in great detail and by experts.

The intelligent reader is now ready for the results of my inquiry into the attitude my *emeriti* friends took with regard to their entrance into professional retirement. When a convenient occasion arose—in most cases this occurred post-prandially, for friends in this group were not without leisure—I would inquire "with an indifferent air," as the novelists say about their characters when making them ask momentous questions, "How did you spend the afternoon and evening when you left school for the last time?" Most of my subjects reacted by a complete blank. My inquiry was usually met by a counter-question: "What do you exactly mean?" When I explained, still indifferently, that all I was interested in was what things they did on that occasion, the answer most frequently tendered was that they had not the least

recollection of how they spent that afternoon and evening. A few had a vague memory of a sentimental state of mind, but they could not develop any specific activities that accompanied or exemplified it. Only one out of the hundred did something like what the dramatic conditions of the situation demanded, and I am not sure that his was not a case like that of the Parson in Tennyson's *Lincolnshire Farmer*, who, you will remember,

Said what he ought to ha' said.

He was a quick-witted man this particular *emeritus*, and I am at least doubtful of the strict historical accuracy of his reply: "I went home and read Charles Lamb's Essay on *The Superannuated Man*."

In any case it will do the reader no harm to turn up his old copy and read again what Elia has to say about the feelings of the man who has just been set free from desk and ledger. But Lamb is confessedly reasoning from an individual case, and the teacher must make his own application to the different conditions of counting-house and schoolroom.

When in my limited *questionnaire* I pressed my subjects a little about their general impressions immediately after their shackles had fallen off, the prevailing answer was "a feeling of relief." Three cases included a reference to Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress* at the moment when his burden rolled off his shoulders. One had a very different allusion: he said he felt like Mark Twain's skeleton

on a ghastly hot day, when the cool wind swept between his ribs.

A score of the subjects made a reply that might be fitted into the formula, "Now I'll be able to get at . . .," where the individual fills in the conclusion to suit himself. This devoted group had the vision of the unfinished manuscript coming boldly into the light of day from the old desk, where it had had to hide for so many years to make room for the immediate demands of notes to be made or papers to be marked. This last item touches a sore place in the backward glance of the *emeritus*. The form of my stingless *questionnaire* did not call for the negative aspect of the problem of post-retiral activities, but quite a number of my subjects deliberately strayed into the negative lobby, and, instead of telling me what they would do, proclaimed in vigorous terms what they would not do: and among those "nots" a distinguished place was accorded to "marking papers."

Most *emeriti* who have not attained in their active period the dignity of Headships or senior posts, where marking papers no longer forms part of the daily round, gloat above everything at the escape from this tyranny. We know the story of the old Colonel who in his retirement caused his man to waken him every morning at half-past five with the words: "Morning parade, sir," in order that he might reply, "Blank morning parade," and turn over to renewed slumber. A parallel was

found in one of my subjects who kept a blue pencil on his bedside table, so that at appropriate moments he might make caustic remarks at its address.

Keeping to the positive side, however, there are many unfinished jobs that await the scholastic galley-slave set free from his oar. That herbarium may have its gaps filled at last: that book of clippings whose swollen sides have reproached for years will now be reduced to respectable proportions by having the items pasted in their proper places: that mathematical theorem that the *emeritus* knows to be sound, though he could never absolutely prove it, will now be reduced to submission and appear in that sane formula that gladdens the mathematical heart.

This is one of the occasions when my limitations annoy me. I note that my last paragraph has been written entirely at the address of the school*master*. I feel that I do not know enough about the school*mistress*. My first reaction to this feeling is a longing for the pen of a George Madden Martin to fill out my gaps, for right well could she do it. My second reaction, however, brings encouragement. For on looking over the paragraph I realise that while in writing it the master was blocking up the light, a second examination shows that a woman could almost perfectly fill the bill. She is just as likely as the master to have an unfinished manuscript. Indeed, in the light of reflection she is *more* likely. The book of clippings is certainly a no-man's-land between master and mistress: the herbarium again

is more her ground than his. Even when it comes to mathematics, since Miss Phillipa Fawcett did her deadly work among the Cambridge wranglers of her year, who shall say that the mathematics mistresses may not have as many adumbrated theorems as the best of the masters. The paragraph indeed is a rather disturbing exemplification of the fundamental sameness of master and mistress.

With this homily on the identity of masterhood and mistresshood in the period of *emerititia* we may go on to say that the whole membership of our craft as it passes the threshold of retirement falls into two classes: those who regard this closing period as something to be endured, and those who treat it as an opportunity to wind up their affairs and enjoy the process. To those who cross the threshold with poor health and an inadequate pension this state of *emerititia* is gloomy enough in all conscience. Even when health is as good as can be expected at the *emeritus* stage, and the pension is not unsatisfactory, it is not always easy to be cheerful in the sunset of life. Not all of us can take Browning seriously in his invitation:

Come grow old with me,
The best is yet to be.

But while we may draw the line at "the best," there is nothing to hinder us from looking forward to the next best. There is still in store for the *emeritus* teacher a great many joys of retrospect, and

even to a limited degree, of prospect. Browning no doubt pitches the key rather high, but when the teacher becomes *emeritus* he can no longer be invited to grow old; he is old already, and in the immediately preceding stage has already learnt something of the fine art of senescence. With the blue pencil behind them, and before them the chance of taking intelligent stock of life, retired teachers have not much to complain of, either as *Menschen* or as teachers.

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